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ISSUE #16

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SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS

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KRAMER/BONGWATER

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MAELSTROM

STEP ONE

STEP ONE

TAANG! 42

MAELSTROM

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CD/CS/LP

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The MIGHTY MIGHTY

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"DEVIL'S NIGHT OUT"

TAANG! 44

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TAANG!

RECORDS

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Issue #16 * Fall * 90

The Cover Info:

Front Cover art work by Antonio Lopez. The insert photo is of the one and only Screamin' Jay Hawkins.

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So, keep your eyes peeled.

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especially

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INK DISEASE

4563 MARMION WAY

LOS ANGELES, CA. 90065

Editorial

This issue may look new to a lot of you out there. Those of you who've seen our first couple xerox issues in the early eighties, may not be so surprised. Two of the original founders Antonio and Rachel of Ink Disease magazine have put together their second Emissions, which will appear as a separate center section. While our direction is concentrated on music, they focus on art, essay and politics. Despite the non-ideological disclaimer for material, Emissions is often virulent and opinionated. Most of the articles are written in an editorial fashion rather than a research manner. We do not plan to continue the joint effort, as these founding members are going off to pursue other endeavors. However, if we find a great deal of interest we may print a few quality submissions along similar lines in future issues. These may be submitted by the two founding members or by readers.

Decade Review and Decade Preview

Fourteen years ago a revolution in music was dubbed punk rock. Under this misleading title (it leaves out a lot of bands that fit into the movement, but not under this heading) birth was given to a new generation of bands. Though music was the medium there was more to it than that. The revolution was also filled with hope. Hope for a better life. A viable underground culture. Hope for better music. The possibilities seemed limitless. Naive as this may sound, signs were positive. Dinosaur rock was on the decline, slowly fading, killing itself with overblown arena rock stars long past any originality. Pretention had taken over their souls. Disco was fading as well. No matter how bad the present seemed, the future was before us. It was ours to take, as easy as our next breath of air. Bands in L.A., London, Manchester, and other parts of the world took it upon themselves to make original music and statements (or turn the old ones on their head). It was bold and brash as reflected in the fashion and art. The time seemed right, but that time has faded. What has punk rock changed? Well, you got your fashion. Old ladies with leather jackets, yuppies and their spiked or dyed hair. What about a lasting counter-culture? Sure there are a few independent labels. Yet, the music industry has been able to see the money making potential of new wave and snap up some of the best bands (and these bands seem to do little after they sign with the majors). Why this has happened is a long story, but the point is it's time for a change.

The eighties brought some great music moments from bands with diverse styles such as Minor Threat, Sonic Youth and Minutemen and numerous others. They conquered new territory, forging the path for others. Besides music, punk brought a vital attitude. That attitude is best seen in Al Flipside's DIY ("do it yourself") ethic. Motion, movement, going forward or whatever you call it is needed for anything to happen. Good things happen when people start to put out records, put on shows, or even send a letter out. So, we hope to hear more from you and you will be hearing more from us. Look for a new issue out in December and a regular schedule. Demand your Ink Disease and don't sit still. It's time to stop waiting for the next big thing and to create it. Send us some mail. Who knows, we might print it! ■

Screamin' Jay Hawkins

AN AFTERNOON OF VOODOO JIVE WITH SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS

Screamin' Jay is a hard man to track down. After many delays (eight months worth) we (Thomas, Richelle and Steve) finally caught up with the Pavarotti of the Blues at his house, situated in a remote end of the San Fernando Valley. After snaking our way along the San Andreas Fault we finally spotted an ancient Caddy filled with human skulls and sporting an N.R.A. sticker on the back bumper. And I knew we had our man. As we approached the house, the sounds of "Laverne & Shirley" could be heard inside. After 10 minutes of pounding on the door, a somewhat surprised and disheveled figure answered. "Who the hell are you?!" After a few quick introductions and trying to figure which of the seven T.V. remotes (sitting on the coffee table next to the shotgun and 25 cigarette lighters) could turn off the set, our interview was underway...

Screaming Jay Hawkins: So, how are we going to start this interview? Are we going to go back to when I was born?

ID: *Do you like to get everything done before 12 a.m.?*

SJ: Yeah. I don't go out of this house unless I have sat down and figured the exact route I'm going to drive, where I'm going to stop, what I need and how long I'm going to be gone. I don't like the traffic on the highway. So, I'll pick a new route to come back home. I stay in the extreme left lane. I stop at my favorite gasoline station, pick up a couple of turkey sandwiches. Some fruit—I like grape juice. I always keep on hand grape juice and the ginger ale. I never park the car (at home) unless I fill it up. I can't stand to be in the car if it is off of full.

ID: *You used to live in Hollywood?*

SJ: Yeah, I lived right on Argyle. I watched the police every morning circling around in helicopters, guys behind cars with shotguns, and the dope dealers. I said, "My God, I can't take this." When they shot I shot back. No hutsey butsey, here. I didn't play no games. If you got a problem I've got a problem. I got all kinds of problems—I joined the NRA to make sure that when the police finally do catch up to me I will be legal. As the book states, you can have all the guns you want, so long as you don't take them in the street. You need

your permit (as well). So, then I joined the NRA again. This time for five years. I got a card in there that runs clear up to 1996.

ID: So, you're a card carrying member of the NRA?

SJ: Oh y e s .

Whatever I do, even if it is wrong, I'm legal. Mother taught me one thing--my mother was a Black-foot Indian--my mother said, "Jay, when they start pointing the finger of blame make sure you're not the one. You keep your black behind clean, so no one can point the finger of blame at you." So I said, "Can that work in reverse?" She said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "Well, suppose I wanted to do something in this world a bit different than most people. Is there anything I can do that would be so clean I could make a living." She said, "Yes, be original." Mama had an answer. Mama said, "There's 90 million ways to skin a cat. All you got to remember is time. T-i-m-e. It took time for you to be conceived." I said, "Yeah, that's the good part of it." She said, "Shut up boy, I'm talking to you. There's a time for you to be born, a time for you to grow, a time for you to be happy, a time for you to be sad, a time for

you to die and a time for you to be forgotten. It all takes time. Remember when you go through this world, the world is round, but it's crooked. I mean the people." I

said, "I understand women. I have a brain." She said, "I know, but develop it in the right direction. You want something? Go earn it. Go work for it. You got one pair of drawers, wash them tonight. You got one pair of shoes, shine them tonight. Look as good as you can when you want to look good. If you want to look like a bum, look like a bum." Last night I wanted to look good. I wanted to make an impression. I went out last night to

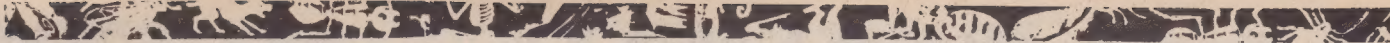
Screamin' Jay At Home---Photo by Richelle Small



see a guy named Nappy Brown. Have you ever heard of him?

ID: Yeah.

SJ: I haven't seen Nappy Brown since nineteen hundred and seventy. That's when I brought him out of Poor Mary South Carolina, because he had these records out called "Don't Be Angry," "Pitter Patter," and "All that Stuff." We used to sit and see who could get the drunkest; in the Apollo Theatre in New York City, the Howard Theatre in Washington, the Regal in



Chicago, the Royal in Baltimore. He was a big lumberjack type of dude. I loved to punch him in the mouth and he loved to punch me back. So, everytime we showed up on the same stage people would just clear out the way. I said, "It's been a long time since I saw you, man." I said, "Are you still kicking behind?" He said, "Yeah, I can whip yours any day." I hit him right quick. He got up and wiped the blood off his lip and said, "Is that your best shot.." Wap, he caught me in the stomach. I almost threw up. I caught him on the side of the windpipe. Wham, he went back. Then I put my foot on his face, and I say, "Now, do I break your nose or what?" He says, "Why don't we reserve this until after the show and we'll have a better fight." Everybody else would look at us, like the Cadillacs, the Drifters, Big Joe Turner, Jimmy Reese, and say, "You do this everytime?" I said, "I don't like him, because he's big and ugly." He tells me, "Look who's talking. He's ugly." I said, "Listen man, you're ugly." He said, "No. I'm drunk." Last night we had--I guess, you'd call it a reunion. I walk in the Palomino and he's standing there just sweating. He's screaming the blues. The first time I've ever seen the Palomino with more blacks than whites, (was) last night. I walked in and walked right up to the stage and said, "You're still black, and you're still ugly." His eyes opened up. I said, "You're old too, baby. You're old. Maybe I'm old too, but I look better than you." He did about five more songs. Then he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this man, in 1970, came down to my place and gave me a phone number and address. He told me if I called that number I'd have what I wanted. I wasn't doing too cool. The address and phone number were to a guy named Leon Spivy who does Spivy Records. Because of Spivy Records, and that one phone call I was playing the next day in New York, with everything paid for, and I'm packing the building. I was rotting away. I have not seen that man until just now. Let's give a nice hand to Screaming Jay Hawkins." I said, "Hey, do your act. Do your own thing. Don't talk about me. You got your name on the Marquee and in the papers. I don't go to nightclubs, but you I want to see. I want to see you for two reasons. I'm going to rip your butt, and I'm going to see if you're still good." Last night all we did was hug and talk.

ID: *What is your secret for looking so good?*

SJ: I can't tell you that. My secret has to do with women. It's something that I learned in the Philippines about certain types of food and certain types of fruit. At first I thought it was a lie. Then after fourteen years of doing it every year, every day, every week, and every month I'm proof of it. Looking at me is proof of it. I can't understand it. Hell, I slept in these clothes all night.

SJ: Let me tell you something. You can be with a person for about a year and you can have a pretty good idea about that individual. There is one thing you should never forget, people do change and not according to plan. Which means, in all sincerity, that they're not aware they're going to change. Always is a lie. This earth wasn't here always and it will not be here always. Are you aware of how many people walk in this world thinking the Statue of Liberty is in New York? The Statue of Liberty is in New Jersey. Check your own history. Your history don't lie about itself. My mother would say, "Don't lie or I'll beat you." Yet she told me about a stupid nut who lived at the North Pole named Santa Claus, who flies through the air with reindeer and a sleigh. Fictionally he exists. In actual reality there ain't no Santa Claus. You can go to any Macy's store on Christmas and see a dude dressed up like Santa standing on the corner. Where's the damn reindeer? Where's the sleigh? Where's enough toys to satisfy everybody all around the world? What if you live in a house that has no chimney? Does he got a key to your door? He's a burglar. He's in your house. That's breaking and entering. Did you ever stop to think about that? We are brought up with fictional beliefs. I started watching everything in life. I just couldn't believe what people were talking about, "George Washington became the first president because he told his father he chopped down the cherry tree." What a bunch of jive. The whole world is still falling for it.

ID: *People elected Ronald Reagan.*

SJ: Oh, look at the fools that voted for Nixon, twice. Got burnt. (He imitates Nixon sputtering voice) "I didn't do it." We're still paying for it. We're paying taxes like hell.

ID: *I hear you're big in Japan now?*

SJ: I have a cult following outside the United States that's much better than anything in the United States. I've got a bag of magazines that thick just from France, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland. Everytime I go over there the red carpet is out. God bless the people--they made you feel good. (He starts talking French). I started learning languages, because I figured I would get along with people better if I knew their languages. I'm in the process, now, of learning one song in Japanese.

ID: *You know some Japanese?*

SJ: Japanese, German, Korean, a little Italian. I used to think I couldn't speak Spanish, but if you speak Italian you can speak Spanish. Mexican, Puerto Rican, Cuban they're all Latin languages.

ID: *Are you a member of the Screen Actors Guild now?*

SJ: Yeah, SAG. I'm also a member of AFTA too. Television. All my dues are paid.

ID: You've been in "Mystery Train," "Full Moon Junction" and what else?

SJ: "Stranger than Paradise," "American Hot Wax," "Joey."

ID: Have you noticed a new following after these current films?

SJ: Well, it started with "Stranger Than Paradise" and Jim Jarmusch. Jim Jarmusch looked at me and said, "You know what I'm going to do?. I'm going to make a picture with you. I'm going to put you in a blood red suit, then I'm going to let you run a hotel where three main scenes go through to make up the whole picture." He says, "You know what? You're going to sit there and you're going to be evil, and your eyes are going to roll, and you aren't going to say nothing but what's in the script." I said, "You're telling me, you want to take a stick of dynamite. You're going to light the fuse and then you're going to have the audacity to tell me it can't explode" I said, "People think I'm loud, obnoxious, crazy, stupid, ignorant. Whatever you want to call it. Voodoo man and all that crap--bone in my nose--some kind of nut, but I get paid for it so I don't mind." I was on Arsenio Hall and I said, "Yeah, they think I'm out of my mind. They think I'm crazy. The only thing I can say is that they're right. Maybe I am crazy, but at least I can go to the bank." He said, "Yeah, yeah. I got to pay you." I said, "Yes you do." That was right on T.V. You missed it?

ID: Did you end up keeping to the script on "Mystery Train?"

SJ: Oh yeah. The only thing I didn't like was when I had to eat that plumb.

ID: That was a great scene.

SJ: They shot ten shots from the right, ten from the left and ten from the front (we all start laughing). Thirty plumbs nice. A half hour later I was plumb pregnant. You heard me? Belly was out real big, and underneath the desk where I'm sitting, was a great big basket full of ripe plumbs. "We didn't like that shot Jay, let's do it again." "Not no more, please. Not another plumb."

ID: And you had to eat them in one bite?

SJ: Well, two bites actually. Pick it up, throw it in my mouth, chomp, chomp again and swallow. I'm supposed to do it so quick, like it didn't mean anything--and just sit there.

ID: That was the greatest scene of the film.

SJ: Oh man, I got sick. I went home that night. I took Ex-lax and everything. I took an enema. I did everything. I had myself a Constipation Blues once in my life and I never wanted to go through that again.

I said, "Get your shot." He said, "I have news for you. We had it a long time ago. I just wanted to see how many plumbs you would want to eat." He's got a weird sense of humor. I don't know why I get with these

weird people (we all laugh). I'm a nice clean cut fellow who does an honest day's... Night's work. Why do I get mixed with these idiots.

ID: A member of the NRA, the masons...

ID: So, were you happy with how "Mystery Train" came out?

SJ: Not until they got ready to send me home. That's when they gave me a duffle bag full of money. They wouldn't pay me. Every other day they'd give me \$2,500, \$1,500, \$1,000. I said, "Why are you giving me this money?" "It's called per diem." "I know what it is called, but I've never yet signed for it. Is this coming out of my salary? You're paying the hotel." "Well, you can eat with it." "Eat. I can write it down on room service." He says, "Yeah, well you might want to go into town. You might want to spend some money. Check out Elvis Presley's home at Graceland or something like that." I said, "I don't need no three thousand dollars to do that, a couple of hundred will satisfy me. I'm afraid you might come up with something to screw the salary." "Nope, nope, nope, nope. Here we'll sign a document. This money has nothing to do with your salary, it's the per diem." So, we signed. It ended up a month and a half-- then they said, "Payday." I walked in this room and they had hundreds and hundreds of bills. They sweep it into a bag and say "Sign this. That's yours."

ID: You got paid in cash?

SJ: Oh yeah. Most of the movies I've worked I get paid in cash. Some of them go through the union, SAG. You can come home two days later, the check is there.

ID: Did you go to Graceland?

SJ: No. I'm not an Elvis Presley fan. I'm sorry for those who may read your article and hear it. I have nothing against Elvis Presley. I just don't like him. And the reason I don't like him is that at that time I was going with a girl named Barbara Blassingame from Philadelphia. I had just come off the road, me Fats Domino, Roy Hamilton the guy who put out "You Never Walk alone," Nappy Brown, Big Joe Turner and Jimmy Reed. I'd been out three months. I'd come home and I had not unpacked and this girl grabbed me. "Come on let's go. Take a shower and change your clothes." I said, "What?" She said, "I want to take you somewhere." I said, "I'm tired, Barbara." "No, no, no. You're not tired. No, we got to go, I already got the tickets." I said, "Where did you get the money to buy tickets?" "The money you sent back here." "You spent my money to take me to see somebody? Who are we going to see?" She said, "Don't worry." All she said to me was, "The Pelvis." I'm sitting there, in the third row, and there's nothing but women all around. I don't see any men there at all. I say, "Hey Barbara, how come there are no men here?" She said, "Everybody's here for Pelvis." I said, "Pelvis?" All of a sudden he hits the stage, and

this girl, who's supposed to be my girl, jumps up in the chair and goes, "Ahhh Uhh AHHH.....(Screaming)" I said, "You don't do that when I'm on the stage?" I said, "Girl will you sit down. Shut up. I'm going to knock the hell out of you if you say another word." I said, "Shut the..." Finally he comes on wiggling his hips and stuff. "Man," I said myself, "Okay, this is a new flip to it." When it was over and we got home I said, "No more." She said, "I'm going to start a fan club." I said, "How long have you been taking my money? How long have we been living together?" She said, "Four years." I said, "Do I ask you what you're doing with the money? Do I ask for my money back? Do you get anything you want? So, why do you take me to see another singer?" I said, "Why didn't you take me to see a black singer? Why don't you get up in the chair when I was on the



Screamin' Jay at the Palamino.

stage singing?" She said, "I'm your woman. I don't have to do all of that." "Oh, I see. I have contributed to Elvis Presley's career. That idiot has been seen at least eight times standing in the back of the Apollo theatre watching every black act from Tommy Hunt, Lloyd Price, James Brown, Little Richard and myself to the Drifters and the Coasters. He's even stole some Bo Diddley stuff." Little Richard didn't like it at all.

ID: *Do you have any more film plans?*

SJ: Yeah. On the first of June there's a picture coming out called "Night Angel" (the makers also did a film called "Night of the Demons"). I sang the soundtrack. I'm not in the picture, but my voice dominates.

ID: *Okay. In terms of music you have a new greatest hits on Rhino records?*

SJ: Yeah, "Voodoo Jive."

ID: *Are you happy with that release.*

SJ: Yeah, I'm happy with anything that brings in money. Don't tell me I'm an idiot because I put a bone in my nose. The same people who tell me that are paying. So, who's the idiot.

ID: *You said earlier that, "you never saw so many black people at the Palomino."*

SJ: I'm not used to working with an all black audience.

ID: *Has it always been like that?*

SJ: Only in nightclubs. In theatres blacks will come out. Especially in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cleveland, Hartford, Connecticut-black cities, but anywhere else I go my audience is predominantly white. That makes me mad, because it makes me think my people don't want to support me. (They) don't come out and see me. Another man said,

"I'll tell you why." He says, "You're 20 years ahead of yourself--you're so weird and way out." I said, "There's a guy out there named George Clinton and the Funkadelics." He said, "Yeah, but did you check his audience. They're predominantly white too." Alice Cooper started using the smoke and stuff. He came out with this bizarre act. David Bowie went crazy. The Crazy World of Arthur Brown. Everyone of these people use "I Put a Spell On You" which put more money in my pocket. That's my song. They're using it right now on those commercials. "Simon and Simon" uses it. There's a football team from Nebraska uses it to frighten the opposing team.

ID: *Do you know how many times that song has been recorded by different artists?*

SJ: Forty eight times by all United States artists. Twenty-two between England and Australia and one in Canada. Only one female has done it. That was Nina Simone. Nina Simone did a magnificent job. In fact I praised her. I even sent her a letter.

Then I bought a swimming pool to put in my backyard. I said, "Thank you Nina. Record some more."

ID: *I have it on Creedence Clearwater's greatest hits.*

SJ: John Fogerty sent me a nice letter. Nice letter. And I thanked him very much. I said, "I got some more stuff. I'm loaded with music."

ID: *Your career seems to be doing really well right now?*

SJ: Too well.

ID: *You're 60 years old, do you feel like you should be slowing down at all?*

SJ: No, survival is the name of the game. Like last night I watched Nappy Brown. He had to get on the damn stage and admit that I was older than him. I hated him for that. I've known Nappy Brown since the thirties,

when he was a kid, just like Bo Diddley and James Brown and all them cats. They all changed so much on me.

ID: So, as long as you got a voice and can move you're going to be on stage?

SJ: Yeah, Hubie Blake stuck around 'till he was 100. Then he dropped dead, at 100, at the piano. My argument is that I know I'm going to die. It's inevitable. I can't change it. That part doesn't frighten me. It's the way that I die that frightens me. I don't want to be in an

ID: So, what would you say is the strangest thing that's ever happened while you were on stage?

SJ: I got locked in a coffin by the Drifters. I actually thought I was going to die. I know from experience there's only three minutes of air.

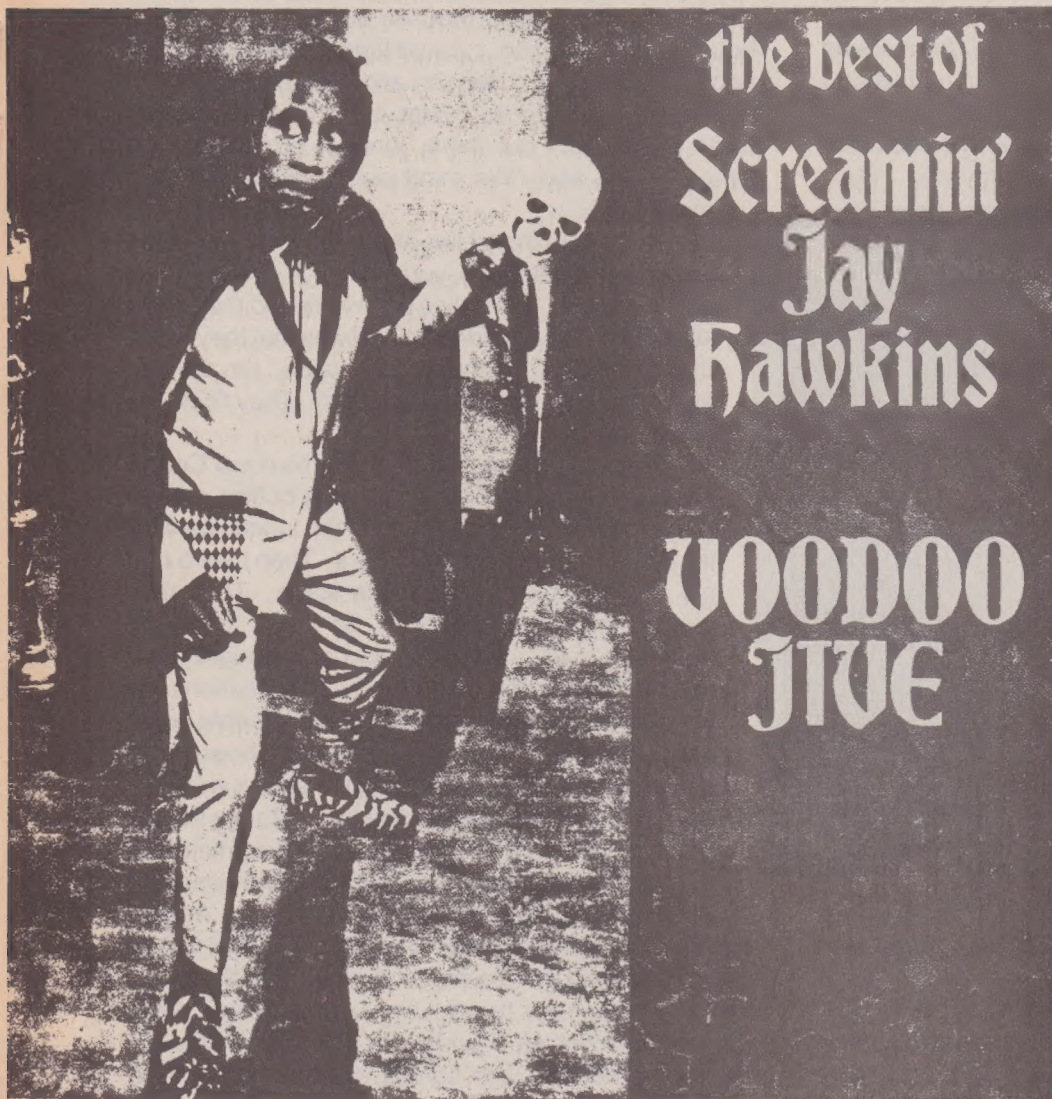
ID: They did it as a joke?

SJ: Yeah. They did it as a joke, but you're supposed to take two match covers, bend them over and put them in the slot so the top of the coffin doesn't lock. So, I gave two of these to Charlie Thomas. That's when Ben

E. King had the Drifters and put out "Stand By Me"--1956. They were sitting in my dressing room, drinking, talking about the girls at the show. I was drinking in those days. On this side of the floor board I had all whisky, over there all scotch, over there gin, here I had a mixture of all types, and on the dressing room table would be a big case of beer and ice. That's the way I set up any dressing room when I was drinking. I didn't care. My favorite drink was 190 proof grain alcohol. In those days I couldn't go to bed without a bottle. I couldn't wake up without a bottle. So, I stayed polluted for 42 years before I realized what an ass I was. Then I stopped. I just go, "Okay," and I stopped. That was Christmas of '74. I haven't had a drink since then. I have a large bar in the kitchen, plenty of booze, but I won't touch it. I can't even stand the smell of alcohol now. But, it was weird, because when I realized I couldn't get out of the coffin, I not only started crying, I got scared that I was going to die. I said, "Damn. In front of all those people out there," and the coffin is rocking back and forth. I tried to get out, tried to holler help, and "Oh, Lord don't kill me. I'll be good if you let me out. I'll never do it again."

Then my bladder broke on me. I

pissed all over myself. My bowels moved. I shit all over myself. I ended up jumping around, knocking the coffin off the display stand and it broke wide open. I stood up and people were in the aisles rolling, just laughing. It must have looked funny from the audience's view point to see that coffin jumping around. They thought it was just part of the act. It was then when I realized I had to make everything look like it's part of the act. Like

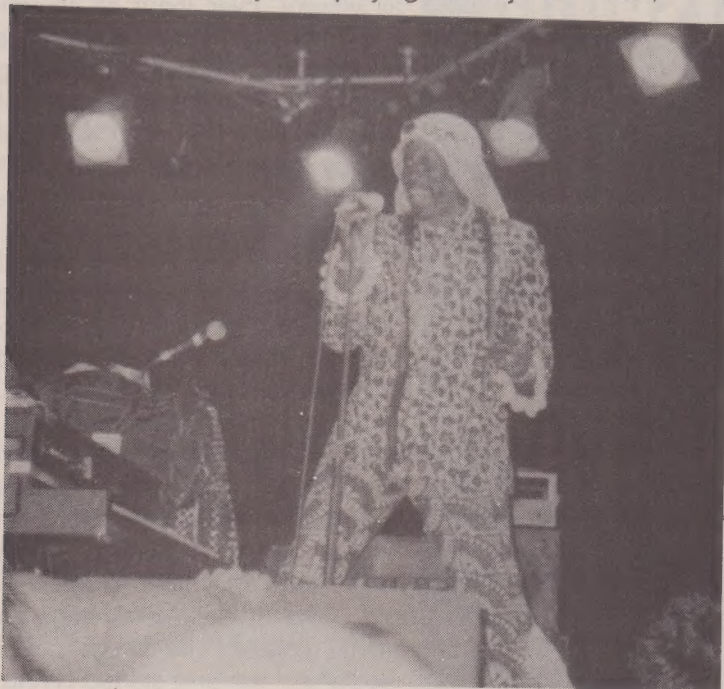


airplane crash. I certainly don't want to be over water and have Jaws get me. I want to go the way I came into this world. A woman brought me. I want a woman to kill me. I want to be making love. Love brought me here. I want to be making love and all of a sudden I want to get the one that gives that heavy heart attack. So, I can look up and say, "Gee, thank you." Or look down--whichever position I'm in.

I told the guys in the band, "If you hit a wrong note, hit it loud, then I'll hit it. I'll hit it on the piano and make a face or something. Make it part of the act."

ID: *Is that the last time you played with the Drifters?*

SJ: Yeah, until this day we still don't talk. They made the biggest mistake in the world with me by leaving those pieces of match paper on the floor of my dressing room, because it wasn't until I got back upstairs that I saw this. They drank all my booze. So, then I went down and started punching faces again. Somebody called the cops. By then I say, "What difference does it make?" You're going to get me for what? Assault and battery. I'm not going to be in jail forever and when I come out I'm still going to kick each one of your cat's ass. I intend to fight you 'till the day I die. I'll be a thorn in your side. See, you're playing with my life." "Man,



we're sorry." I said, "Sorry didn't do it. You done it under the influence of my alcohol. That makes me want to kill you." So, until this day I don't speak to the Drifters. We made an agreement, no more fighting, no more talking. We just end the business and if we see each other we'd look the other way. That's the agreement we made.

ID: *It sounds worse than having to eat thirty plumbs.*

ID: *What were you like as a kid?*

SJ: Let's put it this way--I never had a hungry day. I lived in a neighborhood where the grass was neatly cut. That was the ghetto. If you ask a kid today what the ghetto is he's thinking of a place where buildings are half torn down, trash all over the place, where junkies go to shoot up their dope, sell dope, gang wars and

stuff. My ghetto was a beautiful street in Cleveland, with all the trees neatly trimmed, the hedges nicely cut, grass and lawns neatly cut. The streets were clean. People could go to sleep and you could leave your window and your door open. Of course I'm talking about coming out of the twenties, into the thirties and the forties. I was raised by a tribe of Blackfoot Indians, because my mother didn't want any of us. There was seven of us. Each one of us came out of an orphanage. The Indians that raised me were still own that one house on that one street and all the other houses are torn down. The house is very desolate. I visited them about three years ago. Mama's dead. Her son and daughter still live in the house. I said to sis', "How is it you can stay here when there's rats out there, junkies, prostitutes and pimps?" She said, "We mind our business and they mind theirs."

That's one thing I like about California: you can own all the weapons you want. I got weapons galore, galore. The police been here and they know all about it. What made it so bad was that they made me the head of neighborhood watch. I'm the one they should be watching (laughter). They tickle the hell out of me.

There's another one when the National Casket Association banned me from using coffins. When I'd go to different towns I'd go to the funeral parlors, they take the body out and hide it. Then they'd rent me a coffin. I'd use it on the stage. Then they banned me. That was 1958. So I said, "Now you made me mad." So, I went out and bought me a hearse and a coffin made to my specifications. In my garage I have all kinds of coffins. People come down this street, when they get to this house they go across the street. They say I'm a devil worshipper or a witchdoctor or something. Strange things. Like a guy called me yesterday and asked me to roll the bones to stop the rain. I stopped the rain once when we were making "Mystery Train," in 1988, August and the end of September. The news forecast said it was going to rain five times periodically. After the fourth time Jim walks over to me, Jim Jarmusch, and says, "Jay, roll your bones." I said, "You don't know what the hell you're messing with, forces you have no right to touch." He said, "Jay, I pay you a salary. Roll the bones." I rolled the bones and it did not rain a fifth time. So, as far as Jim is concerned I can stop rain. It frightens me when something happens like that, because people believe it, then they mix it up with the hearse out there and the coffin and stuff. I had one woman come to my house when I was living in Hollywood. She was going to teach me a certain recipe, because I love to cook. She saw a coffin leaning against the kitchen door. I've never seen that woman

since. They actually think that there is something wrong with me. When I watch myself on T.V., even I get that impression. I say, "Damn, this man really is crazy. He's sick." But again, like I told Arsenio Hall, I like it when I can go to the bank. I like it when they send me nice fat checks. I dig that. So, I must be doing something right. Hell, I've been doing this since 1949. It's 1990. I've got to figure I'm doing something right. It couldn't be wrong, or it wouldn't last this long. Look at Boy George, he tried to be weird. Drugs messed him

you dead, whether it's the Senate, Congress, the CIA or whatever you want to call it, it doesn't matter, you're dead. There's nowhere you could hide.

ID: *The Drifters don't have a contract out on you?*

SJ: They should get one. I'm a contract on them. You made your biggest mistake by threatening me. If I don't like you or I got something against you I just walk up to you and start fighting. There's no conversation. Win, lose or draw it has to come out one way or the another. My butt has been ripped many times and I've

ripped a lot of butts too.

Somebody will get me somewhere down the road, but they have to do it from my back, and make your first shot. Don't give me time to blink or turnover. Don't let me get my hands on you. I'm trying to say that I went through the second World War and the Korean War, eighteen months in a Japanese prisoner of war camp on Sipan. That should speak for itself, regardless of what I have to say. I've got enough marks on my body to make a cross with it. I'm not proud of it.

ID: *And the checks keep coming in.*

SJ: Even Elvis Presley's checks are still coming in. Bing Crosby makes a million dollars every Christmas and he's dead. They just keep playing "White Christmas." Nat King Cole is making money and his daughter can't hack it. Like Boy George, she cracked up. Look at Marvin Gaye. He couldn't stick with it, be-

cause he got tired of his father making love to him. He turned him down and his father shot him. I never heard of a faggot complaining of getting too much love. They come up with a whole lot of stories about me. I'm dying to see what you're going to put in this weird magazine. I'm wondering if you're going to write it the way I'm telling? ■

Screamin' Jay Hawkins



up. James Brown is supposed to be a spokesman for the country, why does he have a pocket full of PCP? Do you get my point? When they shot Sam Cooke down there on Sunset Blvd. it was a black woman that shot him. She didn't have to go to jail. She didn't even have to go to the police station for interrogation, because he was a set up. Just like John Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Malcom X, Martin Luther King. If they want

KRAMER

In the past year Bongwater and its chief conspirator Mark Kramer have gained national distinction as a source for some of the most quirky and intelligent music to emerge from the independent music scene. The popularity of Bongwater is partly due to the cult status Kramer gained playing with such legendary bands as the Fugs, Shockabilly and the Butthole Surfers. Shockabilly, a band Kramer calls "prolific," gave him the most notoriety for his collaboration with Eugene Chadbourn, another cult hero who parted ways with Kramer when they split up in 1984. David Licht, who drummed for Shockabilly, is currently the drummer for both Bongwater and B.A.L.L.

BONGWATER

BOMBAY

by antonio

Photos by Rachel Siegel



Kramer & Ann Magnuson

Magnuson, wearing a gaudy blue wedding dress, put on an Indonesian crown and proceeded to read in Chinese from Mao's little red book to the tune of Jimmy Page's "Dazed and Confused" (now dubbed "Dazed and Chinese"). Describing her vocal style, Magnuson said she tried "a Buffy Saint-Marie vibrato, and ended up with Stevie Nick's stuffy head."

Last year I sought out Kramer to learn more about the force behind Bongwater, and his expanding label, Shimmy Disc. We entered a backstage office at the I-Beam in San Francisco, where we were confronted with a sterile office filled with harsh fluorescent light. "Welcome to the Elvis Room," Kramer said, as he clambered over the desks until he could figure out how to unplug the lights. Turning on an old color TV, which served as the only source of light in the room, he sat down, putting his feet up on an old wood desk. Wearing a cheap brown leather jacket, he sat in the periphery of TV static, looking more like a roadie than the revered musical genius he has become.

Kramer's attempt to deconstruct a typical interview into a spontaneous escapade mirrors his approach to music. Going beyond normal perimeters, he constructs new environments, stretching the limits of low-technology to the farthest point it can go. The backdrop of TV noise while we talked reworked the atmosphere, much like his studio techniques. Analogous to the music of Bongwater and Shockabilly, just below the surface of the instruments, subconscious mayhem emanates, like the white noise of reality that we're exposed to every day.

In past interviews, Kramer has shunned the hype people like to attach to his music. When B.A.L.L. was called a "super-group," Kramer

Bongwater's sound is a hybrid of musical styles ranging from the Beatles to Rocky Erickson, from Led Zeppelin to Throbbing Gristle, from the Monkees to the Moody Blues. A unique blend of black humor, politics and beauty results from the collaboration between Kramer and one time performance artist and actress, Ann Magnuson. Magnuson's quixotic approach to music is often theatrical, combining monologues with costumed performance on stage. She also utilizes long tirades from her dream journal with themes about surreal politics like "Lesbians in Russia" and "Decadent Iranian Country Club." In a live performance in San Francisco last year,

quickly responded: "Call me crazy. When I think 'supergroup,' I think disaster. I think Buddy Miles. I think Wings. I think Fascism. I think throw up." In a more recent interview, Kramer modestly described *Double Bummer* (Bongwater's debut l.p.) as a "satirical masterpiece of American moral misery," a far cry from the claims of the *Village Voice* that *Double Bummer* is comparable to the Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street* and the Beatles' *White Album*.

Kramer was eager to discuss his pet project: a small, independent record label called Shimmy Disc, which is fast becoming a powerful force in the independent record industry. The label grew out of his work at his extremely popular studio, Noise New York. Over the years, the label has evolved into a cottage industry supporting Kramer's numerous musical projects, including Bongwater. Half Japanese, Pussy Galore and Galaxy 500 have all recorded at Noise New York, reflecting the diversity of and projects that seek out Kramer for his production and engineering talents. But as the studio's home label Shimmy Disc grows, Kramer's increasingly busy work schedule gets more consumed by the activity of his company.

The label, started with a \$7,000 inheritance, remains "cutting edge" because, as Kramer remarks, "I don't have money as a driving force behind [the record company]. Some independent labels have to consider finances when they put out a record... I don't have to do that. I put out one ad very few months that tells you what's happening. I can't do a full page ad for Bongwater, and I wouldn't want to. I would like the label to represent itself... The label is attracting as much attention as the artists on it."

Kramer said he expects to release more than a hundred albums, and wants to run a diverse label modeled on the legendary Folkways record company. But asked if Shimmy Disc will be the wave of the future for alternative music, he replied, "I don't have any idea. I don't think you can look at things like that until you get the aggregate, and that's going to take a few years. I don't know if my stuff is going to be swept under the carpet and Elliot Sharp is going to become famous, or vice versa."

Prosperity, Kramer recognizes, can hinge on fate or an unexpected twist in history, such as the breakup of Shockabilly. Reflecting on that experience, Kramer recalled how "Shockabilly played hundreds of gigs and got absolutely nowhere. Suddenly the band broke up and it was prolific. You'll see in the *Village Voice*, 'bassist seeks guitar player. Influences: blah, blah... Shockabilly.' That stuff started happening, and the record started selling."

Dave Rick



Still, despite the unpredictability of the music business, Kramer intends to plug away. "If we stay independent, we won't have most of the pressure of a lot of major independents. They have to make a certain amount of money to pay the bookkeeper, graphics artist, truck driver... I have only me." Nonetheless, Kramer concludes, "If enthusiasm is all it takes, I would have that guitar shaped swimming pool now."

For fans of Bongwater, Kramer's music becomes a filter for mind altering bullshit. With the aid of Ann Magnuson, Kramer rips apart the notion of rock 'n' roll, and unleashes a propaganda virus into the listeners' minds. Immediately, listeners begin to think they hate the music, but inside their heads the chaos of the spectacle is ripping out all the tired notions of the conventional rock music. Unlike the temporary damage of a computer virus, this musical infection permanently leaves the innocent bystander an active agent in the unhinged world of Mark Kramer. ■

David Licht





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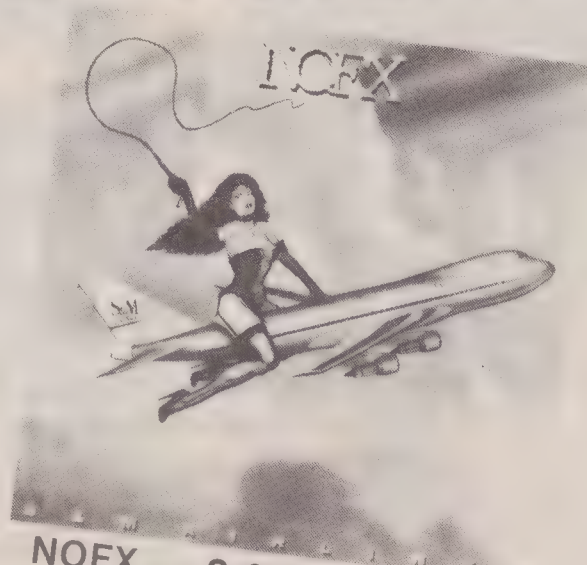


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Photo by Benny



FIREHOSE

Well it's 1990, and while most of the people and bands that were around in 1980 are either dead, married, living like yuppies on thirtysomething, doing spoken-word bits, or (God Forbid) signed to a major label and gracing the boob tube on MTV! a precious few musicians have maintained respectability in this picky reporter's opinion. One of those cool dudes is Mike Watt. He and firehose have continued to make music the way THEY want to. They're not rich, and they'll probably never be



nominated for a Grammy, but they can still walk out on a stage and be proud of the music they're making.

These guys were interviewed by *Ink Disease* back in 1987 when they had just formed after the abrupt ending of the Minutemen. Now we catch up to them again early in the new decade to get their thoughts and opinions on everything from Madonna to exploding vans. The dudes asking the questions were Robert and Benny, and the dudes answering were Mike, George, and Ed. In case you were wonderin' it was done at the Music Machine just before they played on February 2nd.

(Posing for Pictures)

Mike: Take a shot.

Ed: Take your best shot.

Mike: In the mean time, some questions.

ID: *How long have you guys been together now?*

Mike: June 14, 1986 was our first gig.

ID: *Do you guys still write songs the way you did in the beginning?*

Mike: No, in the beginning we just gave Edward songs. He wrote a couple though. He wrote one the first day he came to my house, from George's lyrics "Caroms." At first it wasn't really a group thing.

ID: *How is it now?*

Mike: It's much more (of a group thing). Yeah, we are working on new songs now.

ID: *When are you going to do another album?*

Mike: We're working on the tunes--maybe four songs we've got and 16 to go. I've got to make the outlines then the band will get together.

George: Let's just say we've got a long ways to go.

Mike: I kinda killed this week cause of the van... But we've got to do it everyday.

George: Writing songs takes a lot of labor and a lot of time. It ain't the most strenuous, but you've got to do it.

Mike: It's probably the closest we're ever gonna get to giving birth. (everyone laughs)

George: Like pulling teeth... you know.

Mike: Really, it's like that. Like Edward said today, "It's like a three-piece horn section." Me and George didn't just set up what we do so Ed could play lead guitar. We write songs, like...(the way) movies (are made)...

ID: *So, one song will take a long time?*

Mike: Yeah, and it'll maybe be a minute and a half long.

George: It's hard to say, some songs are trickier than others. They may sound simple, but...

Mike: That's why they end up sounding simple, because we took the time to really get it happening. We like cutting out, the... shit. So, what you hear is a minute and a half, and it might take us weeks (to write).

ID: *It's worth it though.*

Mike: Yeah, well I think so.

ID: *Will it be like "fromohio"?*

Mike: Nah, it ain't going to be like "fromohio". I don't think it is.

ID: *Is it gonna be like the older stuff, the first firehose album?*

Mike: The songs are gonna sound like songs off "fromohio", but the album ain't gonna be like "fromohio."

ID: *Are you going to record it here? (in L.A.)*

Mike: Probably. "fromohio," in a way, wasn't a full album. The next one we record will be a full album.

ID: *Was there a big difference recording in Ohio?*

Mike: Yeah, we did it in the middle of a tour. That's the first time we ever did that. Edward's voice was kinda sore. But hey, we'd never done it, and we tried it. You know life's for living.

George: It was done under pressure.

Ed: It suffered from forces of nature.

George: The van blew up the day we were supposed to record.

Mike: We flew our people in.

Ed: We flew our crew in. We had our posse in full effect!

Mike: It was a strange record, but in another way it was weird with what I had to draw from. I was using songs that were from "If'n." This one will be way more current. Some of 'em may be 4 or 5 months old, but that's it.

ID: *How much of your stuff is totally pre-written? Or do you improvise a lot in the studio?*

Mike: Studio time is very expensive. We don't improvise in the studio.

ID: *So, is everything planned out, even leads?*

Mike: Well ask Edward. I think so.

Ed: Everything is planned out, except for maybe when you're laying down the solo. Maybe you play something that you hadn't planned there. You get inspired, and you just leave it in. Other than that man, you better know what you're gonna be playing. It's expensive.

George: You can't plan to improvise something because you might get stuck hanging on to studio time for hours. Something you think you might be able to do just like that might not work.

Mike: We treat 'em like gigs in front of a microphone. Really, it's literally like that.

ID: *Do you guys all record live?*

Mike: Nah, we record it like a record. But we approach it almost like a gig-- we're not really gonna fix it in the mix.

ID: *A few times it seems as though you get close to being political with your lyrics.*



TOTAL WATT-AGE

Photo by Benny

Mike: When somebody says fuck, do they mean fuck like "fuck"? It's very intense. It means they want to get your attention.

ID: What is "Riddle of the 80's" about? Is that about the end of the Minutemen and the beginning of firehouse?

Mike: Yeah, in a way. It's about me and the 80's--as far as Punk Rock goes.

ID: So, do you think you're "better off for it?"

Mike: Well by saying that it's a little high-handed there. I mean, time is gonna go on no matter what. Whether I can deal with it or not. But I just say that as like a little confidence.

ID: I heard rumors that SST was going bankrupt?

Mike: I haven't heard that.

ID: Are you happy with SST?

Mike: Yes.

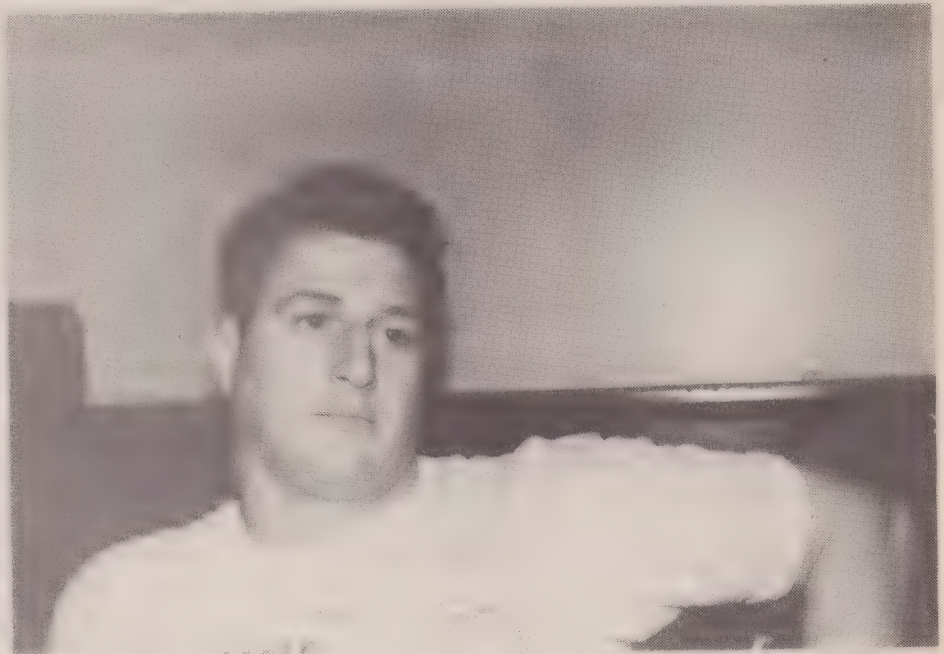
ID: I was wondering why do you think you guys are still around and strong, while

Mike: That's up to you. I mean I've always used words, the same as bass, and drums and guitar. Now, you don't have to say that drums are abstract. I use words sort of like that. And if you have a direct meaning to that, then that means I want you to be very intense. Sometimes that fails. You don't know what I mean. I don't know what you might think I mean. So, to say they're political, you're totally right, but it's really out of our hands once it leaves our machines.

ID: Well, it seems more vague. With the Minutemen it was very political.

Mike: No, I think (it is) almost the same way.

ID: Well, with the Minutemen you seemed more direct in the stuff you were saying.



ABSOLUTE HURLEY

Photo by Benny

bands like Husker Du, Black Flag and X aren't anymore?

Mike: Well Husker Du and Black Flag broke up.

ID: Well, is there any reason? Do you guys do anything differently?

Mike: See, we lived in Pedro, still do, and it's faraway in a way.

ID: You guys do many side projects. I heard you did an album with Elliot Sharp.

Mike: He asked me and George to play (with him).

ID: Did you write anything?

Mike: That was like improvised.

Mike: I can't listen to it. I wish there could have been more communication, but see we're not from that school. We're from the school raised on commercials-raised on 8-track tapes.

ID: What about your band DOS with your wife, how is that accepted? Do you think Dos has firehose fans, or different types of fans?

Mike: I don't think I have any control over that. I'm fortunate if people come. I feel very lucky.

ID: What do people say about Dos?

Mike: I don't know because you don't know what they're thinking. They may just be saying shit to be



ED AND MIKE AT BOGARTS IN LONG BEACH

Photo by Bob

George: It was a studio improvised session there.

Mike: I didn't have confidence in that one.

George: Well, he has a way of putting everything together...

Mike: I was very flattered to be asked. I like Elliot.

George: He really wanted us playing and doing our thing, and interpreting his. I think it's got a lot of work on it.

Mike: We don't do that. So, it was hard for us.

ID: Do you not like the way it came out?

Mike: Well, in a way it was like we were stuttering. We don't do that.

George: I thought it was interesting. It really was a hard effort. I thought it sounded okay. It's different.

nice. Me and Kira do it for Me and Kira.

ID: I was going to ask Ed (who left the room) if he had any interest in side projects.

Mike: I don't know. I don't think so.

ID: He wouldn't tell you?

Mike: I don't know. We only live within a few blocks from each other, but we don't really...

ID: Communicate?

Mike: Run each others' lives.

ID: Are you on tour right now?

Mike: No. We go on tour in April. We tour in the spring and the fall when the weather's good.

ID: For how long?

Mike: This one's gonna be a long one. We need a new van, so at least seven weeks.

ID: Is the tour for "fromohio," or is the other album going to be out by then?

Mike: We won't have a new album out by then, but we'll be playing some new songs for people. Hey man, we are bored stiff of our songs. Probably way more than these kids who see us once or twice a year.

ID: Has it been two years since "fromohio" came out?

Mike: It's been about a year. It was recorded in October of '88.

ID: Have you ever had any major label interest? Has anyone ever talked to you about that?

Mike: Nobody's talked to us.

ID: Would you want to be? Do you think you could survive doing videos and touring...?

Mike: Ah shit, if I could have my wish I'd cure cancer!

ID: ...Okay...

Mike: I feel real conceited answering questions like that. Well, our real war is with our next songs.

Mike: How much longer do you think firehose could be together? Could you guys stay together forever? (laughs) Yeah, sure. I mean how can I answer something like that? I would've never thought... Uh, a lot of things, you know. I never thought D. Boon would've got killed. Nobody at that time asked me, "Hey, what will you do when D. Boon's killed?"

ID: Well, why don't we ask you now. What would you do if George died, or Ed died?

Mike: Well, I'd try to deal with it. Yeah, I don't know what I'd do, but I probably wouldn't do a firehose. I

wouldn't call it firehose. That's the same idea with D. Boon. I could not call (another band the) Minutemen.

ID: Firehose could keep your interest, because a lot of bands start changing (even when no one dies)?

Mike: That's why our battle is with our songs. We don't have a sound to live up to or anything. It's the creation thing-- (it's) very intense-- (and) very important to us. Yeah, if that got boring, sure. But I tell you, it's such a struggle--(just so) you don't get bored. If you're really committed...

ID: It seems all you do is the band. So, is firehose your job?

Mike: Nowadays, more and more...

ID: What do you think about all the other bands around town? Did you hear that Chili Peppers song where they mention your name?

Mike: Yeah, I wrote a song like that about 5 or 6 years ago called "History Lesson part II".

ID: What do you think about the changes around L.A.?

Mike: There's not enough new bands with new sounds. That's what I think. I think people wanna go back to the 70's--to arena rock. There should be more young, fierce ideas. I'm kinda disappointed. Yeah, I don't think New Wave is winning. Or if it did win, we didn't gain.

ID: What do you think about the clubs?

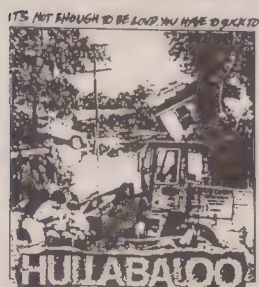
Mike: Oh we like clubs. When we were kids we could never get gigs. Getting gigs is a victory in itself. I don't know if you know that.

STRAW DOGS

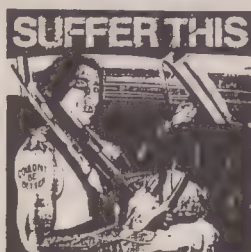
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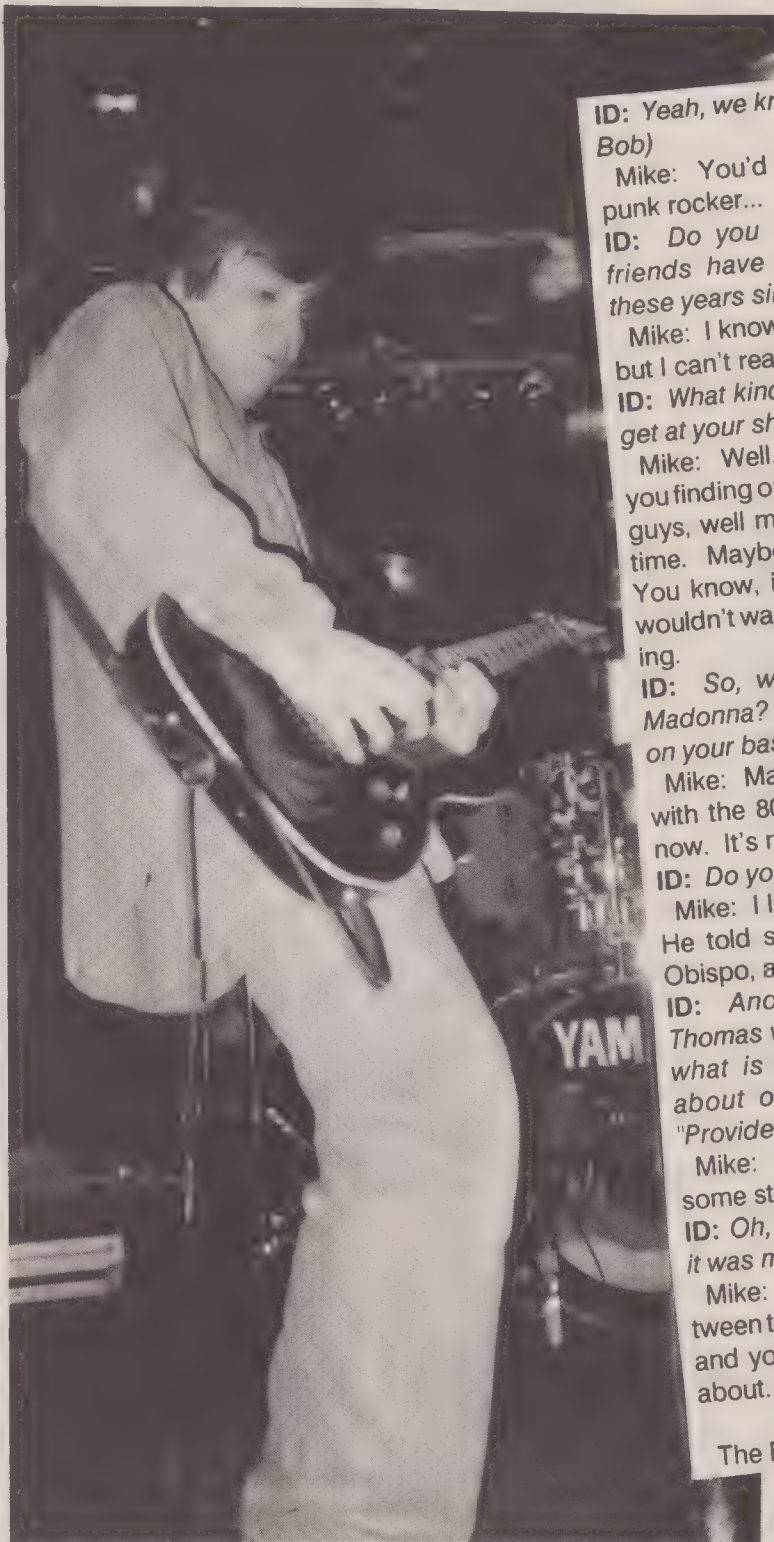
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TOTAL-ABSOLUTE ED-AGE

Photo by Bob

ID: Yeah, we know. (say Benny and Bob)

Mike: You'd have to be a young punk rocker...

ID: Do you think your fans and friends have stayed with you all these years since the Minutemen?

Mike: I know about some of them, but I can't really know everyone.

ID: What kind of age group do you get at your shows?

Mike: Well, the only thing new is you finding out about it. Then the old guys, well maybe they ain't got the time. Maybe they get tired of you. You know, it's out of our hands. I wouldn't wanna trick them into coming.

ID: So, what is your joke about Madonna? You have a picture of her on your bass.

Mike: Madonna is my connection with the 80's, and I guess the 90's now. It's no joke.

ID: Do you not like Madonna?

Mike: I like her. George likes her. He told some guy up in San Luis Obispo, a D.J.

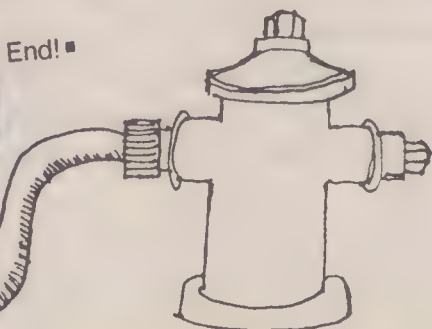
ID: And the last question that Thomas wanted me to ask you was what is the "stuff" you're talking about on the Sonic Youth song "Providence"?

Mike: I'm calling Thurston about some stuff he lost.

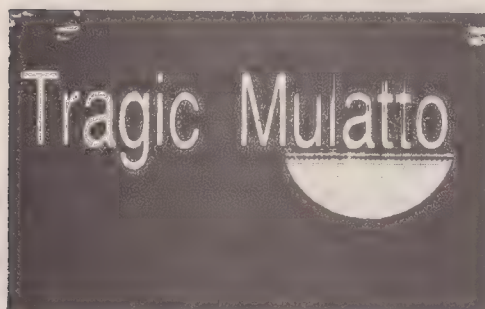
ID: Oh, that's it? I guess he thought it was more...

Mike: See! That's the gap between the song and you, between us and you. That's what I was talking about.

The End! ■



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At 3:00 A.M., Reverend Elvister, wearing comfortable white cotton trousers and over shirt, loads the last of Tragic Mulatto's equipment into their modest van. Flatula repeats her concern that her prop bag has been sitting in piss, meanwhile, I stare at a fresh pile of puke. It's late, and the band looks tired. Jehu comes out with tonight's payment: not enough money. They sold a few records, and received a medium-sized crowd, but it must seem a little frustrating to be a relatively obscure band on a small label with many debts and little money to pay them off.

We are also tired, and a few minutes earlier, a speeding car had just driven off Hollywood Blvd. almost hitting us on the way back from the 7-11. Alternative Tentacles



had called us just a day ago, asking if we would do the interview with the band. No problem, but we weren't very prepared. However, after living in San Francisco and seeing them play around for several years, I knew they were unconventional and intelligent, so we could proba bly "wing it." But I must have looked pretty stupid as I sat on the floor in front of them at 4:00 A.M. in some anonymous Holly wood apartment going, "dah..." for several silent and embarrass ing minutes. Graceful as ever, the band greeted my fatigued vowel move-

ments and our questions with sincere sarcasm and some honest observations about sea food cheese balls. Meanwhile, on a near-by shelf stuffed with tons of weird toys, one of those plastic dancing flowers with a skull from Japan waved around in reaction to sound. It was a good gage of where the interview was going. If it waved around violently, then we knew the questions were stimulating and intelligent. Actually, it only moved when things got really weird, falling over a few times when the discussion got out of hand.

Close to dawn, things petered out, but we had something on tape and our mission was accomplished. Present for the interview were Flatula (singer, horn blower and exotic dancer), Bambi Nonymous (exotic drummer), Jehu (slide and cosmic guitar rifts), Rev. Elvister (bass and hypnotic facial expressions), Fifi (other drummer and Star Wars video game expert—he played video games throughout the interview), and Liz (Gwar's manager). The interview was conducted by Rachel Siegel, Todd Edleman and myself. Antonio

ID: *Is this the World Tour for your new album (see record review)?*

Rev. Elvister: This is the "April Fool's Eat Until You Puke" tour.

Jehu: Yeah, it's the "Dick Your Flab" tour.

ID: *Where are you going?*

Rev. Elvister: San Diego, Albuquerque, Tucson, New Orleans, Austin, Houston... that direction.

All: Gainesville, Gainesville, Gainsburger!

ID: *Tell us about the new album.*

Rev. Elvister: It's been out for about three weeks. It's our third album.

ID: *How did you get on Alternative Tentacles (AT)?*

Rev. Elvister: I sucked Biafra's dick, but I didn't swallow. Flatula: It's Jell-O.

(laughter, the evil dancing flower begins to move around)

Flatula: That flower looks like it's about to fall off.

ID: *Do people expect you to do weird things?*

All: Yeah...

ID: *How do you feel about that?*

Rev. Elvister: I think people are totally missing the point. Like that band that opened up for us (Mario, a transvestite S&M band). I didn't see them, but I saw the aftermath, and I kind of got the impression that they didn't really care about the music, they just wanted to get up there and create a spectacle. A spectacle is fine, but if you don't have any music to go along with it, what the fuck is the point. Our spectacle is usually to amuse ourselves.

ID: *Have you guys had any formal training?*

Rev. Elvister: She listened to Lene Lovich tapes for eight years.

Flatula: Uh hem, what's that German person's name?

Jehu: Nina Hagen.

Rev. Elvister: She loves to be compared to her.



Flatula: Oh yeah, she's just such an Earth mother. She sucked me off.

ID: Do you guys have any normal jobs?

Jehu: I'm a shrimp but-
t h o l e
remover.

Rev. El-
vister: J.
sucks the
sewage out of
pipes.

Flatula:
Yeah, I work
at Kentucky
Fried Tumor. I
deep-fry the
b i o p s y
specimens.

Bambi: I
give spank-
ings for a
living.

ID: What kind
of bands do
they usually
book you
with?

Rev. El-
vister: For
some reason
we get these
f u c k e d
bands, like
tonight, with
that guy (inaudible).

Jehu: She-man.

Flatula: And we get 19-year-old hardcore bands who are hopelessly inept, and we get people who wear plastic daisies on their heads.

ID: Do you guys get any weird mail?

Flatula: No.

Rev. Elvister: No, but we send them weird mail.

Bambi: Daniel Lanois, he's in love with us.

ID: Do you have any groupies?

All: Laughter.

Liz: Me, me.

Rev. Elvister: Well, Liz is our number one groupie, but other than that...

Jehu: Groapie, groapie.

Liz: I'll suck any of you, right now, if you want.



ID: A couple
of years ago
your perfor-
mance was
more of a
spectacle.
You used
fluorescent
paint, etc.
Did you
leave all that
stuff home or
is that just
not a part of
your gig
anymore?

Jehu: Oh,
that was just
a phase.
Since I joined
the band I've
tried to
reform them
to more
morally cor-
rect ways.

Rev. El-
vister: A guy
f r o m
Carliner [an
"experimen-
tal" band
from up
N o r t h]
threatened
to beat us up.

ID: For
copyright in-
fringement?

Rev. El-
vister: Yeah,
he invented

the black light.

Flatula: He also has a patent on all notes sung above a certain high C. If anyone infringes on that territory, he "accidentally" hits them hard.

Rev. Elvister: We did it first, ah ha ha ha ha. (evil flower moves with laughter)

Bambi: There's some other note that make them shit in their pants simultaneously.

Rev. Elvister: No you have to have a special tone generator to do that.

ID: Did you guys file with ASCAP when you did all your songs?

Rev. Elvister: BMI. ASCAP is more conservative.

ID: How come you weren't in the Grammys?

Rev. Elvister: Good question!

Bambi: Yeah, we were wondering that ourselves.



Rev. Elvister: I think it was a major over-sight.

Bambi: Well, after doing this for over 25 years, we'll probably get "best new group."

ID: *Nude or new?*

Jehu: Neutered.

ID: *If you were on the board of the Grammys, who would you nominate? What categories would you create?*

Rev. Elvister: "Best gism shooter on Paula Abdul's face."

Jehu: I'd nominate Charo for every category.

Rev. Elvister: "Best video sperm shot."

Flatula: For most original person in the world I would nominate Drux [the guy from Caroliner].

ID: *What questions would you ask if you were interviewing your selves?*

Rev. Elvister: Well, we would like to talk about Tragic Mulatto songs that would solve the world's problems. I have a solution guys: the hole in the ozone layer. I know, let's just get a bunch of those big semi-trailers with big tanks and put ozone in them. And we'll truck them down to Antarctica, open the valves, and let all that ozone float up and plug that giant hole!

Liz: How big is Elvister's dick?

Rev. Elvister: Liz does her best to advertise...

Flatula: Let's put it this way, we have two ways of fixing the ozone layer. One of them is the way Elvister said it, the other way is to suck his dick.

ID: *Would that put you in the "liberal" spectrum?*

Flatula: No, no. We're rabid revo...(inaudible)

Jehu: As long as every bathroom has a door, and every door has a bathroom, I'm happy.

ID: *In your contract with AT, do you have to say anything political?*

Rev. Elvister: Our contract states we must have bathroom doors.

Flatula: Our contract states we must have pictures of deposed (inaudible) on our promo posters.

ID: *Do you have any major labels knocking on your bathroom doors?*

All: Laughter.

ID: *You're in Hollywood, so you should be getting...*

Flatula: I'm sure first thing in the morning our car phone will be ringing off the hook. It's probably ringing right now.

ID: *Do you participate in that whole "civil war" between San Francisco and L.A.?*

Jehu: It's really bullshit because everyone in San Francisco is really from L.A. Well, not everyone.

ID: *I think it's stupid because it's insecurity.*

Jehu: It's actually a case of fascistness, which is a part of human survival. People like to take sides.

Rev Elvister: It's for people who have nothing better to do than identify with sports teams and cities.

ID: *What do you guys think of L.A.?*

Rev. Elvister: I like it.

Jehu: It seems kind of nice, but kind of violent also. What is L.A. like?

ID: *It depends where you live. You can get sprayed with mala thion. Did you have any prejudices coming down here?*

Jehu: It's just really hard to book gigs here because there are so many bands, and people are real dick-heads on the phone. It's a real hassle to get gigs here, and almost not worth it.

ID: *Do you get paid o.k.?*

Jehu: Not that great. We do a lot better financially in other places- in smaller towns, smaller cities.

ID: *What's the scene like up North right now?*

Flatula: It's a good place to see good shows. There's a lot of free shows.

Jehu: There's tons of free shows, but they don't pay the bands very well.

ID: *What's next in music? Are we at the end of punk?*

Rev. Elvister: It died a long time ago.

Jehu: The funk thing will come up, and we'll have another bad disco explosion. It'll last another two years until something else happens. And then...

ID: *Perhaps punk is redefining itself.*

Jehu: Sort of...

Rev. Elvister: It'll have to do more than redefine itself.

Jehu: The music industry is in another rut right now.

Flatula: The '90s is the '70s all over again.

Jehu: Yeah, and it'll take a few years to get it going again.

ID: *Have you seen any "flagpoles" of what's to come?*

Flatula: Yeah, I had one lodged up my cervix.

Rev. Elvister: I had one when I woke up this morning, there was a tent on my shoulder.

Liz: Polka, Limboda, Elvister Cooper.

Jehu: It seems that with any new movement, it's the rhythms that

create it. Punk had a certain kind of rhythm, funk has a certain kind of rhythm. So something rhythmic will happen that'll start a whole new trend.

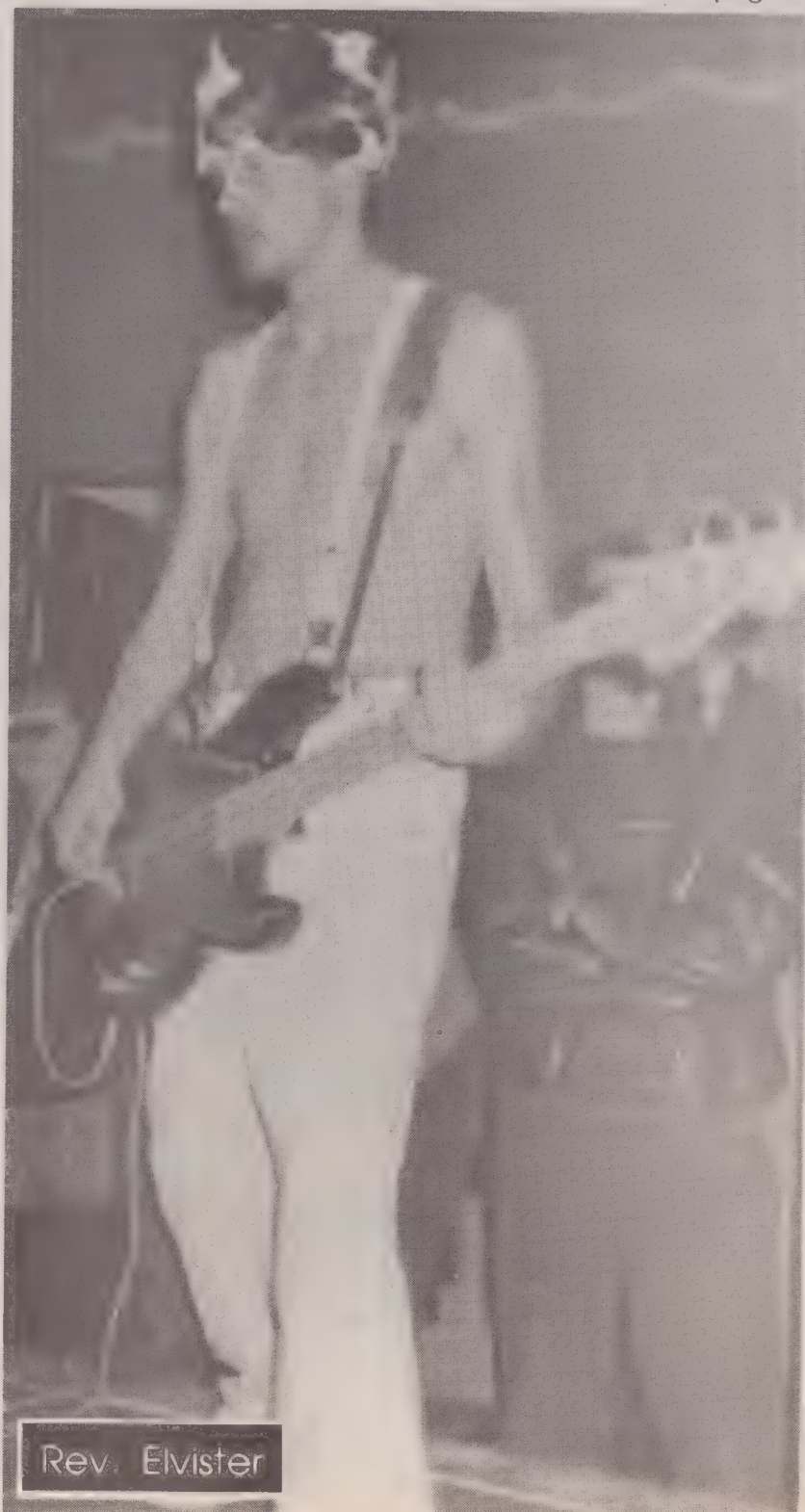
ID: *People are into world music.*

Jehu: Yeah, but it seems to come and go. Maybe it will catch on, I don't know.

ID: *What's the deal with the nylon costume?*

Liz: They're sexy.

(Continued on page 51)



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Give Me An "A"



Anus the Menace have quickly made a name for themselves. A name you can remember. This was their second interview and took place in two locations thanks to our friends at the L.A.P.D. The band were first interrogated by Thomas after their set at the Shamrock. This took place on a Sunset Blvd. bus bench. Brian then helped finish them off several weeks later at Rusty's studio in Rosemead where they were recording for the new Flip-side compilation, "City of L.A.-Power."

The band are comprised of Johnny Anus (guitar, and vocals), Mike the Menace (bass and vocals), and Phil Colon (drums). Phil also drums for the Cactus Fossils. Anus the Menace's home base is Whittier, California.

You can catch this trio playing many of the hottest weekend shows in the L.A. area.

Johnny Anus: Phil and Julie just got married.

Phil Colon (drums): Two weeks ago.

ID: You already went on your honeymoon?

Phil: Yeah. We went to Mexico and saw a dead horse. We were going to take pictures by it, but we just remember it instead. It kind of ruined the whole thing, you know.

ID: Where was that?



Give Me An "N"

Phil: Ensenada. Not the happier part of Ensenada though, the poverty stricken area.

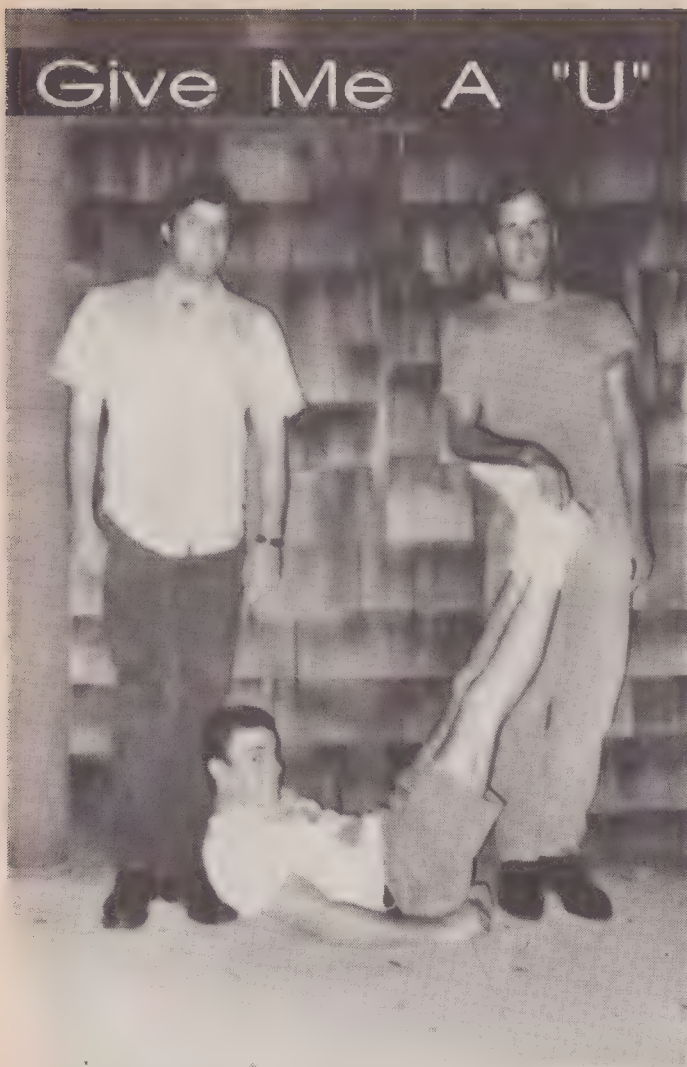
ID: Johnny, you were in Corpus Delecti?

Johnny: Yeah, but that was a long time ago. We started out in 1981 and broke up in 1985.

ID: Your first vinyl was recently released?

ANUS THE

Give Me A "U"



Johnny: On Flipside records and Anus Envy records. It's a five song seven inch e.p.

ID: Have you already sold millions of copies?

Johnny: Almost. 590!

ID: How many did you press?

All: We pressed a thousand.

Johnny: We sent 590 to Mordam and they want more. But we don't have any more.

ID: How much material do you have, besides what you released?

Mike: We have about 14 songs.

Phil: A lot of songs we've dropped, because they just weren't happening.

Johnny: We may use them again sometime.

ID: What do you guys do besides the band? I know you surf, Johnny.

Johnny: Yeah, I just started up again.

ID: (To Mike) Do you really golf?

Mike the Menace: Yeah. I work at a golf course. I play golf. I'm trying to be a pro and all that. I'm a golf bum right now.

ID: How do you guys make your livings?

Phil: I live a dog's life. I eat, shit, sleep, fuck, work...

Johnny: I don't make a living. I'm unemployed right now.

Phil: He's a bum.

Mike: So, if anyone needs someone to work for them call John?

All: Yeah. That's right.



Give Me An "S"

Johnny: I'm inbetween jobs.

Mike: I'd rather not advertise what I work for.

Johnny: He makes windows?

Mike: Shhh... Hey, that's fair enough to say.

MENACE

ID: What are some of the most unusual places you've played?

Mike: We played the Mojave desert.

Johnny: That was a fiasco.

ID: I heard you (Johnny) woke everyone up in the morning?

Johnny: Oh yeah. It was like five or six in the morning. Actually, Al put my amp out and said "John, come here!" He dragged me out. And we pulled his (Mike's) amp out too, and he started bringing his drums out.

Mike: I was just waking up and I was all pissed off and grouchy.

Johnny: Mike cranked it up and just started wailing. Woke everybody up. Then we left before the cops came.

Phil: He was playing with the sun coming up, just peaking over the hills. It was a pretty picture.

Johnny: It was beautiful too.

Phil: It was a beautiful day.

Mike: Jon, what's that song, "It's a Beautiful Day," all about?

Johnny: It's about staying up all night and watching the sun come out and the birds chirping. People are coming out doing their thing in suburbia, then they go home and go to sleep after that. It's really sarcastic. It's got nothing to do with Mr. Rogers.

ID: Is the band going to tour at all?

Mike: We'd like to. Maybe if our record and name gets a little more known.

Johnny: We'll probably do weekend things. Like maybe a little weekend thing to San Francisco, then one to Las Vegas.

Phil: We'll probably do the West Coast before anything else; Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Berkeley, Yreka... All the happening places.

Johnny: Greenfield (All: Yeah!).

ID: Where do you live in Whittier, and Riverside...?

Mike: La Habra. It's right next to Whittier. Phil's from Whittier originally (now Riverside).

ID: So, you guys make up the core of the Whittier scene?

Johnny: Us and the Cactus Fossils...

All: That's it. There's a few other bands but they're not...

ID: How did you guys meet?

Phil: Me and him (Johnny) met on a bus a long time ago. We started a band together, right after that, called Persona Defect. That was together about two years then I moved to Seattle. Then I came back and the Cactus Fossils got together. We were together for about a year before they (Johnny and Mike) asked me to play with them.



Phil Colon - Drums

Mike: Me and John were trying to get a band together, looking for a girl singer, but we couldn't really find one. We talked to Phil and he wanted to play drums.

Johnny: But he's not a girl singer.

Mike: He's not even a girl.

L.A.P.D. (over their cop car loud speaker): Leave the area now! Let's go! Disperse! We got a report of a fight. Five males.

Second Part:

Phil: When I said I was leading a dog's life that was after I got out of the pound (a slight, forced laugh).

ID: Videos?

Phil: We have one video our friend took of us at a party.

Mike: The show in the desert.

Johnny: We haven't seen it yet.

Mike: John got a job since the last time we talked.

ID: *What are you doing?*

Johnny: Making twist ties.

ID: *How exciting is that?*

Johnny: So exciting that I might quit soon.

ID: *Are you going to get that other job you were talking about?*

Johnny: The mortician job, driving. No, because you have to be on call twenty four hours a day, seven days a week.

ID: *How much would you have made with that job?*

Johnny: Ten dollars a body and five dollars a death certificate. That's just for L.A. County.

Phil: Only commission, no hourly wage.

ID: *That's a lot of bodies. What about that song "I Wish I Was Gay So You Would Hate Me?"*

Phil: I had to explain it to neighbor of mine, because he was pretty pissed off. He understands now.

ID: *It seems to fit in with songs like "White Riot." A lot of people don't understand those songs.*

Mike: It's a pretty strong title. It says a lot.

Johnny: It's anti-homophobic and anti-racist. People shouldn't put people down for what they're doing in their personal lives.

Mike: Or what color they are.

ID: *You guys are playing a lot of shows now.*

Johnny: Ever since our record and interview came out people have been calling up.

Phil: We don't have to look for them, they look for us.

ID: *Which places do you like playing?*

Johnny: Shamrock's great. My favorite.

All: Yeah.

Johnny: Everybody's real nice. We've played there only once.

Mike: They have monitors too.

ID: *You've played Al's Bar.*



Johnny Anus - Guitar and Vocals

Phil: Yeah, it's nice. The Gaslight's probably the place I hate the most, because there's never any monitors and everything sounds so different. There's no acoustics in that place. When you're on stage, the audience may think it sounds good, but it sounds like shit (to us).

ID: *Any more about the Whittier scene, since we have the core here?*

Phil: Not a whole lot going on in Whittier. Cactus Fossils, and Anus the Menace. That's it.

ID: *Of course, there's Earthling.*

Mike: They haven't played in years.

ID: *They're right up there. The third best band. So what happens when the Cactus Fossils and Anus the Menace have to play in two different places?*



Mike the Menace - Bass and Vocals

Phil: On the same night? It hasn't happened yet, but I'll do it.

Johnny: We've played the same night at the same place.

ID: *That's happened quite a few times.*

Phil: It works out pretty well. I'm pretty burnt afterwards, but...

ID: *You haven't got a drum machine yet?*

Phil: No, if they want a drum machine I'm out man. That's my worst nightmare. I hate drum machines.

Johnny: Some bands know how to use them, and use them well.

Phil: That's an opinion.

ID: *Do you guys play any other instruments?*

Mike: I used to play guitar and now I play bass.

Phil: Me and him were in a band together. I used to play the trumpet in the sixth grade. I can't play it now. I was never able to play it well, but I drove my neighbors crazy.

ID: *That's the important thing.*

Johnny: I played the trumpet in the seventh grade.

ID: *We also talked about how you guys met. You met on a bus.*

Mike: I was going to La Habra High School.

Phil: I was living in La Habra and going to Whittier, to La Scerna High School.

Johnny: We just got off the bus and walked about a quarter of a mile down the block and I went my way and he went the other way. A year later...

Phil: We were talking about getting a band together on the bus.

Mike: Both of our bands broke up and we were messing around.

Phil: My wife and I, in Seattle, had a band called Sticks and Bones.

ID: *Are there any bands that inspired you?*

Phil: I'll have to say Bad Religion's first album really inspired me. It was a big acid flashback before I took acid.

Johnny: My favorite bands that got me going were probably Humble Pie or the Allman Brothers. I guess that ages me pretty well.

Mike: This is going to sound pretty normal--bands probably everybody are influenced by: Joy Division, Birthday Party and Johnny's playing, because he taught me how to play guitar. Those three things and life in general.

ID: What are some of your favorite movies and T.V. shows?

Phil: "Clockwork Orange" (he shows his shirt). "Debbie Does Dallas." Any pornographic movie where they show lots of genitals.

ID: That would be most any pornographic movie.

Phil: That would be true.

Mike: That movie "Nosvoratu." Not the silent movie, but the Klaus Kinski movie. I saw that five or six times.

Johnny: Hitchcock movies are great.

Phil: Any old war movies. As long as they are real old ones. The ones about Vietnam, that are recent, aren't as good as World War I and II movies.

Johnny: I don't know about T.V. shows. I don't watch T.V.

Phil: I like "Cheers," because it's an alcoholic running a bar. That's a good concept. I like that.

ID: Did you guys (John and Mike) fight a lot when you were kids?

Mike: Fuck yeah. What does everybody think of the L.A. scene?

Phil: It's better than Seattle. That's for sure. Every band sounds like Green River and there's not a lot to say if you don't like them.

Johnny: L.A. seems good now. There are a lot of different sounding bands. Like this Flipside compilation album (we're recording for), each band is pretty good. It's like the old days, really.

Phil: It's pretty surprising after all these years.

Johnny: It's about time. After all the hardcore shit everybody sounded the same. Not exactly the same, but I think (now) people are really trying to get their own distinct sound. They're becoming

more creative now.

Phil: I don't think they really have to try. It just happens.

Johnny: They weren't trying.

Mike: I think people are a lot more mature.

"It's hotter than fuck
and I
sweat like a pig."

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Johnny: Which is good. We need a lot more different sounding bands.

ID: Who are the bands on the Flipside compilation?

Phil: Anus the Menace, Paper Tulips, Bad Religion, L7, Creamers, Sandy Duncan's Eye, Spiderbaby, TVTV's, Trashcan School and Motorcycle Boy. There's thousands of bands in L.A. If you wanna see some good bands come to L.A., for a weekend, you can't miss them.

ID: Do you have a set way to write your music? Does the music always come first?

Phil: Always the music first.

Mike: Me and John just switch off writing the lyrics so we have the same amount of songs.

Phil: Then we write the mood into it. The first song we usually play at rehearsal will be off the wall. We come up with something and work on it. Swarming up... That happened with "Beautiful Day."

ID: What are your future plans?

"I go for the body fluid colored t-shirts. This is urine yellow. I have barf green."

Mike: Once these shows are out of the way we'll write up another batch of songs. If things go well we'll do an album.

Phil: Any contributions are fine. We'll accept them.

Johnny: They can write to P.O. Box 4084, Whittier, CA 90607-4084.

ID: Can they order the record from that address?

Johnny: \$3.00 ppd.

Phil: Send as much as you want, as long as it's three dollars. Sorry cash only. Ask John why he wears that yellow shirt?

Johnny: I have thirty of them. No, I got three of these. I go for the body fluid colored t-shirts. This is urine yellow. I have barf green.

ID: If people come to your shows they can see Phil's tattoos.

Phil: Yeah, everytime. Without a doubt. If they like it or not, because it's hotter than fuck and I sweat like a pig. I have to get rid of my shirt. If you see the record in the record store give it a chance. You can always return it. It's on red vinyl.

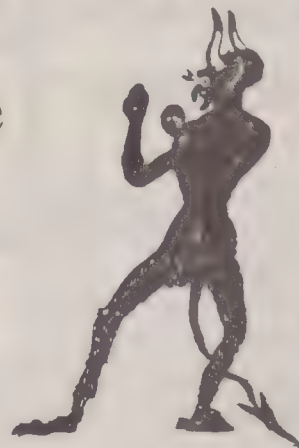
Johnny: That's another body fluid. ■

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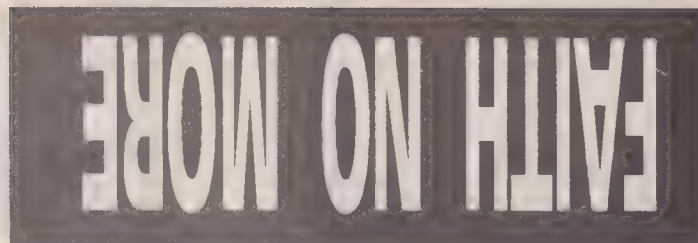
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Keepin' the Faith



In our last episode (issue #15) our hero (that's me Bob) was telling you loyal readers all about Faith No More. In a concert review I said that I thought FNM deserved to become huge. I said quote-"Hopefully they'll get the attention they deserve with their third album *The Real Thing*," but alas, I didn't think the "real world" was ready to like a band like Faith No More. Boy was I wrong. So, now they're on MTV and all kinds of magazine covers...

So, I decided it was time to see what the dudes in the band think of this Faithmania. Well, it's not exactly "mania". I mean they haven't been invited to the White House yet, or sold 40 million albums, but they did tour arenas with Metallica and they were nominated for a Grammy award. Wow! What did I say about the "real world" not being ready for these guys? Well anyway...

The most I could finagle was a phone interview and the whole band wasn't even there! Just Bill. Bill the bass player. And I didn't even get to talk to him 'cuz he was late and



Faith No More group photo by Glen LaFerman
courtesy of Slash records

so my pal Richard did the deed and asked him all my wonderful questions.

Richard: Where is the band really from?

Bill: We're definitely from San Francisco. Chuck (Mosely ex-singer) was from L.A. and used to say we were from L.A., but he's not in the band anymore.

Richard: Why is Chuck Mosely not in the band anymore?

Bill: He wasn't really a team player. We auditioned a whole bunch of losers and weirdos, but with Mike Patton we have a cool chemistry now. I think that's why we have a unique sound.

Richard: What is FNM's unique sound?

Bill: Well we don't want to be clumped in with the weird funk-thing happening. I like a lot of that stuff. The Chili Peppers are cool. They have a cool sound. Great voice. But we don't try to sound like anything really. We're not a different band than when we started. We've just been doing what we've been doing for six years. Of course our music is gonna evolve and stuff, but we don't try to change it, it just happens.

Richard: What was it like being nominated for a Grammy?

Bill: I think it was great that we were nominated. We're very proud of that, but I mean we realize it's all kind of a hoax. It's still cool though.

Richard: Did touring

nominated two years in a row, and won a Grammy this year)?

Bill: We are very grateful to Metallica. It was fun being on tour with them.

Richard: I saw Metallica and Faith No More

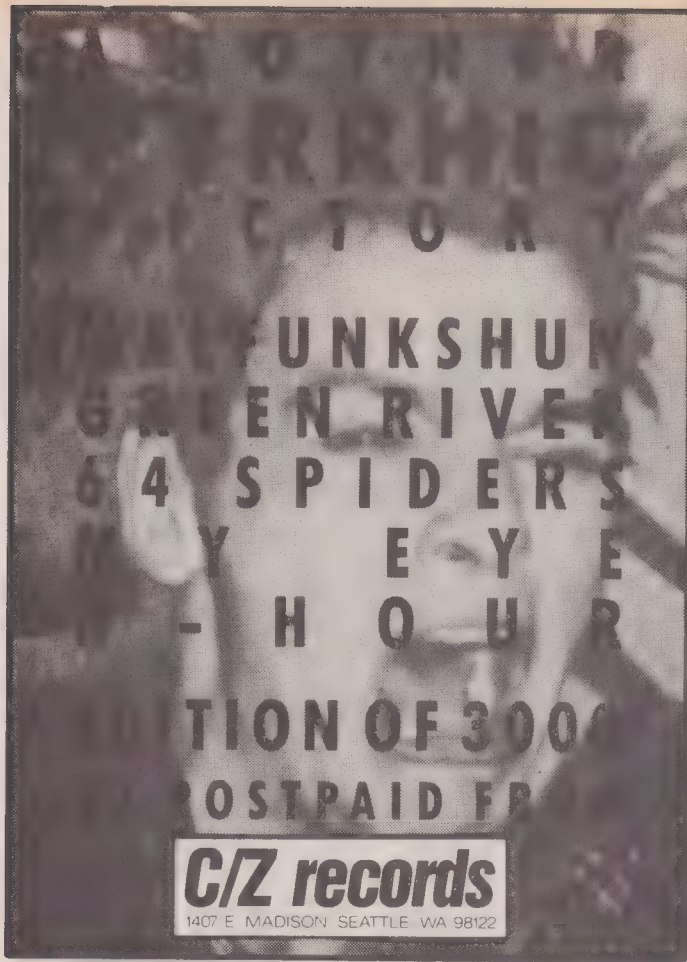


Photos by Steve

FAITH NO MORE

with Metallica help get FNM the Grammy nomination (since Metallica were

at Irvine Meadows, and people booed thru FNM's whole set. People were yelling, "Fuck you posers!" and "Get off



Care A lot" everyone was singing "We Suck A lot!"

Bill: The people booing were probably not real Metallica fans. They probably just started liking them after the last album. The real Metallica fans probably already like Faith No More.

Richard: (About now you're probably saying to yourself, "Self, what are those rock and roll tours really like?") Are rock tours as hectic in real life as they were portrayed in the Spinal Tap movie?"

Bill: Right now we play for ten days and have one day off. Ten on, one off. It's pretty hard and tiring. We have a bus and a two man crew. We have one guy who sells shirts. The support from Warner Bros./Slash is pretty good. We don't have any problems. We've got about four months left of touring then we're gonna start another album, and start doing it all over again.

Robert: Bill and Richard also talked about skateboarding and a whole lot of other things. Bill was really cool and honest about everything. So, I guess all the success hasn't really changed Faith No More. They're still just five guys trying to do their best to make some original music in a world full of un-original crap. So, now that they've reached this plateau of stardom can Faith No More survive and do bat-

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If I Should Die Before I Wake...

I Pray The Lord My Soul To Take

THIS GREAT RELIGION



Photo by Benny

Or what about...

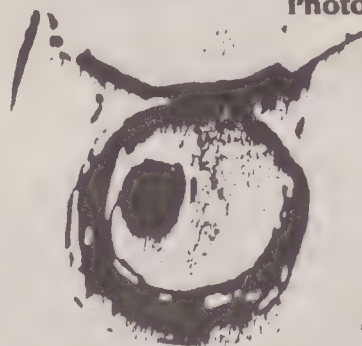
Hail Mary full of grapes

Or...

**Our father who art in heaven
Halloween thy name.**

Okay, so that's about all I remember of the prayers I used to say when I was a little kid. That goes to show you how much I really understood about religion. But what was I supposed to do? I went to Catholic school and was stuck in a room with about 30 other kids all dressed the

same and listened to some nun talk all day about fire and brimstone and God and the Devil. So, I'm kinda turned off by religion these days (actually it makes me want to puke). So, why would someone name a band THIS



GREAT RELIGION? *Are they Jesus-freaks? Are they evangelists*

Matt: I'm an athiest--hard core.

Maria: I'm a Baptist.

Tony: (laughing)...thinker.

Matt: Not agnostic--Justin's a Scientologist.

Justin: I'm satanic.

Okay, so I guess the name's not really important.

ID: Who thought of the name?

Matt: Tony actually came up with the name: the three words. I really pushed for it pretty hard, because I was thinking along the same lines...

What Lines? What Lines?

Matt: Then Maria and Justin finally agreed on it.

ID: Do you guys get any shit for it? Is anyone offended by it?

Maria: All the time.

Matt: Not really.

Maria: Yeah, to me they are.

Justin: We get a lot of adverse comments from it. It's a wide range of responses. I would say it's very rare that I get someone who thinks negative of it. Like maybe once.

Matt: We've never had any fanatics come up and ban us like Salman Rushdie.

Tony: With bookings, for gigs, they'll ask though, to know where you're coming from.

Matt: But it's kind of vague.

Okay, so if they are some kind of cult or religion, they're not telling. Hmm, let's see; I'll try another approach.

ID: How long have you guys been together?

Matt: The four of us have been together since September 1st 1989.

ID: If you had to describe your music to someone who has never heard of you, how would you?

Matt: Alternative pop rock.

Tony: Rock n' roll.

Justin: Pop rock.

Matt: Well, alternative to rock, because that's too underground. We don't want to stay underground. We want to go somewhere with our music.

?: I think it's pretty accessible.

Justin: I don't think we're an alternative band per say.

Maria: I kind of hate that word.

Tony: Just rock, rock.

ID: People call Punk Rock alternative now, when six years ago it was called Punk.

Matt: Alternative to Sunset Blvd.

Justin: Right!

Matt: That's what I mainly think of when I say alternative.

Justin: We're gonna go mainstream the back way.

ID: You guys don't play many of the mainstream clubs. You've played a lot of underground places. What's it like for a band to survive in L.A., which is cluttered with glam and metal bands?

Tony: Easy.

ID: Is it hard to get gigs?

Maria: No.

Tony: When they hear the tape we stand out like a diamond in a cesspool.

A diamond in a cesspool? Okay, but look, I still don't know what the name means. If I don't start getting some clues soon I'm gonna get mad! Maybe they're a religious



MARIA TRIES TO STAY AWAKE AT THE PALOMINO

Photos by Bob

band like Stryper. Let's try and find out.

ID: How do you guys write songs?

Matt: Several different ways. A lot of them Tony has come up with a general idea for the music and then he brings it in. Then we really just jam on it and put the parts together. From there we all write our own parts basical-

ly. Maria writes almost all the lyrics now. In the beginning a lot of the lyrics were Tony's.

Justin: Most of our music is formed exclusively out of jamming. The whole thing of it is, certain people might

ID: What kind of music do you guys listen to?

Matt: I listen to everything. My background is punk and classical, but mainly I listen to a lot of African music, rap, old punk, and whatever's on. A lot of us, This Great Religion.

Tony: I listen to different styles, a lot of international music, and old punk. I've just been getting into the early 80's late 70's rock and roll. Cool stuff. A lot of that post-punk stuff I like.

Maria: I like just about everything, but a lot of my background has been with musicals. I used to think I was gonna be on Broadway.

ID: What happened?

Maria: I don't know.

Matt: You will be on Broadway, in Long Beach.

Tony: We'll do an opera.

Justin: A rock opera.

Maria: But also I always liked the Doors, the Beatles... Right now I like Tracy Chapman. She's my favorite songwriter in the world. She's probably my biggest inspiration right now.

Matt: And Exene.

Maria: Yeah, Exene Cervenka and X. The people who took their music to the limit, like Metallica. I really respect them, because I don't think anything else can be done with speed metal now, because they've done it all. They're the greatest.

Yeah, well, I guess she's never heard of Slayer!!!

Justin: I was kind of raised on Motown and soul music...

ID: Is that why you play bass?

Justin: Well, no. I play bass, because of an accident. I play bass because the only band in town needed a bass player so they said I could only be in the band if I played



TONY SETS HIS E-BOW ON STUN AND PREPARES TO BEAM DOWN

come up with ideas separately, but the songs are only songs when it's a group thing. It's really a group, not four separate people.



JUSTIN PONDERES THE BIG DEAL IN THE SKY

bass. So, that's how I picked it up. I like many different types of music. I was raised mostly on soul, but a lot of the stuff I listen to tends to be on the atmosphere side, stuff that came out of the late 70's. The pioneering bands of the sound that is common today. There's many bands people don't really know about.

Matt: Like Wire.

Justin: Yeah definately, numerous ones that are the foundation of a sound that's kind of omnipresent right now.

Okay, so they know how to use big words like 'Omnipresent'- big deal! What the hell does This Great Religion mean?

ID: (to Tony) You use a shitload of effects. Some people I know say that kind of stuff makes music too technical. That it should be just a guy and his guitar, and an amp. What do you think of that?

Tony: Well I mainly go for sounds. I hear things in music and I'll think of a song like a group of chords put together. Then I'll play a rhythm of that, and try to think of sounds that can go over that. In some ways I'm kind of surprised I'm not a keyboard player, because quite a few of the sounds I get are like that. As far as plugging into an amp, I'm still doing that. I just got a few things before it.

ID: I don't see anything wrong with it, but some poeple do. Maybe because they don't understand them and can't use them to their advantage.

Tony: Yeah, it could be ignorance. I don't know, but I just wanna get the most out of my guitar. I wanna do as much as I can, and if that means real happening fast leads in a particular song, well okay. No problem. Geneally our music doesn't really call for that. I don't take too many solos. I'm kind of against that. I just like the sound of all this stuff. That's what the equipment's for.

Justin: Yeah, you can

interperet effects almost like their own instruments that you have to learn how to use.

ID: Do you ever have problems writing a song, where you wanna put more stuff into it, but you just can't if you want to reproduce it live?

Tony: Sure that happens. I try not to let it go in that direction, only because we wanna be a live band.

Justin: We'll do both.

ID: Have you ever had to scrap anything because of that?

Justin: Well yeah, recently we have. It's this thing where you add layers and layers of sounds and effects and layers of sounds and effects. Even the bass part I end switching between five different patches of effects in one song. It doesn't really allow for much... LIVEness. It's more like an epic.

ID: What are your songs about?

Tony: Maria writes most of the lyrics.

Maria: Mostly kind of philosophical--bordering on the... Not exactly morbid, but a little depressing. Just to get people to think.

Matt: Taboo subjects.

Maria: Yeah, and a couple songs we have are kind of just mood songs. So, there are just kind of words to create an atmosphere. But when I write lyrics I like to try and make people think about something, because that's one of our most important goals: to make people think for themselves. And I'm really interested in philosophy. So, I try to do as much of that as I can.

I realized I'm never gonna find out why they call themselves This Great Religion. Oh well.

ID: How far do you think your band can go?

Matt: As far as we're willing to work for. We're working pretty hard right now between recording, playing live, and rehearsing, probably 5 or 6 days a week minimum. So, we're working our asses off, but I don't think we're willing to compromise. We wanna write the songs, we wanna be the ones performing them.

Tony: It can't be any other way actually.

Justin: We're a little too self-determined, so I think in the future certain people might have difficulty with us, if they're gonna try and tell us how we should sound or how we should present ourselves. And the general 4-way consensus is fuck you.

Maria: I don't feel any of us think it's necessary to compromise. We shouldn't have to. We have faith enough in our music.

So, that's all I could get out of them. I guess if I learned anything it is that they're not some weirdo cult. So, parents feel free to let your child listen to them. The most important thing to them is their music, which I think is very, very good. Their writing style displays a maturity that is lacking in a lot of L.A. bands. They have a very original sound and one that I think you should sample. If you wish to, you can contact them at this address:

This Great Religion

P.O. Box 181

Los Alamitos, CA 90720

You can order their 6-song cassette. They are also supposed to release a single soon. Maybe, you can also ask them what their name means and if you find out please tell me!!!

Robert Rangel

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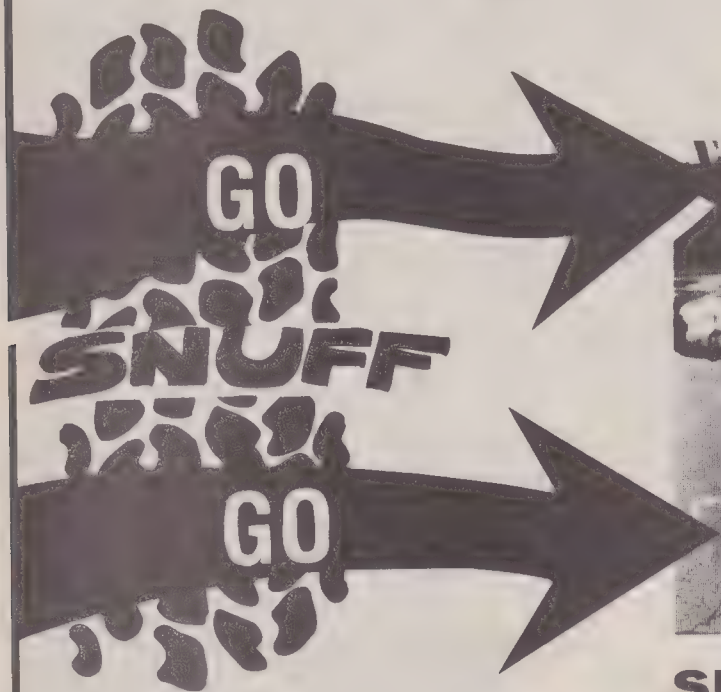


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LIVE REVIEWS

Weirdos-The past is alive and the future seems bright

I hope these dates are right. I got most of them out of Flipside. The Weirdos played a show at the Country Club with D.O.A. and the Exotoxins on the 17th of March. I can't for the life of me remember a good thing about the Exotoxins, so excuse me for that. Next up were the strutting Weirdos, with new bassist Tony (of Detox guitar fame). They were suitably attired. Dix wore a trench coat. John Denney had on a grey uniform, with stripes down the side, a circular Weirdos patch on the sleeve, monkey boots, and some black sports gloves. The gear made him look like a paramilitary hit man. His medium length hair looked wild as he bounced around the stage, stomping his feet and singing to the sky. That style seemed to be a problem at this show, because John often didn't sing into the mic. One note: I need to get this off my mind, is that I hate medleys and their medley of old tunes ("Life of Crime" / "Destroy All Music" and "Happy People") is no

exception. I'd rather just hear the original versions one at a time. "Cyclops Helicopter," "Shining Silver Light" and "Terrain" were probably the best sounding of their new material tonight. Old stand-



bys included "Neutron Bomb," and of course the show stopper "Helium Bar," which never seems to end. Despite blowing the other bands off the stage the set was pretty ordinary, with all the songs you'd expect and no real surprises. Plus the sucky Country Club atmosphere, with people beating each other in the streets made me vow to never go here again. Yet, I did to see Fugazi, and got the shit for it I properly deserved.

Last up were D.O.A. and some of their old stuff was sounding pretty good, but after so many line-up changes and with the new rock direction firmly in place they no longer are the same band. Joey Shithead still anchors them in place with buzzsaw guitar, and his gruff Canadian Woodsmen vocals, but they suffer from the loss of guitarist Dave Gregg. Still, their political lyrics will never let D.O.A. become typical rock stars. Maybe they could make it on a Motorhead level, although I bet they'll never arrive to a gig in a limousine like that sucky band did at the Olympic. "Rock n' roll bullshit!" Anyway, back to D.O.A., maybe it's time for a name change. They're still a cool rock band, but those punk rock days seem to be gone for sure.

Next was a Friday the 13th show at the Roxy which included the Weirdos, Celebrity Skin, Liquid Jesus, and I think Clyde. Clyde were sounding a lot like Faith No More (at least the FNM I saw a couple years ago at the Roxy), with heavy rock influences and some very funky parts. Not really my "thang," but if you like this genre they sounded more than adequate, and even pretty damn good. Several people I didn't even know, were coming up to me and going "Yeah, man. Good band!"

This was the second time I endured Liquid Jesus, and their heavy Led Zeppelin (A band I never liked) approach, which had me languishing in a way over-packed Roxy that was becoming completely unbearable. The temperature and smoke were choking and the main thought I had was of getting some relief. In fact, our friend Robert just couldn't stick it out and decided to leave after paying the ridiculous door price. (It was at least \$15, maybe more). I hate Liquid Jesus, although I've heard from several sources they're cool

WEIRDOS

dudes. The crowd ate them up, proving that punk rock is dead.

However, the the largest crowd segment seemed to be recreating the 60's look with a 70's sensibility and were waiting for the Celebrity Skin. This band was dressed up in wigs and costumes that made them look like Marie Antoinettes. Their stage show was total concept rock and made me want to snooze, but I stuck it out for the Weirdos.

The Weirdos arrived on stage to play a real short set. A large part of the Celebrity Skin crowd had cleared out and there was finally room to move and a little air to breath. Dix came out in those fuzzy pink gorilla pants, the kind you'd expect to see Captain Sensible or another Damned member wearing. It was like they wanted to match up with Celebrity Skin's act. They blasted through a set that was somehow over amped and sounded too fuzzy. The audience had been sucked by the night's festivities and except for a few wide eyed participants were passive observers. It was a gig I would rather forget.

On Saturday April 28th the Weirdos played with Hal Negro and the Satintones at Raji's. This seemed like a more appropriate place for the Weirdos and so it was. Raji's is the most consistent of Hollywood clubs despite a big ceiling support column in the middle of the floor just a few feet from the stage. Most of the shows I see here are pretty damn good. First were Hal Negro and the Satintones. They were the embodiment of a Las Vegas lounge act with a singer that was playing up being a jew and provoked one HC bloke to later ask him why he was "Jewish?" Some people! With the famous Brenden Mulien on drums they provided a short bit of comic relief.

The Weirdos were next and provoked some wild reactions as everyone pressed against the stage. It was a fairly tight set and full of fun. They sifted through a nice combination of old and new songs-the audience loved it. The sound was good, and it was good and sweaty. The most enjoyable Weirdos set I'd seen 'till that point in the nineties.

August 31st had the Weirdos playing to an older crowd at the

Lingerie. Despite my car dying on the way I made it in time to see the Too Free Stooges. Their Las Vegas stage show, with a million bad jokes per minute was highly choreographed right down to the two singers with synchronized moves and slicked backed hair. These guys had their raps and spiels down. This is something like a Dan Ackroyd meets Bill Murray type of character would do well on Saturday Night Live, but Too Free Stooges were not funny in the least. They have a million dirty jokes which are good for cheap laughs, but after two you get the feeling you've heard them all before. It was just pretty stupid. They had two girls dressed as nurses who came on stage during various songs to do little dances. They also posed and pouted a lot coming off as sexy and sick at the same time (kind of like those dancers on what's his name's stupid "Addicted to Love" video). Too Free Stooges played on and on, and equipment problems didn't stop their jokes at all. The audience loved it. Steve and I were very bored.

It had been a long time since I'd been to the Lingerie. I noticed they have now set up video monitors and a projection screen with several cameras. One is mounted on a track and moves back and forth. They're able to show the band live and do slow motion and freeze frames during a set. Pretty impressive stuff, but I forgot completely about it when the Weirdos took the stage.

I was wondering who the Weirdos' new bass player would be. It was Zander Schloss from "Repo Man" fame and such bands as the Circle Jerks. He even played guitar in the opening act, Too Free Stooges. The guy gets around and did a better than average job with the Weirdos. He's a regular chameleon and fits in wherever he's needed. Nicky Beat was pounding his drum kit real good too, but the night belonged to John and Dix. John was in fine strutting form "Yowing" around the stage with that great manical stare. Singing a good portion of the lyrics his voice seemed stronger than in any of the last three shows I've seen him. It was an extremely loud mix, but the sound was clear. Dix, despite losing his strap every three seconds, played that exploding guitar really well, especially when he switched to his better sounding old model in mid-set.

Even playing the guitar on his knee he sounded really fantastic. Old tunes like "Hideout" and "Neutron Bomb" were fantastic. Even the new songs that are not my favorites like "Living Thing" sounded great as well as the dreaded medley of hits. I think they've changed it to include "Idle Life" or was that "I Feel."

I was hoping they'd do the old classic "Do the Dance," but it never materialized. Of course they ended with "Helium Bar" and we left happy. Steve's smile was ear to ear. My ears were ringing long after the set, something which hasn't happend in a long time, but it was worth it.

The Weirdos finally appear to be a band that is not just rehashing history but are in it for the long term trek. Still, while "Condor" is a pretty cool record, I'm hoping for them to release their backlog of old classics which, I've heard have been recorded and have been in the vault for years, but never made it to vinyl. We're waiting. Frontier. In the meantime, just hope these guys continue so you get a chance to see them.

-----Thomas

(P.S. If I attributed some of the songs to the wrong shows please excuse me, I know I should have written this right away, but I didn't.)

Fugazi-Repeater tour, West Coast dates in May

Fugazi hit the West Coast hard. They went straight for stately Flipside manor. The band and crew (Joey the Philadelphia soundman) arrived slightly tired, but in good spirits. This is in complete contrast to their two previous California trips. No one was dying of any illness this time and all seemed in a genuine good mood. The boys immediately set about putting things in the proper order.

First of all they decided to send guitarist Guy on a 6000 mile plane ride before they played a San Diego show, two days away. This meant staying up all night, so Guy could make his early morning flight.

We laid back Californians took the easy route and decided a leisurely eight hour jaunt driving to San Diego was in order. Jon and Al put in a full day of surfing along the way, and we somehow managed to still arrive on the dot. We then proceeded to miss most

of Pitchfork, (who were being raved about by all who've seen them past and present, including Al) due to the necessary downing of an order of nachos. We were able to catch the last few songs of their set and check out the theatre before Fugazi came on. Everyone was sitting down, and it looked none too good. The seats came almost up to the stage, and about eighty people were allowed to stand at the front. Apparently movies are still shown in this theatre.

We were able to weasel our way to the front just as the band hopped on stage. Ian chatted with the audience, taking an impromptu survey on what employment sectors the crowd belonged to: Professional 13%, food 20%, etc... Most people seemed to raise their hands for more than one category. Journalism got a 0% from the audience. Next Ian wanted to give advice on the dangers of swimming in the local surf. Apparently there's a riptide and many rocks.

After a few people called out for Minor Threat and were told to listen to the records, the band moved into their set which concentrated on a good amount of material from the new record. Included were songs such as "Merchandise." Despite Guy's long plane ride the set ran fairly smoothly. The sound was good and the band seemed plenty energetic bouncing all around the stage. Guy even ended up in the audience for a brief moment. Then there was a thud, and Ian popped up and down and up again. We found out later that he had gotten a guitar cord tangled around his legs and was knocked face first into the floor. This fall broke the neck of his guitar, and the next day a frantic search for a new Gibson ensued. The result was also a bruised hip, but the set continued and seemed to lose none of its passion.

Also at this show, Guy introduced us to his man to man coverage of potential stage divers. This took the form of a strange dance, which hypnotized his victims and rendered them harmless. Tension was also defused by these contortions. This is a band which finds the ritualistic nature of stage diving and slamming annoying for its mindless conventions. Ian pointed out that not even a note had been played, and still the circle storm was going.

Most of the crowd responded to the songs, and all seemed sweaty and happy afterward. One interesting note is that Fugazi, who are becoming very popular, have quite a number of enthusiastic female fans who don't just sit in the back. It's nice to know that a male dominated punk scene can attract more than the macho as participants.

Next was L.A. and the big mistake. After declaring I was going to skip these shows at the dreaded Country Club, I ended up attending



Guy on mic, and Joe on bass

the Wednesday night. I talked myself into believing that it couldn't be that bad, and besides this was a once a year event at most. Well, besides pissing all my friends off for not sticking with the simplest of convictions, some of my worst fears were realized. Where do all these stupid assholes come from? Those people

who were kicking asses in the street at the last shitty show I saw

here were back again. These lobotomized

dimwits continue to give the Country Club an atmosphere that rivals some of the worst shows L.A. has seen, and you bet we've had some stinkers. It's about as much fun as swim in a cesspool. Don't these people ever grow up? I'm not talking teens only here. There's a lot of people in their twenties with screws loose. Yep, and we've got equal opportunity here as well. After the show the girls were going at it.

I arrived and found the Flipside staff in the bar across the street. After a little nudging I got them to head to the show. Beat Happening had already played part of their set and were being abused by a vocal minority of dunces.

Their simple music was alright, yet what stuck with me was their attitude. The band leader Calvin was condescending as hell and quite a personality. His pissy attitude appealed to me, and his strange body contortions and facial expressions were entertaining. Those familiar with their material were thrilled to hear the likes of "Indian Summer" live. Those unfamiliar threw things and booed. Too simple, too long, not hardcore enough and a billion other complaints, were voiced about a band most seem to either love or hate. "We Love You L.A." Beat Happening would probably have gone over much better at a smaller club, without so many of the Valley's impatient youth. I later learned that, like Fugazi, Beat Happening play only all ages shows. Not a bad policy, but in L.A. it's a hard one to follow.

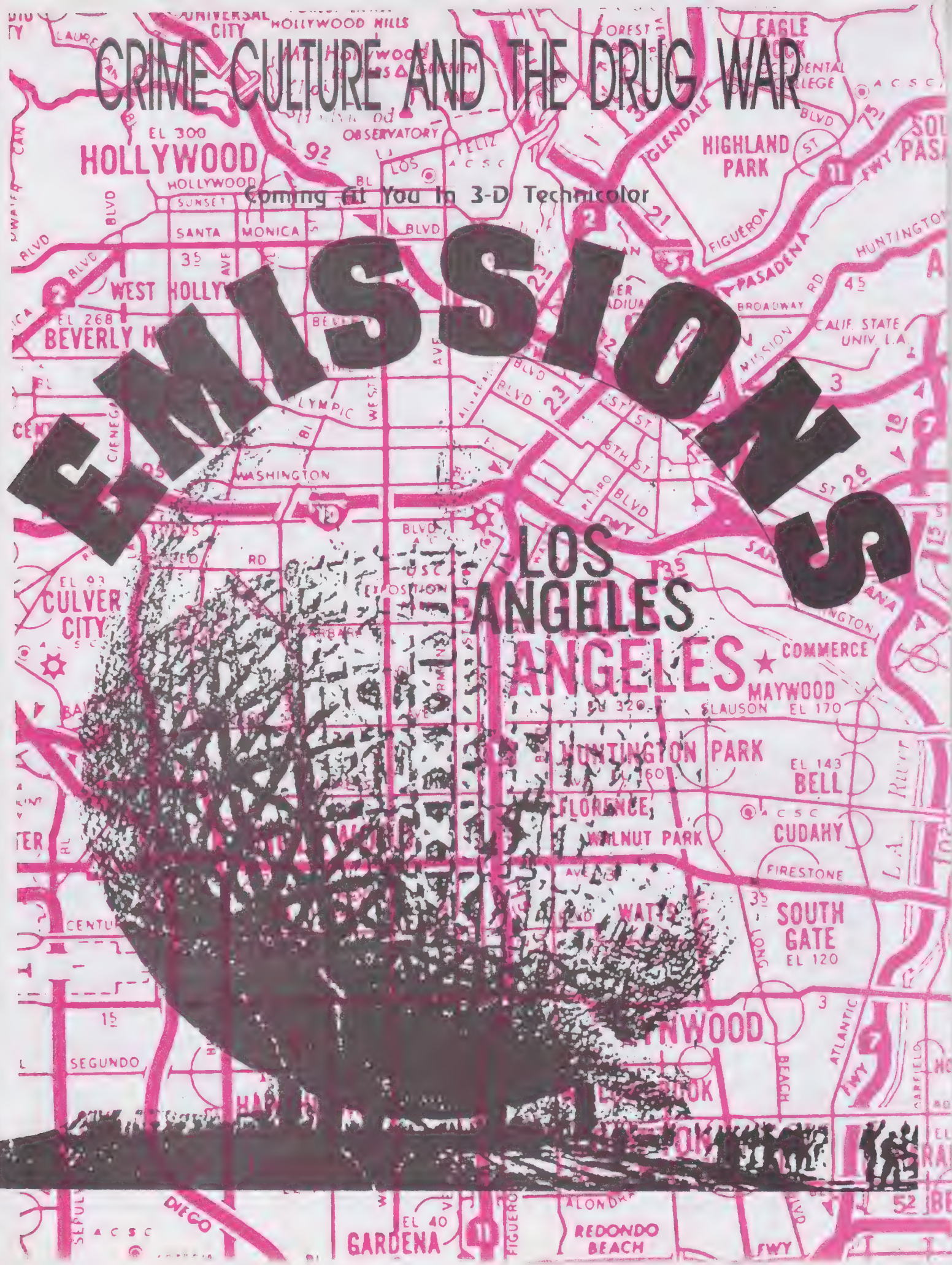
Next up were the fire marshals. Everyone was made to take a seat and clear the aisles. We were all pushed around like cows and herded this way and that. Panic struck with the realization that they might do a head count, which could take hours and close the show. Besides, being forced to sit at a show is enough to scare anyone. All the bouncers appeared to be our friends as they pleasantly directed about fifty of us up to the VIP balcony to be seated. Well, I say that's all right with me. Might even have been a good vantage point to take a few snaps from. Somehow disaster was avoided, and the fire marshals were satisfied enough to leave. Not only that, but a miracle

CRIME CULTURE AND THE DRUG WAR

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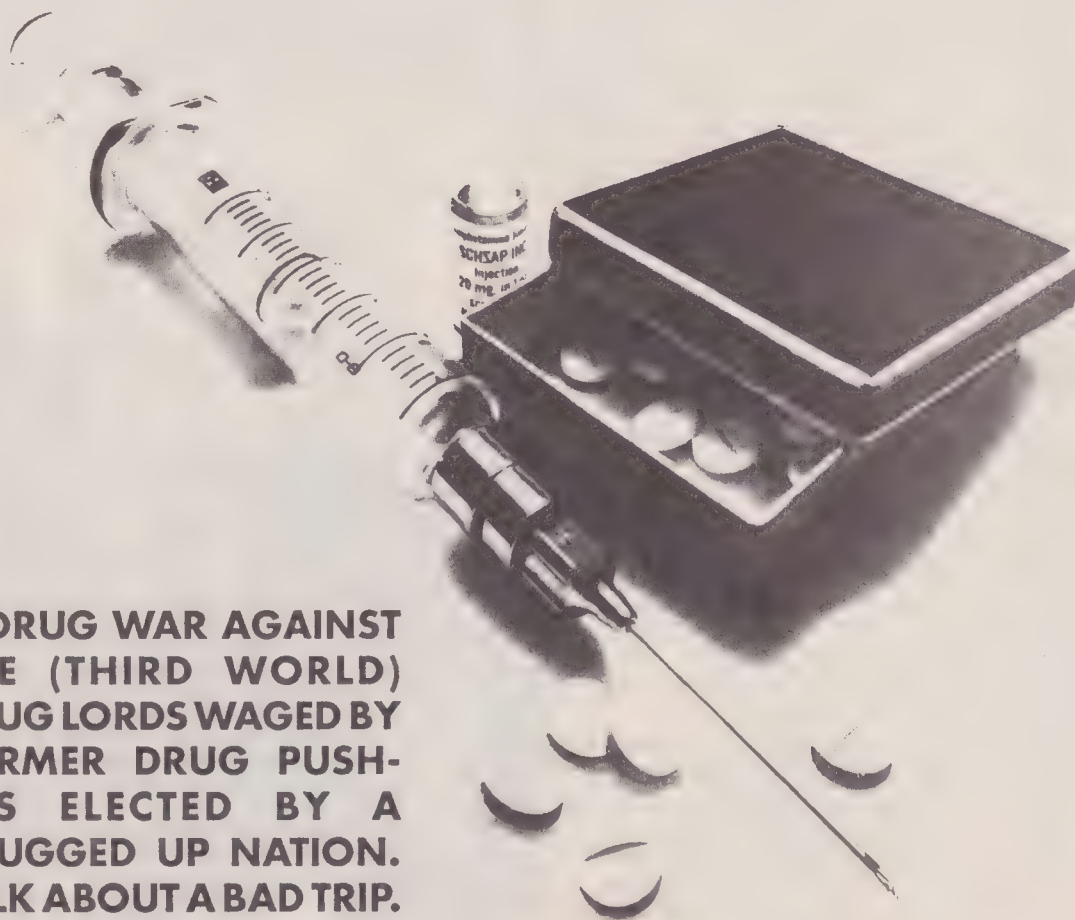
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The New Emissions Specialist

Editorial Junta Communique #2

The common usage of "emissions" is in reference to exhaust and smog created by industrial technology. One who is an "emissions specialist" is a professional trained in controlling the toxins spewing out of automobiles or factories.

A less common usage of the term "emissions" appears in science fiction. Communication signals are "emissions"; alien intelligence "emit" unconscious energy. Emissions come to symbolize the transfer of information in a nonlinear fashion, through ethereal vehicles beyond the traditional constraints of the media: radio, television, movies, magazines, computer networks, newspapers, satellites, etc. Phantoms within the global media network, the afterglow of television when you turn it off, the mixed radio signals you get while driving in the mountains... these are all emissions outside the established norm of communications and media standards. Beyond the regulation or control of the FCC, it is in this space that media pirates can act as transistors or amplifiers for renegade emissions.

One level of information incorporates all images, words, numbers, entities, and states of mind that pass through the global information and media mind: the communication of collective knowledge. Another level represents an alternate kind of emission: media ecology. Beyond the medium- technology and one way broadcasting- is the receiver of information. Dreams, the unconsciousness, the body: these are elements of one's personal information environment that exist beyond external forms of information. Decisions made on a day to day basis are largely composed by these personal influences. In the context of a media ecosystem, the interaction between one's personal information and the messages about self-esteem, personal wealth and the individual's role in society are passed on through communication. As the media replaces the oral tradition and becomes the primary form of story telling for a society steeped in the "information revolution," learned behavior comes via television. Media irresponsibility in respect to the treatment of violence and sex should not be justified by the market or a small group of businessmen's bank accounts. Programing should be made in the context of a delicate information ecosystem, sensitive to the sensibilities of people who have no voice in the media, such as the world's native cultures. Just as decisions concerning the types of energy used should be done in the context of their impact on the environment, so should the impact of technology, such as television, on the psychic character of the Earth's diverse population.

The outer world meets the inner world. One is manufactured on a mass scale, the other on a personal one. They are superficially separate, but woven together.

Like electricity, information is a from of energy that travels through networks. Simple information, like gossip, broadcasts from one person to another. Rumors can travel quickly and act as powerful sources of disinformation (the CIA and Pentagon have studied and utilized the rumor as an effective tool of psychological warfare). Although apparently random, simple human communication suddenly circulates an unrecognized circuit, wired by the social patterns of human interaction.





Pop culture is another circuit that appears random, but acts more like a controlled system of communication. The influence the punk scene had on fashion illustrates how a small group of people develop a shared esthetic through personal contact, but then, through media exposure, it suddenly becomes "popular culture." The punk esthetic that was once considered shocking to media pundits has been absorbed into the mainstream to the point where colored hair and torn Levis are now required dress code for most popular artists. The media, like a closed circuit, channels the initial burst of creative energy as information into the economic paradigm called pop culture, since it is the medium of the media itself that transmits this information to the public.

Despite the controlled environment of the media, there are still ghosts in the machine. There are the occasional pirates who invade controlled air waves, be it the U.S. State Department in Cuba; the CIA in Nicaragua; the FMLN in El Salvador; anarchists in Britain; ham radio operators in Boston; dub poets in Jamaica; video pirates in the Philippines; cassette copiers in Saudi Arabia; or the many thousand computer hackers in the world invading tightly guarded security systems. A computer virus can do more damage to any modern military's defense than a nuclear bomb.

The opportunity to find and become the phantoms in the machine- or the planetary "net"- inspires us to become the new Emissions Specialists. As receivers and generators of information, we ultimately become emissions pirates. The additional physical sensations that bring about bodily emissions cannot be forgotten in this web of information. As the new Emissions Specialists, we know how to incorporate spiritual, bodily and external information into our coding and decoding systems.

We accept that the world is a global village, albeit an unequal and stratified one, interconnected by an internationally transmitted electronic network. We are on line- constantly, whether we like it or not. What happens in Brazil or Malaysia is now completely relevant to an immigrant worker in an LA sweat shop. People's lives throughout the world are interconnected like ants, who collectively build an ant hill, but individually don't know the blueprint.

Despite our technological innovations, we are experiencing ecological apocalypse. Apocalypse Now! It is here, the Third World War has already begun. While the Earth's natural emissions are destroyed and wars are fought with internationally supplied weapons, our complicity is conveniently ignored... information is still filtered through the status quo. What the media says is that we're in a period of peace and prosperity. That denial, unfortunately, tells us more about our dysfunctional society than the "truth" it purports to be.

As the adage goes, "Freedom of the press is for those who own one." Now we own computers, video cameras, and have access to the phone lines through faxes and modems. We possess the power of a "free press," be it electronic or print. And we believe in the medium as a tool for liberation. The message should be clear: we're fouling our nest, and to survive until the 21st Century, we must seek to be global citizens and not the village idiots we have become.

Unclog the pollution from your brain... join the fight and become new Emissions Specialists! ■

**TO TEST EXXON'S BEACH
CLEAN-UP, WHITE BOY COVERS
SELF WITH OIL AND HUDDLES
IN FETAL POSITION AS ROCK**

1. after 25 wks,
he is still
slimed

**BORED, WHITE BOY
HAS TIME TO COUNT
34,000 DEAD BIRDS**

**JOGGING 2 NATIVE AMER
RESERVATION, WHITE BOY
LOOKS 4 MOTHER EARTH
WAYS & DAYS, BUT FINDS**

- A. can't drink water
because factories
upstream - sewage
- B. mothers can't feed
own milk to babies
because of PCBs
- C. vegetables rot in
fields - contam-
inated by seepage

**LIMPING HOME, WB
WONDERS WHAT HAP
PENED 2 THE NOBLE
SAVAGE STEREOTYPE**

by Paul Weinman



CHAIN LETTER

To whom it may concern:

Take this letter, rush to the copy place and make five copies, then send them to five people you know. Then kill yourself in the manner of your own choosing. Do not fail to send this letter to your friends; do not fail to commit suicide; do not break the chain. If you do, the human race will destroy all life on the planet Earth. Thank you.

Sincerely,

A Concerned Environmentalist

Joel J. Rane
15 March 1990

Q ♦



J O K E R



10 ♠



♥ 10

J O K E R



7 ♠



L
Lynn Bennett '70

it is a shrine to our agrarian past



"Exxon USA" by Ashown



Drawing by Mindy Alper

Safeway Santa Rosa

by Flora Carbon

Amphetamines on white bread
pastry white flesh
bruised children
Koolaide, sugar delight
rednecks and T shirt tans
Coors in their shopping carts

heavy booted girls magenta 'doos
the righteous
the awkward
brooding anarchy

big boys big toys of chrome and rubber
spar in empty parking lots

school's out little debbie in her red
Firebird grabs the Marlboro Lights
chip on the little girl's shoulders

startling recognition

babies, children on speed
hurry, hurry
to get there

where ever it is
skateboard rats skating in packs
Berkinstock beauties in
grand mass dress
delicate brothers walk
bearing the weight of the world

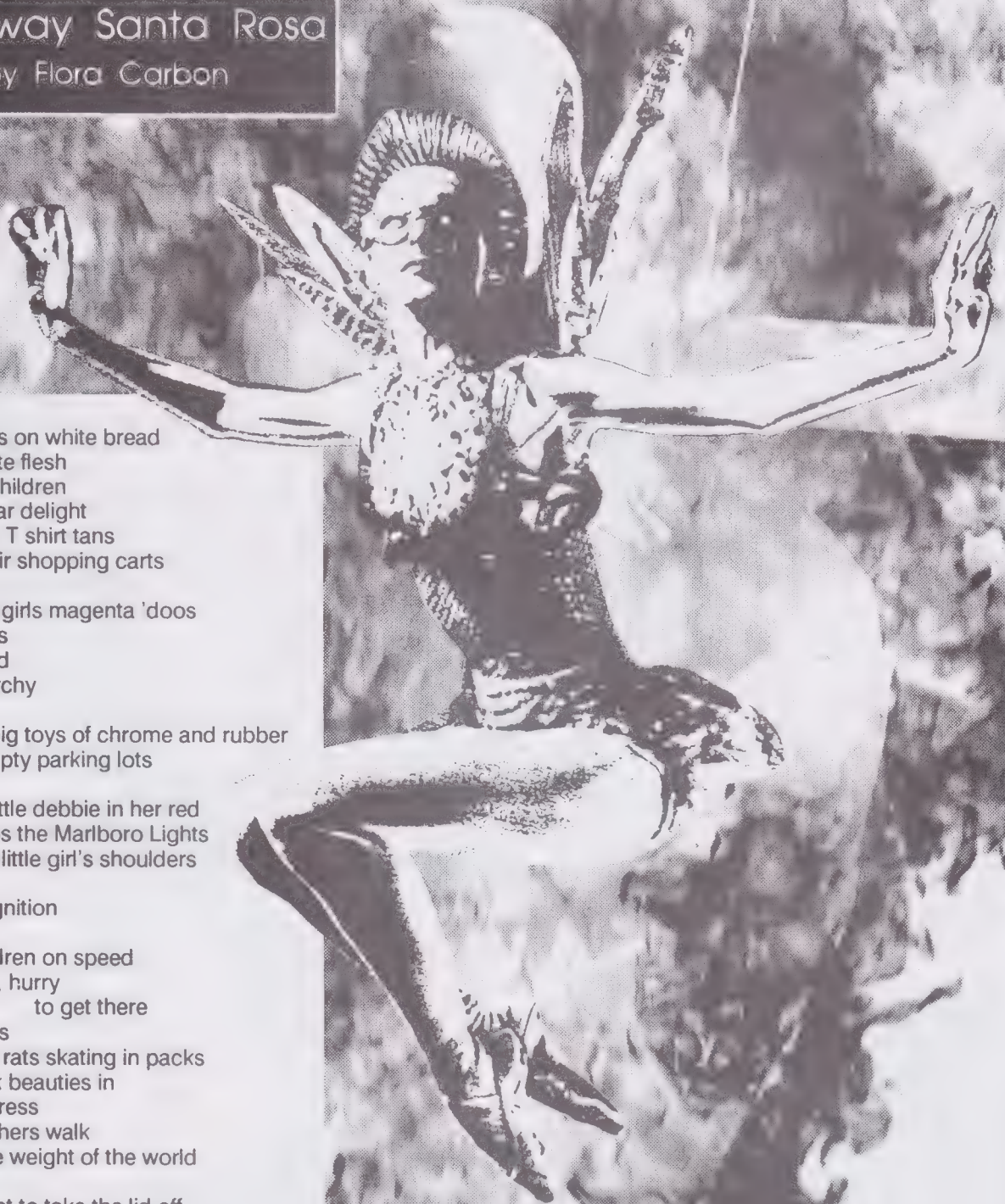
girl don't forget to take the lid off
don't shut down

let the universe pour in

be limited not by false walls of obscurity

how frightening
the self-imposed prison

may as well park in the shade.



OFFICIAL NOTICE PLEASE READ IMMEDIATELY

Your air will be treated
and delivered into the city
the application scheduled
days. Application must be
submitted through local radio
and through the mail every
days.

ELIJO A LA SALUD HEY

Considera uno de los

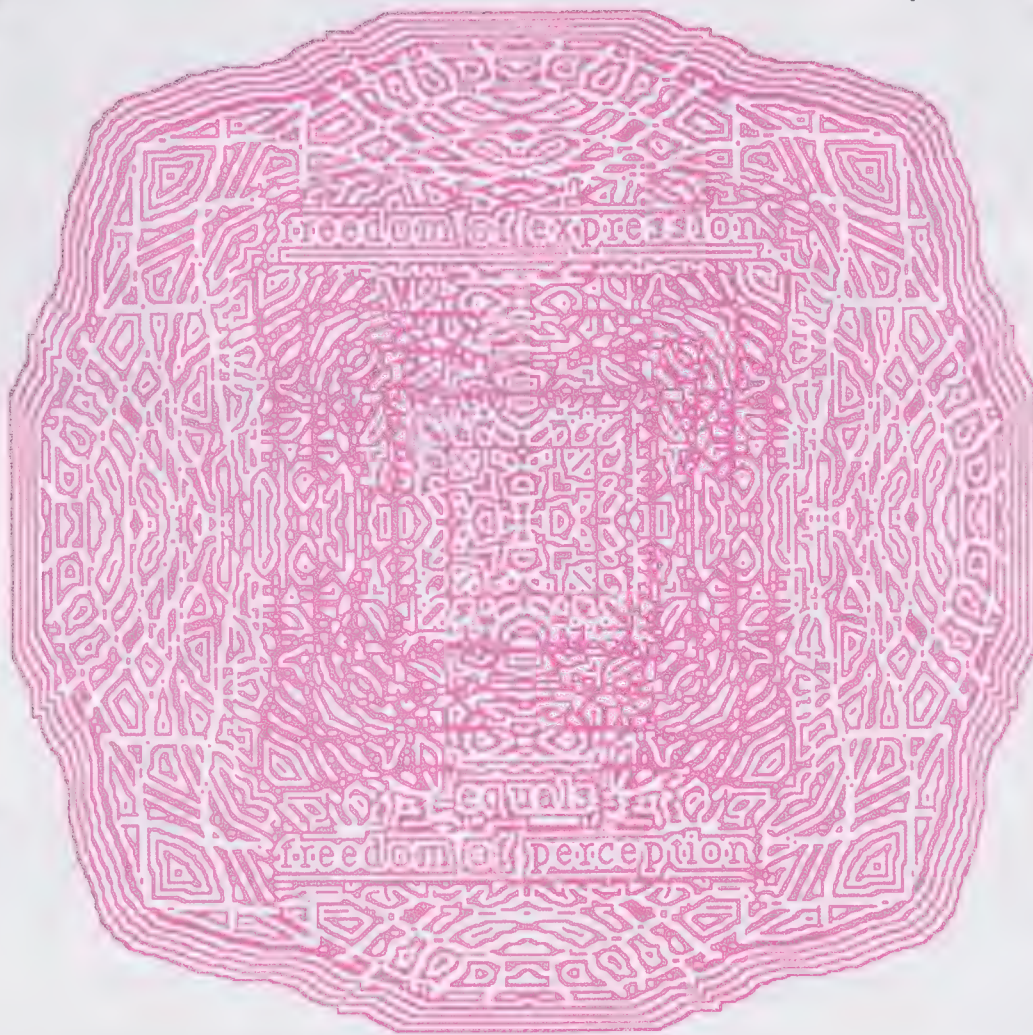
mejores que se han

CONSIDERA UNO DE LOS

Defoliation started on time, as usual. There's nothing like the efficiency of a bureaucracy waging chemical and biological warfare. The trains will always arrive on time. The helicopters were off on their way spraying the city with its weekly dose of radiation. In silence, I watched their blinking lights and scorpion tails wiggle off into the moonlit sky, and my thoughts turned to Disneyland.



CONFIDENTIAL SURVEY



Question #4: *Should the U.S. military be utilized, if necessary, to fight the drug barons and terrorists?*

☐ YES

☐ NO

☐ UNDECIDED

OLIVER L. NORTH



NATIONAL ISSUES SURVEY

Question #6: *Should Americans demand that the networks clean up their anti-moral and anti-American bias?*

☐ YES

☐ NO

☐ UNDECIDED

on business

by David Castleman



Our human psyche is like a horse with many masters, and ranked among them is the Government, the Media and Business. One master sees that the blinders never fail in their task of administering blindness. One master investigates the reins constantly, to guard against an encroachment by the individual will. One master tests the harness constantly, that the servile brute may not forget its allotted and proper burden. Other and subtler masters note the aspects of the terrain and the feed and the healthy future of the breed: they stand aloof.

The facility for business is a reasonably constructed and physical extension of the primal hunting instinct of the carnivore, and is itself as clearly a tool of physical contest as is a spear, a trained dog, a nuclear explosive, or a padded

bosom. It is a tool whose use extends the power of the animal beyond the borders of naked animality. Its function is of acquisition and of destruction. It kills, that the animal may eat, and the animal is to eat, that it may kill.

All who share the privilege and the responsibility of life, live upon the wheel of natural whim. As the mind is the function of the brain, so is the special tool hidden among folds in the fisted brain, has as its function that aspect of the mind which equips the physical body. The carnivore without it is doomed to be a brief and sorry meat for its fellows.

What traits of personality are required for business? One must be intelligent and single-minded, and troubled by no untamed conscience. Monomania is crucial. Imagination is dangerous and useless. An abundance of energy is vital. Scruples are decorative, not functional.

The activity of a real and vigorous imagination poisons the will, by suggesting too many alternatives, and kills single mindedness. Single-mindedness depends on the channeled presence of the personal portion of communal will, and if the channel enlarges, the will can get no grip, and flounders.

What are the social skills required to participate effectively in this chattering session of business? A person must be able to mimic the reactions of one's peers, must be malleable as a chameleon, so that none will be aware if one chance to qualms of conscience or stirrings of humanity, and so that none will be aware if one chance to have a moment of individual awareness. To wake surrounded by the inhabitants of a dream, would be as dangerous as to swim with sharks.

One must lie easily, remembering always the essential falsehoods of one's profession, and believing the lies as they are invented on the tongue. If you do not believe your own lies as you speak them, nobody else will believe them, and you will have withdrawn sufficiently from the game that you may not believe the lies of your peers.

Truth will never be as popular as lies, because it seems harder, and bleaker. Almost invariably, we prefer the phonies among our contemporaries, rather than folks of truth or genius. In superficiality is happiness, when we fear the truth, and feel belittled by genius. Little people love displays of littleness, because littleness allows them to feel real, and nobody loves to feel substantial as a bubble.

One who perceives the surface clearly enough, will understand the depths beneath the surface comfortably, though inarticulably, and may be uninterested in those depths. To be a successful seller, one must ignore anything beyond the surface of reality. One must believe in the surface with unfeigned sincerity.

Sincerity is prized, while honesty is abhorred, and sincerity must have the appearance of sincerity, or it counts as nothing. Every intelligent and civilized society values the appearance of sincerity more than it values sincerity itself. The appearance of reality is more important than is actual reality. Appearance is the only thing that superficials dare to trust, the only thing that may be discussed easily.

The appearance is real and exists on the superficial plane of reality, and is the nearest thing to substance that is available to normal folks. The appearance of things, is the clearest indicator of truth and reality and substance, that normalcy is permitted, and this is healthy. To ignore the appearance and the superficial, is unhealthy.

This plane of the superficial, is the domain of those three masters we spoke of. Business, and government, and Media: each has a fine and imposing abode on this level, and each has many servants and formidable affairs.

To be excellent at business, one must enjoy it utterly, and one must consider it a fine game to be played well. To be a champion at business, beyond mere excellence, it must be religion. Somebody who is so good at being bad, must pay an awful price for the privilege. Why do so many people pay such a devastating price, forsaking conscience, family and self?

Every religion requires martyrs, and martyrs work for nothing. Their bosses reap the glory.

We strive to succeed in business because acquisition is the human pursuit, and we would match our followers. What pleasure would be found in life apart, striving for baubles our various authority figures have preached against, striven to suppress, and mocked? The fruits of acquisition seem tan-

NO MATTER HOW WELL YOU DRESS,



You Die Like the Rest.



gible. They can be held in hand like Faberge eggs. They can be walked upon, like beaches in earthly paradise. Their acquisition permits us to forget the coming and the gnawing precipice, the yawning reward, the sleep without rest.

Our fear dissolves when we confront the acceptedly real and acceptedly desirable, and if later it proves a mirage, that is irrelevant.

Pursuing what our fellows pursue, we forget our smallness, insignificance and loneliness. What comfort had Galileo though he was right? What comfort had Gauguin? What comfort had Christ? The human needs went unanswered, and each must have been a focal point of cosmic doubt, an arena of the psyche. The loneliness must have been fraught with horror, and fear.

In the night our human loneliness crawls across the ceiling and stare down at us, and though we cannot see it, we feel that it is there. It mocks us as we watch it through our closed or open eyes, or through our fingers which splay like trembling fans upon our faces. We hear it scuttling and we hear it whimpering and whispering like the beating of a heart. We are reminded of the basis on which all illusion shimmers awhile, and it is unmindful of us, and unkind. We want the great basis to confide with us, and its tongue is unmoved.

Honorable suffering is humanity's only possible gift to Deity, and it is not enough.

It is our normal desire to escape the offering of that gift, and we attempt this when we choose to remain always on the surface of desire, the surface of reality and life. Therefore a reasonable society embraces the march of business, and of war. War is only business with its sleeves rolled up.

All of the world's business has one goal, and efforts made in business have been attempts pulsing toward that goal. To define the goal precisely would require the use of many words, and two aspects would be implicit in any definition, and would be explicit in any honest definition. Despite any decorative digressions, the goal of business and of war includes the enslavement of the human race and the destruction of the planet.

The best people among the devotees to commerce, these myrmi dons to Mammon, prefer to pretend that their personal goals are somehow short of this grand goal, but in their hearts and brains they know that nobody is fooled. Each can tell easily what the others do, and each permits a mantle of confusion to settle over all.

Lying doesn't bother them. They are good at it. The unluckiest among them pale with disgust every morning when they confront the bathroom mirror. The luckiest among them are scarcely ashamed at all. The proudest among them are frightened because they know they have betrayed themselves, and somewhere the almost inaudible voice of conscience still murmurs.

While it's true that those who are too susceptible to morality's punctilio may be disgusted by business, it's also true that we are easily disgusted by things we are not in sympathy with. For many folks, and usually for the poorest of us, business is just the science of cheating people, a mindless obscenity, and yet to a business buff, the act of being in business justifies one's existence to oneself and to one's Deity. Sometimes businessfolks wonder that they are unable to appreciate the uncommon, and yet is that truly so odd, since they revel so in the common?

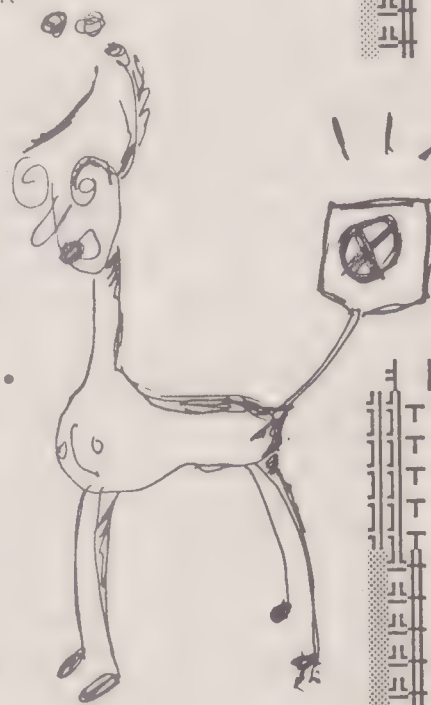
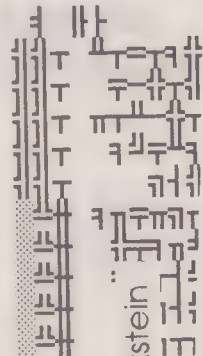
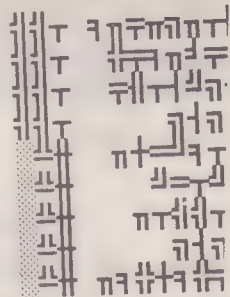
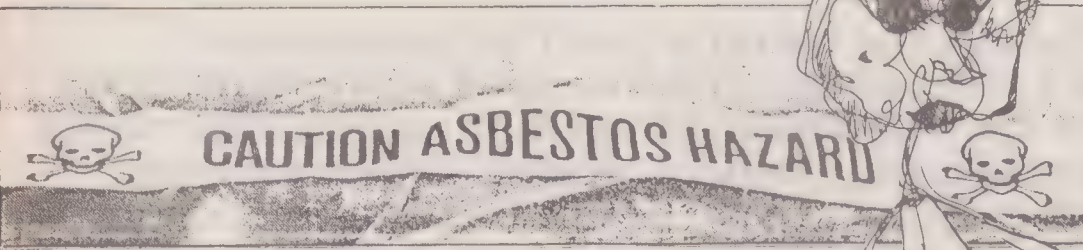
Does a robber-baron truly believe that a lifetime dedicated to the crippling and assassination of whole families by the thousands, is balanced by building a concert hall as he is about to die? Do such acts of dishonor go unrecorded into the dawn of prehistory and the dusk of post-history?

"As mere human knowledge can split a ray of light and analyze the manner of its composition, so, sublimer intelligences may read in the feeble shining of this earth of our, every thought and act, very vice and virtue, of every reasonable creature on it." Amen.

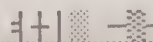
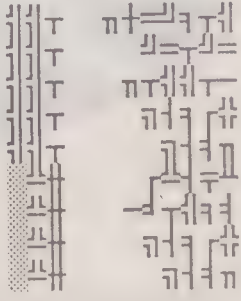
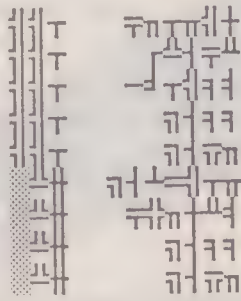
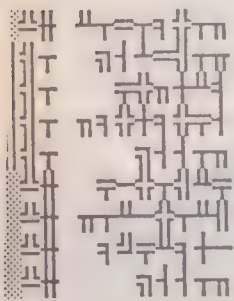
And yet their desperate hope and prayer is for a Ptolemaic and inclusive silence, silent as a perfectly managed conscience, even on Sunday. ■

"Masses" by David Tom

"Walk tall," said the man with the water color hair and asbestos gloves. You see a combination of Toxic Art. The man pushes you into a room filled with it; Toxic Art for the masses. And you "walk tall" because he's a friend and there's a certain trust between you. "What kind of mass movement will we have today?" you think because you know he has his moments. Your girl waits outside in a car without windows. And if it weren't for the color beside her face she would be a cosmetic imagination. A crutch for almost made mosaics and story plot plays. Where the hero hides in laughter comic and where his gun is always checked at the door



Drawings by Jessica Eckstein



Covert Operations and the Drug War

by Juan Valdez

Despite the apparent end of the Cold War, the cynicism of anticommunism has already turned the concept of security in the United States on its head. The proliferation of drugs and a weapons black market created because of national security "interests" has done more real damage to security than the "drug cartels" who are often blamed for domestic woes. The connection between covert operations and our endemic drug crisis is related to the CIA's willingness to aid the drug trade in order to achieve the higher goals of anticommunism. It should be no surprise to anyone that during the '60s, when heroin was the major drug problem in U.S. ghettos, the CIA were involved in covert operations in Southeast Asia, the largest source of heroin at the time. With cocaine and crack as the major drug problems today, it should again not be surprising that the CIA are preoccupied with covert operations in Latin America, the source of cocaine in the U.S.

The White House wing of government has long been involved with the trafficking of drugs, all in the name of National Security, of course. Supporters of covert operations naively assume that secret political warfare and the world of arms and drug black market do not interconnect. After all, where the guns flow, drugs flow. Therefore, when we examine the history of covert warfare, a pattern of drug-arms transactions reveals itself as well.

The following, then, is a brief history of CIA drug connections to the drug trade. The necessary details to give a truly authentic account of these activities would fill up volumes, and given the limited space of this magazine, we can not include all of them. If the reader wishes to verify this history, I refer her/him to the following books for exhaustive evidence to back these claims: **The Crimes of Patriots** by Jonathan Kwitny, **Out of Control** by Leslie Cockburn and **The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia**

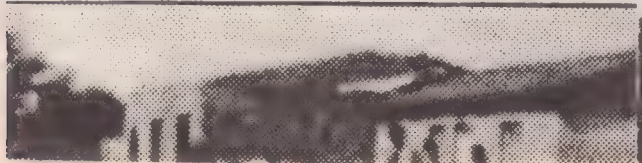
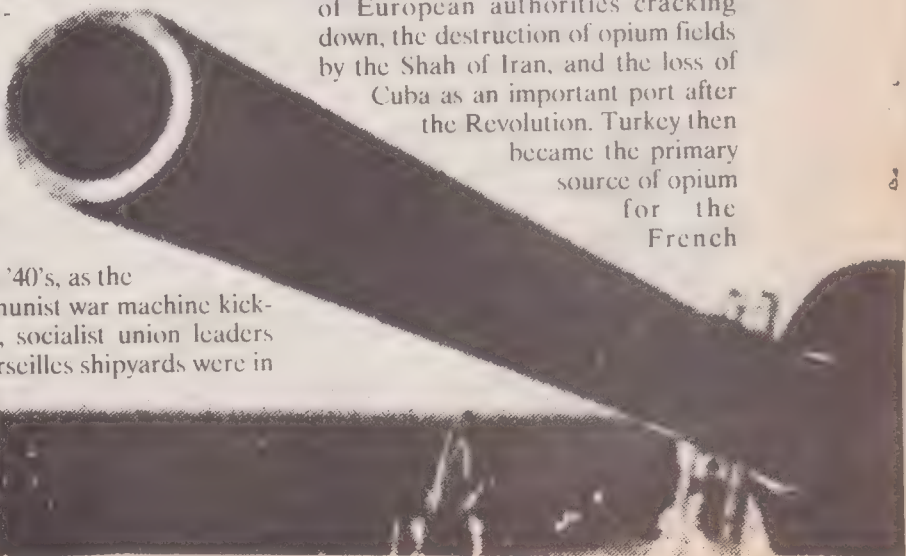
by Alfred McCoy. Another excellent source for research and documentation is Covert Operations Information Bulletin.

The U.S. government established its relationship with drug traffickers in the early '40's. In exchange for involvement with the invasion of Sicily, the U.S. aided the Sicilian-American Mafia and the Corsican underworld. Releasing some of its members from American jails, and protecting them from prosecution, U.S. officials established contacts with many gangsters through the predecessor of the CIA, the OSS.

In the late '40's, as the US anticommunist war machine kicked into gear, socialist union leaders from the Marseilles shipyards were in

the process of building an alliance with the French communist political movement. In order to bust the unions, the CIA conducted one of its earliest covert operations, preventing the relationship from growing. This operation put the unions under the influence of Corsican gangsters.

The docks soon became what is known as the "French Connection," becoming the transfer point for heroin traffic into the United States. However, in the '50s, European crime organizations soon lost their domination of the heroin market as the result of European authorities cracking down, the destruction of opium fields by the Shah of Iran, and the loss of Cuba as an important port after the Revolution. Turkey then became the primary source of opium for the French



Connection, but as a result of changing events in Southeast Asia, Indochina would soon become the main source of heroin in the U.S. and the focus of U.S. anticommunist efforts.

In the 1950s, events in Thailand, Laos and Vietnam led the United States into conducting operations that were responsible for creating the world's largest opium center, the Golden Triangle. In 1950, Chai Kai-Shek's Kuomintang army (KMT) fled by the thousands into Burma after the successful communist revolution in China. To the chagrin of Burmese officials, the U.S. put pressure on them to let the KMT stay. The CIA supplied the KMT through two front companies, Civil Air Transport, based in Taiwan, and Sea Supply Corporation, based in Bangkok. The Sea Supply Corporation shipped arms and supplies to Thailand, while Civil Air Transport ferried them to the KMT operating in Burma. Although the KMT were unsuccessful in achieving any military or political victories in China, they did become successful drug lords, using arms supplied by the CIA to collect opium taxes from the local villagers.

Eventually, the CIA also began flying opium to Thailand and Taiwan. General Phao, the commander of the

Thai police, became the liaison between the KMT and its shipping connections. General Phao, who was also on the CIA's payroll, became important as a powerful anti-communist ally, and a supplier to the KMT.

It is telling that despite the fact that the KMT were considered ineffectual as a military threat to China, heroin shipping was still justified to maintain their existence. This logic extended to Vietnam. Already, French authorities were cooperating with drug traffickers in order to gain the loyalties of some local officials. When the U.S. took over the war effort, these connections became important assets.

In Laos, the mountainous Montagnard tribesmen became loyal allies of the CIA's secret war (secret to American taxpayers, that is). The war at one point was so huge, a handful of CIA operatives ran an army of at least 85,000 soldiers. Many of the soldiers were the mountain people who lived in rich opium growing land. Air America (originally Civil Air Transport), transported opium regularly from these people while it also shipped arms and supplies. Most of the opium became heroin shipped into the U.S. (sometimes in the bodies of dead G.I.'s). It also became the source of very bad addictions within the U.S. armed forces. By 1970, 30,000 troops were addicted to heroin, and two soldiers a day were dying of overdoses.

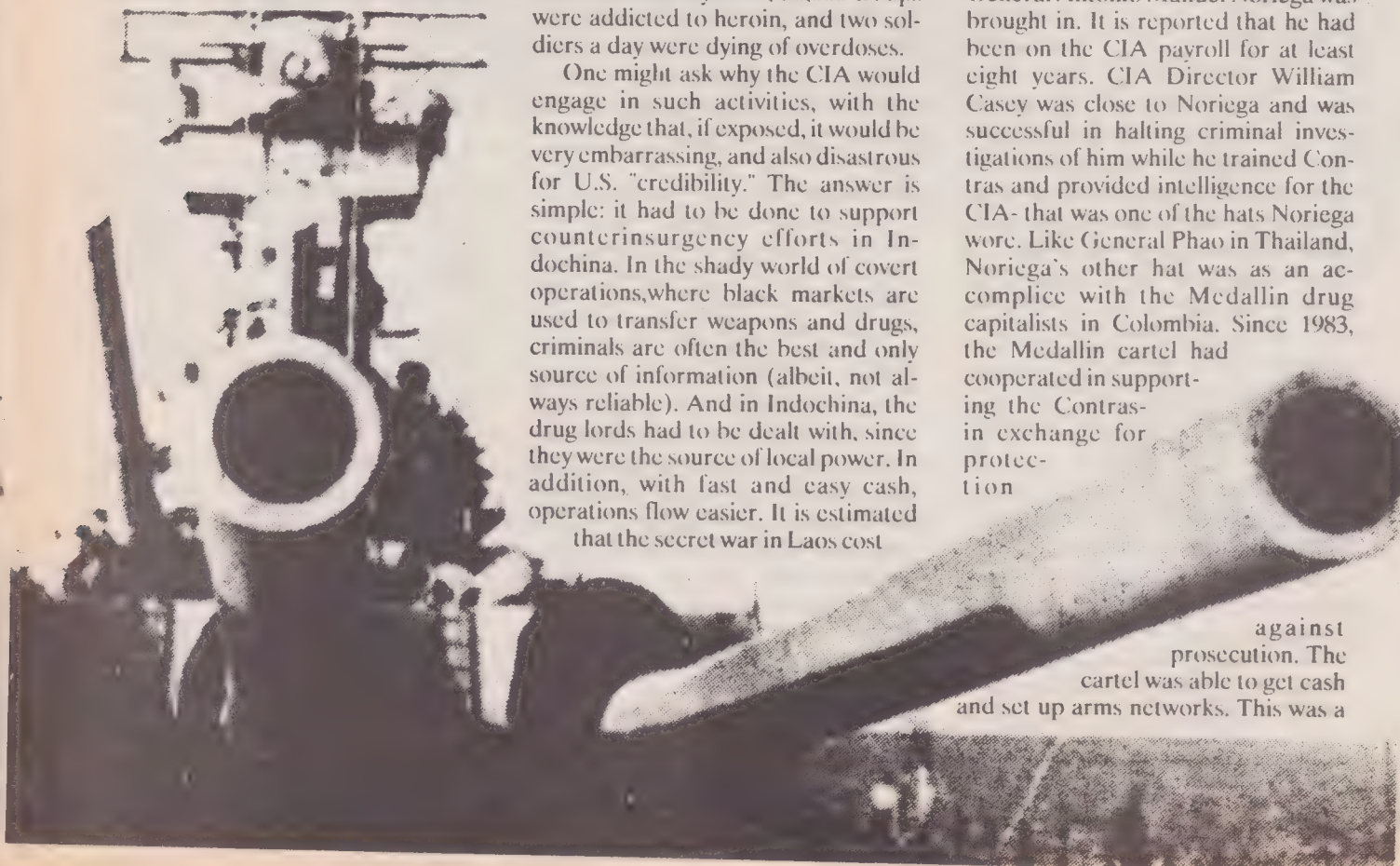
One might ask why the CIA would engage in such activities, with the knowledge that, if exposed, it would be very embarrassing, and also disastrous for U.S. "credibility." The answer is simple: it had to be done to support counterinsurgency efforts in Indochina. In the shady world of covert operations, where black markets are used to transfer weapons and drugs, criminals are often the best and only source of information (albeit, not always reliable). And in Indochina, the drug lords had to be dealt with, since they were the source of local power. In addition, with fast and easy cash, operations flow easier. It is estimated that the secret war in Laos cost

\$40 million, which was the size of the entire CIA budget. The Defense Department was able to funnel \$170 million, but the remaining money had to be raised somewhere else. The problem of raising money to run a secret war, and the means to raise the money through illicit activities, established a pattern that would later be repeated in Central America.

The exact history of events that led to CIA connections with drug runners in Latin America is not entirely known, because this information is just starting to come to the surface. But there are some established facts. As a general framework, the covert war against Nicaragua and in Central America in general is the same war as the one in Southeast Asia—only the language is different. Most of the key operatives in the CIA's Central American Contra war effort were part of the old boy network that ran the war in Laos, and the anti-Castro operations of the early '60s. In Miami, a whole network of front companies and banks were established in the Cuban community to fight the covert war. Regular CIA funds could not be used because Congressional oversight committees might detect their activities.

As part of the Contra war effort, General Antonio Manuel Noriega was brought in. It is reported that he had been on the CIA payroll for at least eight years. CIA Director William Casey was close to Noriega and was successful in halting criminal investigations of him while he trained Contras and provided intelligence for the CIA—that was one of the hats Noriega wore. Like General Phao in Thailand, Noriega's other hat was as an accomplice with the Medellin drug capitalists in Colombia. Since 1983, the Medellin cartel had cooperated in supporting the Contras in exchange for protection

against prosecution. The cartel was able to get cash and set up arms networks. This was a



natural job for the drug runners because they had the easy, fast and big cash to carry out a supply network.

Just as was the case in Southeast Asia, the war effort created big deficits. Funds were next to impossible to obtain from the U.S.- at least the amount required to carry out the war. Ramon Milan-Rodriguez, an accountant for the Medellin cartel, was also an associate of Felix Rodriguez, organizer of the Contra supply effort at Ilopango airport in El Salvador and George Bush's liaison, his old boss from the CIA. Milan-Rodriguez claims to have funneled \$10 million to Rodriguez.

These revelations are only the tip of the iceberg. It should be apparent by now, that Reagan and Bush's war on drugs serves as a propagandistic lie. But the lie doesn't end here. Due to the perceived decline of world communism, cold warriors interested in maintaining their jobs will seek out new threats. It is very likely that the CIA will be called upon to conduct covert operations on the grounds of combating "narco-terrorism." The State Department feeds the press this hoax of a narco-terrorist threat, going unchallenged. In several key areas, the idea of the narco- guerrilla is false, but is played up in the press anyhow, setting up a rationalization for further U.S. covert and overt military intervention in Latin America.

In Colombia, for example, the military continually seeks aid to combat drug trafficking. Ironically, according to members of the Colombian Parliament, many elements of the Colombian military are involved with the drug trade. Thus, the request is suspect, leading many to speculate that the aid is probably going to be used for counterinsurgency.

In Latin America, the drug trade is a logical extension of capitalism- it is a form of business and consumption. Drugs are not the problem, the dynamics allowing the drug trade to

flourish is. Both the social problem of drug consumption in the U.S. and the social problem of producing drugs has to be dealt with in order to achieve a positive solution. As it stands, in order to gain the higher goals of foreign policy, the Noriegas will come and go, as long as their purpose has been served in the greater scheme of U.S. hegemony in Latin America. The trouble is not in a foreign land, the problem is at home.

only authority declare war. Has the President made a Faustian pact in the name of National Security?

The CIA, representing the President's covert foreign policy, has certainly made a pact of its own. In his book, **The Crimes of Patriots**, Jonathan Kwitney remarks that,

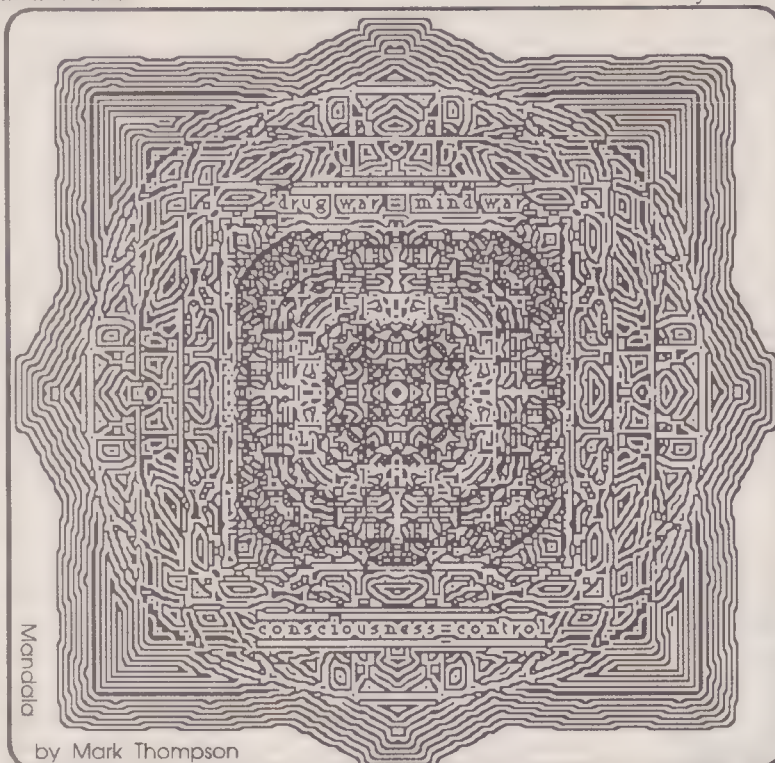
"...it is a sad commentary on what our irrational, undiscerning war against a vague 'communist' menace has done to American values. People everywhere accept it as perfectly

plausible that the United States Government is routinely engaged in secret, highly illegal, absolutely stomach-turning activities, with profits to be pocketed privately along the way. Unauthorized crimes have become hard to distinguish from authorized ones. You can no longer tell the crooks from the patriots."

As the U.S. plunges forward, the prospect of a dangerous future is ahead. The inability of Washington policymakers to comprehend the true nature of national security, or even debate what it is, will only lead them into an abyss. The main-

tenance of a status quo that is unjust to the majority of the people of the world is a threat to "national security," not the movements attempting to change it. The world is just as complex as it was forty years ago, but it has changed in many ways, so it requires new ways of thinking, especially about how to deal with change in the Third World.

The level of failure covert operations should be clear, not only in failing to execute the stated goals of Washington policymakers, but the failure to uphold the Constitution as well. While the possibility of a greater loss of freedom in the name of national security has already been realized, no doubt it will be blamed on an outside threat. As James Madison once said, "the loss of liberty at home will always be blamed on foreign sources."

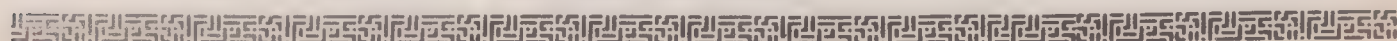


Mandala

by Mark Thompson

National Security has driven the President to violate the laws of the United States. However, since the CIA has already been given a free hand by Congress ("oversight" committees tend to "over look"), the agency is allowed to continue its function as the covert arm of the Executive branch.

Moreover, the Constitution requires the President to uphold the laws of the United States. The United Nations Human Rights Charter, which has been ratified by the U.S., is legally binding. This also goes for international law as designated by the World Court. Any CIA attempt to overthrow a government diplomatically recognized by the U.S. is a violation of international law and the laws of the United States. The Constitution clearly states that Congress has the





WE ARE THE WORLD, WE ARE THE FUTURE, AND WE ARE THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY. WE ARE A LAW UNTO OURSELVES BECAUSE WE MAKE AND ADMINISTER THAT LAW. EVERYTHING THAT WE DECRY WE SIMULTANEOUSLY SPONSOR SUBVERTLY. WE ARE THE ANTITHESIS OF EVERYTHING THAT GOES PUBLIC. WE ARE THE SELF-APPOINTED GUARDIANS OF SELF-SERVING SELF-INTEREST. WE ARE, IN SHORT,

**JUNKIES
ASSASSINS
PIMPS
A N D
WHORES**

REMEMBER: DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY.

Jack Daniels:
spiritual advisor

Ollie North's Body:
while mouth runneth wa
body runneth drugs

Fatigues:
stealth drug war theater



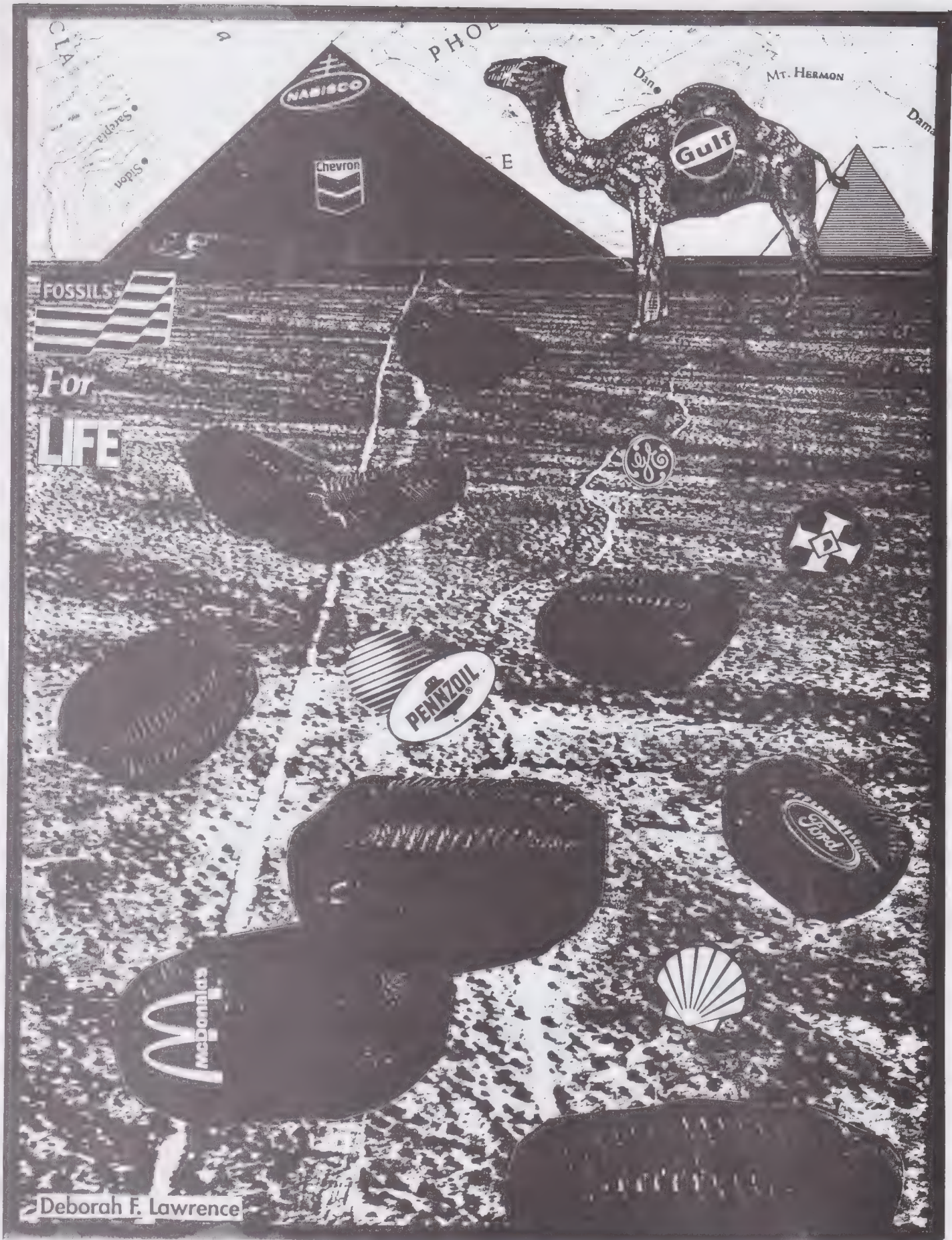
DRUG WAR BODY POLITIC

George Bush's Ghost:
exorcized by media

CENTER FOLD

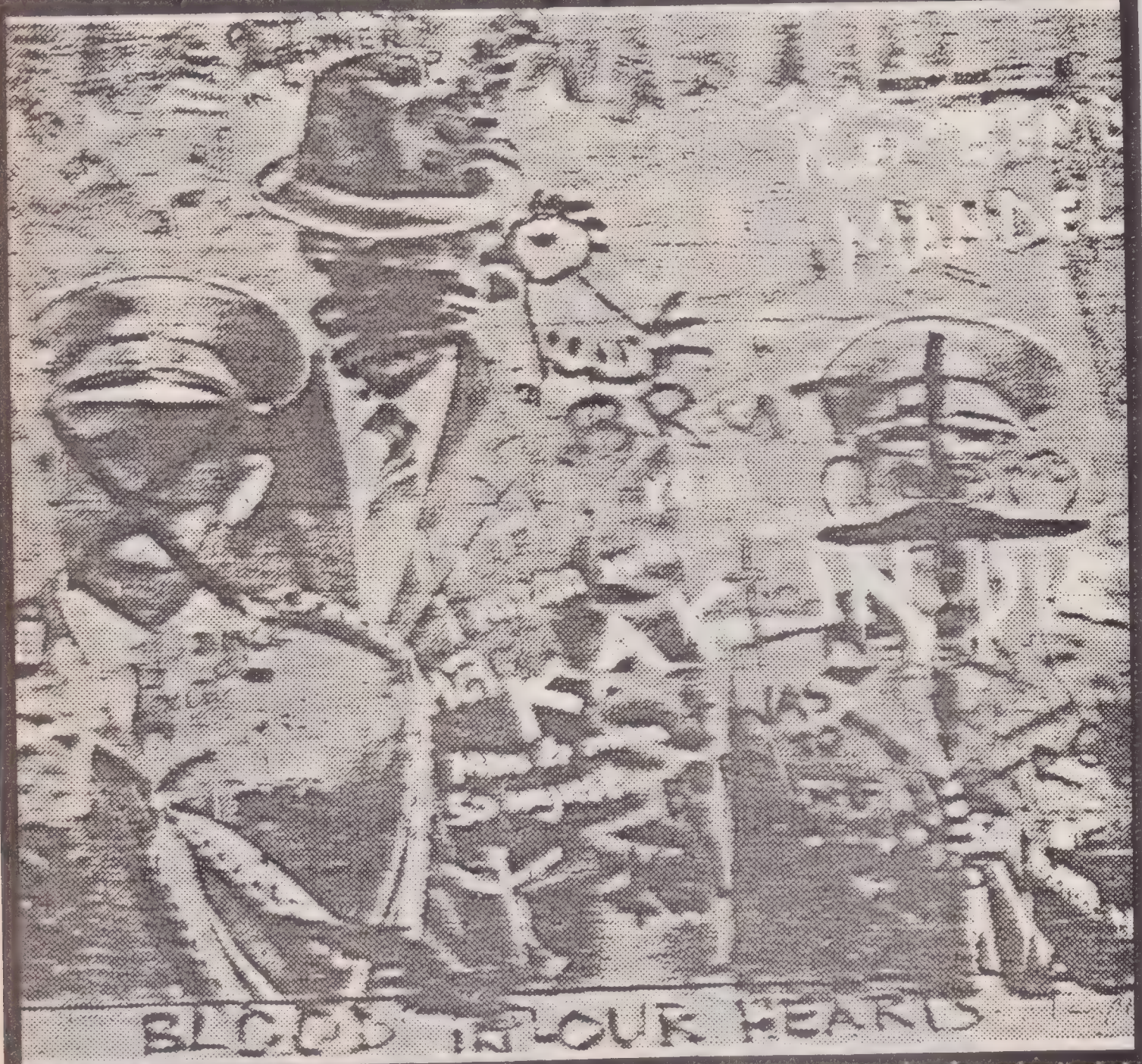
Nancy Reagan's Head:
diversionary mouth piece
for anti-drug hysteria





Deborah F. Lawrence

GANGS SPRAY PAINT GRAFFITI TO MARK TERRITORY



CORPORATIONS USE BILLBOARDS TO MARK TERRITORY

**GANGS RELY ON VIOLENCE TO MAINTAIN POSITION
IN THEIR COMMUNITY**



**GOVERNMENTS RELY ON AND LEGITIMATE VIOLENCE AS
A MEANS FOR DEFINING TERRITORY**

GANGS KILL RIVALS FOR CROSSING OUT TERRITORIAL MARKINGS



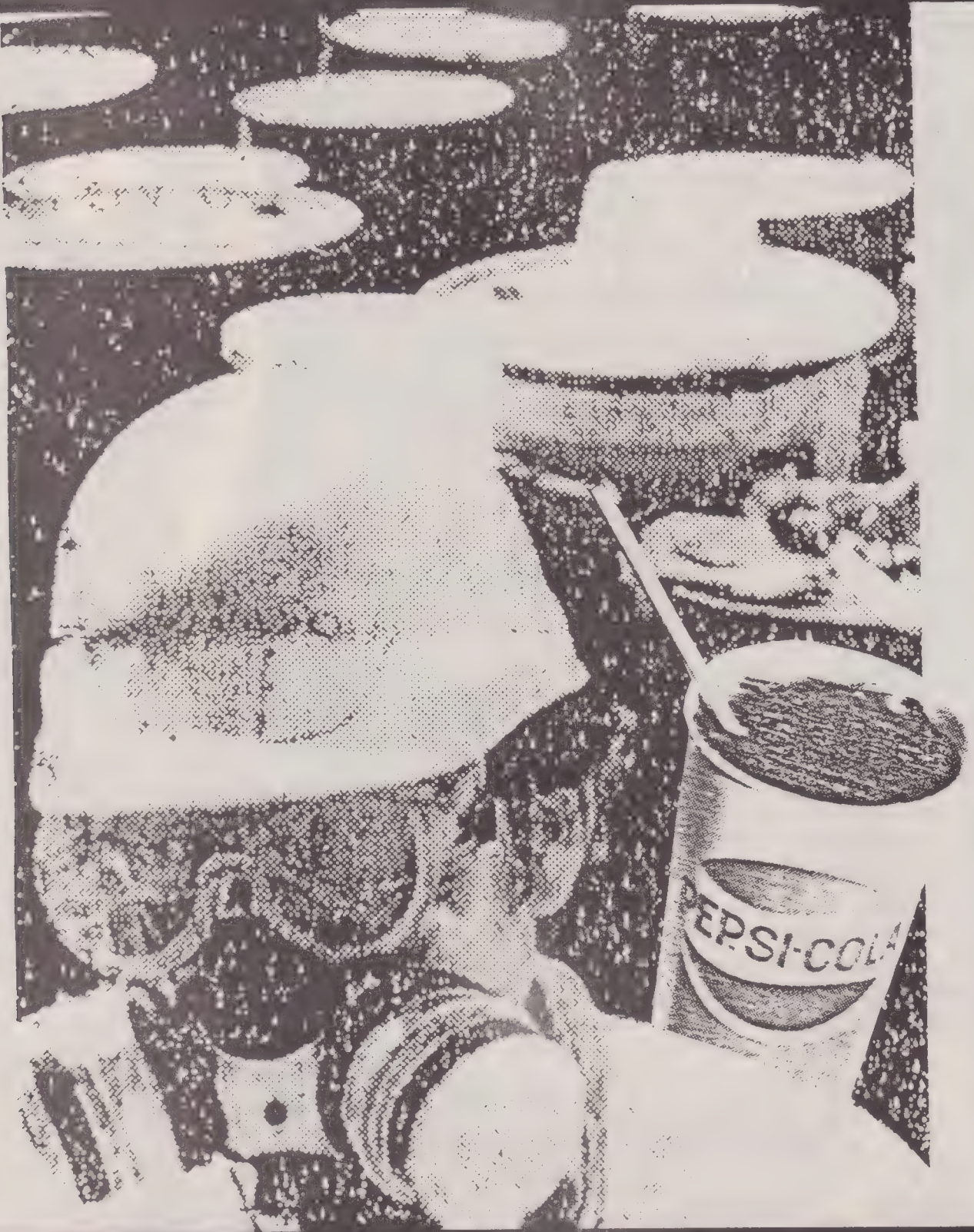
**GOVERNMENTS INVADE OR SUPPORT PROXY WARS
TO DEFEND TERRITORIAL HEGEMONY**

**GANGS ARE ECONOMIC ORGANIZATIONS THAT DEAL WITH
SUPPLY AND DEMAND**



CORPORATIONS OPERATE WITH THE SAME PREMISE

GANGS DEAL WITH SOCIALLY DESTRUCTIVE SUBSTANCES
i.e. DRUGS & GUNS



CORPORATIONS DEAL WITH SOCIALLY DESTRUCTIVE
SUBSTANCES: OIL, CHEMICALS, POLLUTION

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1970

HEARINGS BEFORE A SUBCOMMITTEE OF THE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES NINETY-FIRST CONGRESS FIRST SESSION

SUBCOMMITTEE ON DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE APPROPRIATIONS

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AND ROBERT FOSTER, *Staff Assistants*

¹ Temporarily assigned.

PART 6

Budget and Financial Management
Budget for Secretarial Activities
Chemical and Biological Warfare
Defense Installations and Procurement
Defense Intelligence Agency
Operation and Maintenance, Defense Agencies
Procurement, Defense Agencies
Safeguard Ballistic Missile Defense System
Testimony of Admiral Hyman G. Rickover
Testimony of Members of Congress and Other
Individuals and Organizations

Printed for the use of the Committee on Appropriations



GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1969





SYNTHETIC BIOLOGICAL AGENTS

There are two things about the biological agent field I would like to mention. One is the possibility of technological surprise. Molecular biology is a field that is advancing very rapidly, and eminent biologists believe that within a period of 5 to 10 years it would be possible to produce a synthetic biological agent, an agent that does not naturally exist and for which no natural immunity could have been acquired.

Mr. SIKES. Are we doing any work in that field?

Dr. MACARTHUR. We are not.

Mr. SIKES. Why not? Lack of money or lack of interest?

Dr. MACARTHUR. Certainly not lack of interest.

Mr. SIKES. Would you provide for our records information on what would be required, what the advantages of such a program would be, the time and the cost involved?

Dr. MACARTHUR. We will be very happy to do so.
(The information follows:)

AIDS AND ITS ORIGINS:

SCIENCE=DEATH

The dramatic progress being made in the field of molecular biology led us to investigate the relevance of this field of science to biological warfare. A small group of experts considered this matter and provided the following observations:

1. All biological agents up to the present time are representatives of naturally occurring disease, and are thus known by scientists throughout the world. They are easily available to qualified scientists for research, either for offensive or defensive purposes.

2. Within the next 5 to 10 years, it would probably be possible to make a new infective microorganism which could differ in certain important aspects from any known disease-causing organisms. Most important of these is that it might be refractory to the immunological and therapeutic processes upon which we depend to maintain our relative freedom from infectious disease.

3. A research program to explore the feasibility of this could be completed in approximately 5 years at a total cost of \$10 million.

4. It would be very difficult to establish such a program. Molecular biology is a relatively new science. There are not many highly competent scientists in the field, almost all are in university laboratories, and they are generally adequately supported from sources other than DOD. However, it was considered possible to initiate an adequate program through the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council (NAS-NRC).

The matter was discussed with the NAS-NRC, and tentative plans were made to initiate the program. However, decreasing funds in CB, growing criticism of the CB program, and our reluctance to involve the NAS-NRC in such a controversial endeavor have led us to postpone it for the past 2 years.

It is a highly controversial issue, and there are many who believe such research should not be undertaken lest it lead to yet another method of massive killing of large populations. On the other hand, without the sure scientific knowledge that such a weapon is possible, and an understanding of the way it could be done, there is little that can be done to devise defensive measures. Should an enemy develop it there is little doubt that this is an important area of technological military technological inferiority in which the U.S. is no adequate



Never ask anyone any questions like "what will happen to me?" or "what will happen next?" Act like you know. You will find out anyway. Jail is a place of complete non-information.

Blankets are, for obvious reasons, things you want to keep. It can get mighty cold in a building made mostly of cement and steel. Be sure you sleep ON your blanket as well as underneath it, as the majority of blankets are stolen by having them snatched away in the night. Usually the thief will be gone before you're even awake. On the other hand, if you're on it, and the would-be thief tries to snatch it, he'll be left standing there, obviously red-handed because it didn't come all the way out. At this time you must act the offensive part. Glare hard. Look EXTREMELY angry. Snatch it back in a huff. Hopefully this will end it. Look angrily at the thief each time you see him or her in future. It is surprising how much these little incidents are noticed by others, and how much it will effect your reputation.

a (affect)

Other items, such as food, matches, cigarettes, anything sweet, money, and any kind of drugs are very valuable commodities, even if you personally don't want them; they can be sold or traded for the things you do want. When trading, never take a first offer. Haggle. Again, not so much for personal gain, but for image. Get to be known as a hard-liner. Do not be afraid to refuse a trade and walk away with nothing more said than "no". The opportunity will arise again, or if not, better ones will because you are SO shrewd. Guard these items of barter closely, sleep on top of them or keep them in your shoe if there's room.

The monetary system in jail is extremely deflated. Because so little money makes it in, the supply is limited, and prices are forced down. You will be allowed to bring in a certain petty amount (\$10 or so). Familiarize yourself with the going prices before spending any of it, or you might get charged "outside" prices.

Never admit certain things: that your "daddy" will be bailing you out soon, that you are in jail for littering, or that you do not normally lead a life on the wrong side of the law. These admissions are the basis of ridicule, scorn, and loss of your position. Never appear too slow or dim, nor too intellectual. Use improper grammar. Cuss often, even if you are not in the habit of doing so under normal circumstances. Never ask anyone any questions like "what will happen to me?" or "what will happen next?" Act like you know. You will find out anyway. Jail is a place of complete non-information. The authority will never tell you anything, and those around you can't possibly know. Patience is not required: you'll end up waiting anyway. *Don't*

If you're staying only briefly, these things ought to help you during that time. When you get out, don't say you're "getting out", but that you're "bein' kicked out". If you're staying for a while, you will only need these things for a short time; after those around you learn what a hardened convict you are, your reputation will be established.

DELETE "i"

In closure, remember that these are guidelines only. You will have to decide how to react to each situation as it comes. Also, there are no axioms and never any guarantees. I am a male, and therefore, this is from the men's jail viewpoint, although from considerable discussion, I know that it applies in women's jail as well. *boyle*

Jail Survival Guide

by Nick Slay

What
the fuck
do you
mean about
prison?
Ed.

DELETE "F"

Fuck the Drug war in America. I'm not interested. However, if you're a victim of the aforementioned Drug War, and find yourself incarcerated, here are a few tips for an easier stay.

DELETE "E"

Homosex is not desirable. Even if you're normally into it, chances are that in jail the "free love" policy will do little to turn you on or excite you. Also, getting your body beaten, scarred, or otherwise altered, is undesirable for obvious reasons. Here then, are a few ways to avoid these nasty things.

INSERT "H"

Just like everything else in life, it's all a question of attitude. Of course, it helps to be big, or to have a mean face, things that cannot be chosen of your own will. Still, it really comes down to attitude. Remember that in jail or prison, the psychology is back a few steps on the evolutionary scale; things are more primal, and the instincts and emotions in play are more primitive. In lieu of this, you must be a bad motherfucker, whether or not you actually are.

Worse

"new" possibly

Anonymity is always helpful. Never volunteer too much of yourself. Remain mysterious. The bullies (bullies because they are the same schoolyard archetype) rarely attack those they cannot dominate. If they do not know how hardened you are, they will be hesitant to test you. On the other hand, if they suspect you are a lamb, persecution is almost a surety.

DELETE

INSERT "G"

"N"

Your best weapon is your face. With it you can exude a persona of meanness. The crazier, more violent, more hair-triggered, and more willing to completely go off on the first pathetic victim that gets even slightly in your way, the more wary the enemy will be of confronting you. Speak very little. Appear pissed off. Look as though you are just waiting for someone to cross your path so you can take out all the pent-up aggression you've harbored for so long. Cross your arms. But never make prolonged eye contact with those you fear; with such a face, eye contact will appear as a challenge, and a challenge is an emotional affront that will rarely be turned down (it's a macho thing; even in women's jails). Look around the room to show yourself, to get noticed, but don't get singled out.

INSERT ANOTHER "S"

You must guard the things that are yours. Upon first scrutiny, it would seem that there are very few things that are possessable "on the inside". This is true in terms of being "on the outside". However, space on a bench, half a match, part of a meal, or a blanket are completely valuable, and whether or not you really want or need these things, you must defend your possession of them, partially for what they are, but more so, to uphold your image. If you are sitting on a bench, and you get thrown off, witnesses of this will keep it in mind, and you've just lost a spot in the pecking order. In the specific instance of bench real estate, act luxurious; take a little more space than you need, sprawl out over it. This indicates that no one would DARE fuck with your space, and you will take as much as you God-damn well please. Don't take too much, though, as, once again, if you are blatant about it, you invite challenge.

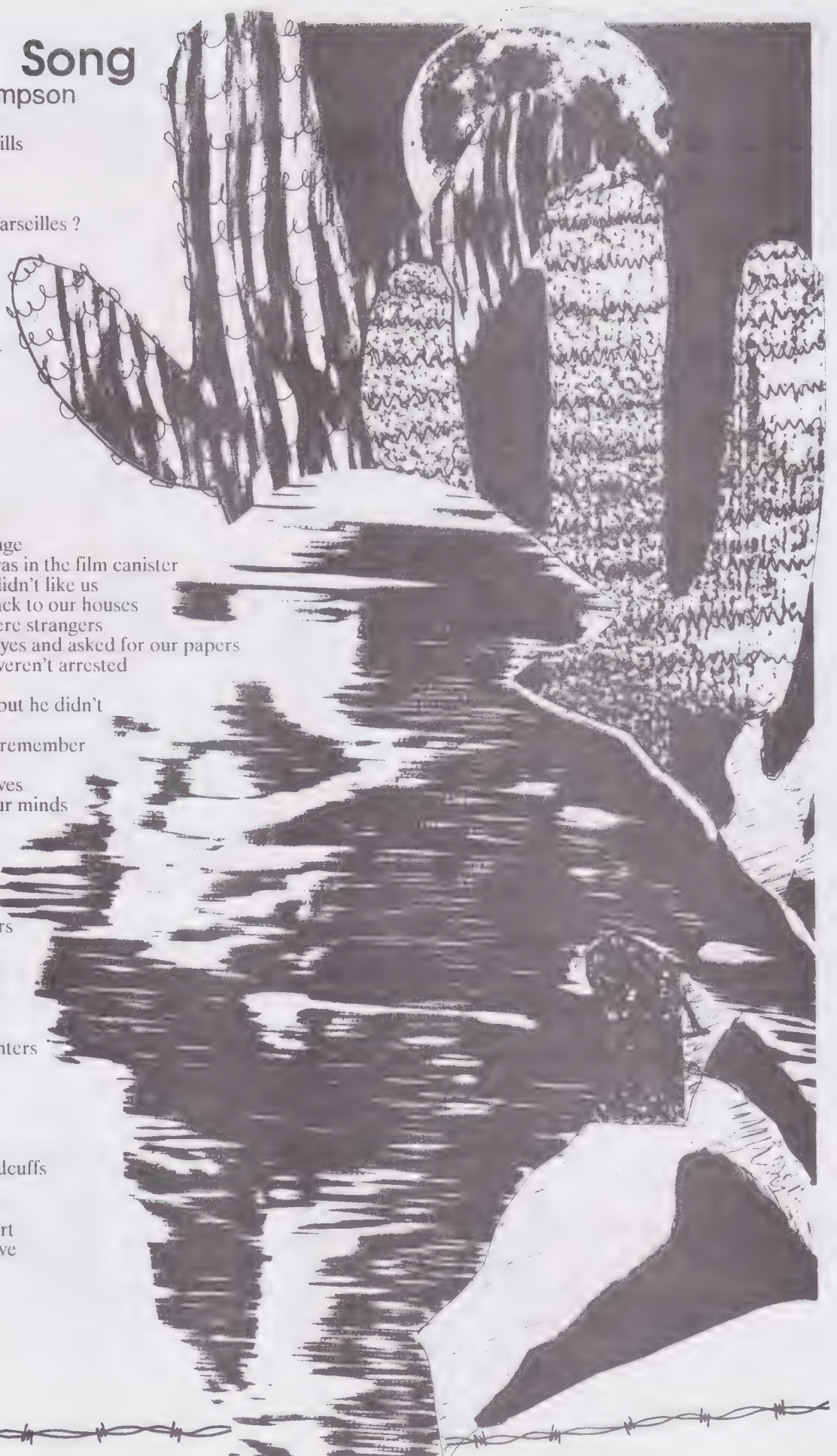
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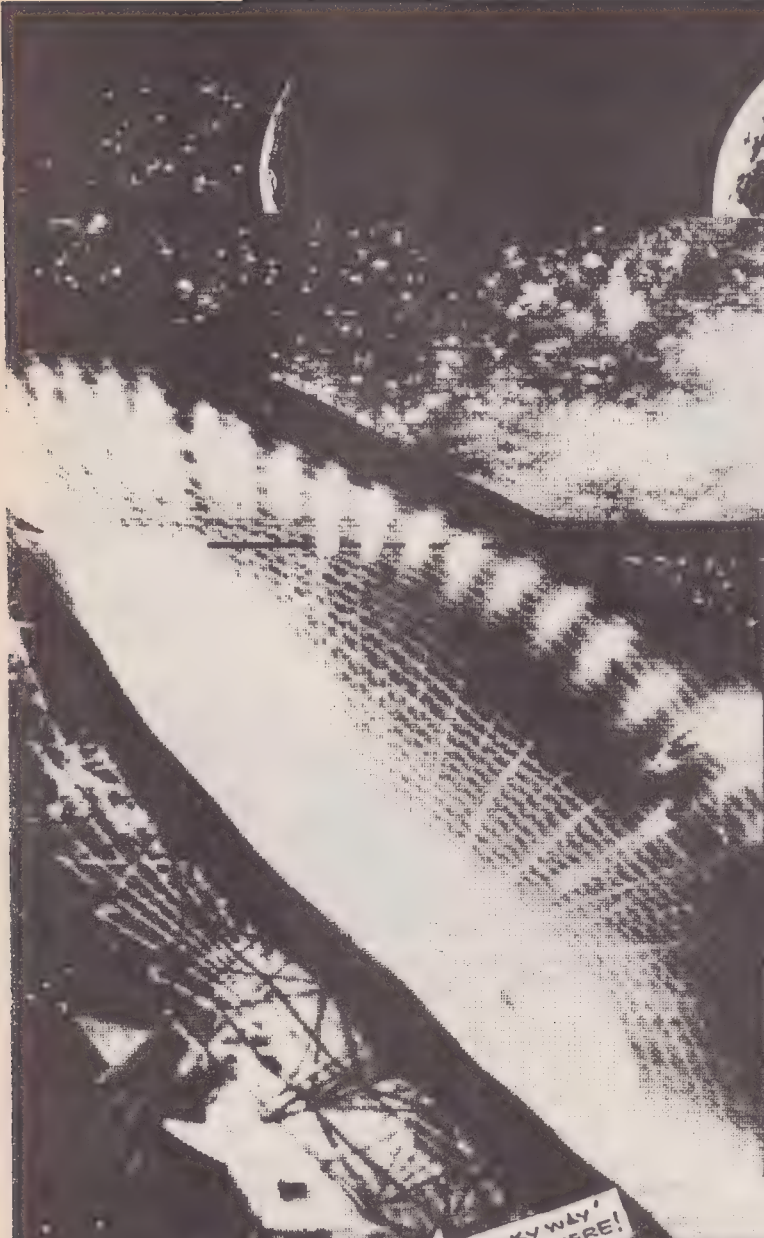
a

Partisan's Song

by Mark Thompson

We were holed up in the hills
outside Kiev
or was it Havana ?
or Marseilles ?
Cactus on the streets of Marseilles ?
No, it was the desert
and there were no hills
just cactus
and the light
pure white desert noon
shimmering off the asphalt
but it was night
and it was cold
and we weren't holed up
we were on the road
without a lug wrench
to put on the spare
we had to ask for one
from the policeman there
he wasn't there to help us
to his eyes we looked strange
he wanted to know what was in the film canister
he wanted us to know he didn't like us
all we wanted was to go back to our houses
all he knew was that we were strangers
he shined his light in our eyes and asked for our papers
i guess we were lucky we weren't arrested
that time
he could have done more but he didn't
that time
i still taste the fear when i remember
that time
we were fighting for our lives
no, we were fighting for our minds
it wasn't our war
we never called it a war
it wasn't our war
we didn't want to fight
it wasn't our war
we wanted nothing of theirs
except a lug wrench
so they made us criminals
so now we kill and steal
so they told us lies
so in ignorance we die
we're their sons and daughters
they made us prisoners
of the helicopters
the fear
and the lies
We were not arrested
and he's putting us in handcuffs
we're getting in his car
and we're not going to jail
we're stopping in the desert
and we're not going to leave
he pulls his gun and fires
white desert
morning drying
crimson on
sagebrush
in dreams eternal
we liberate
Marseilles.

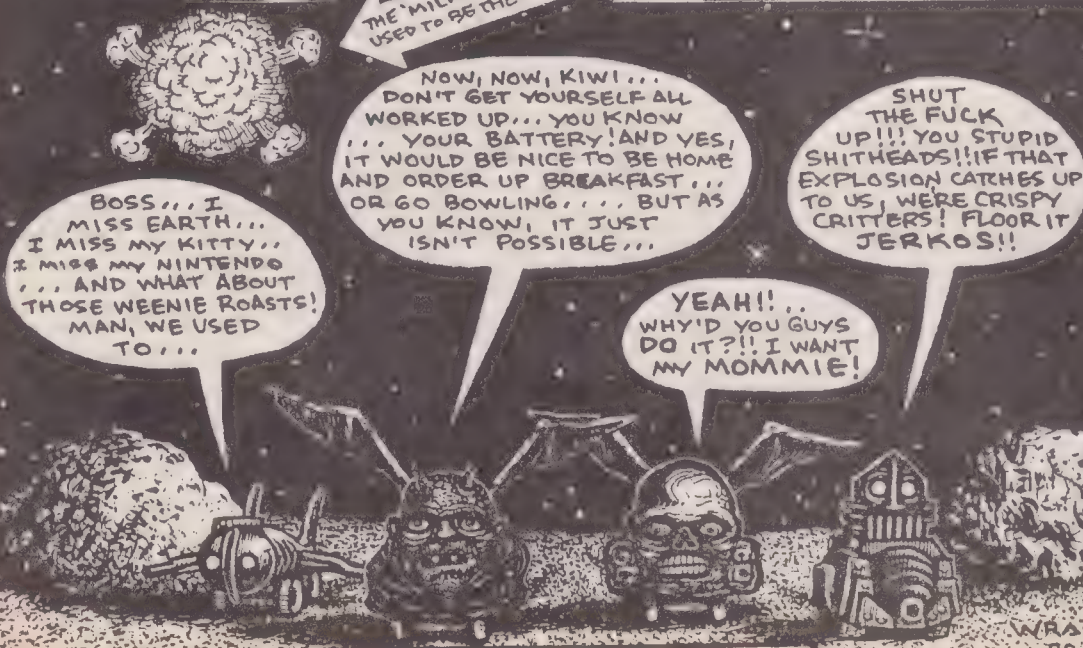




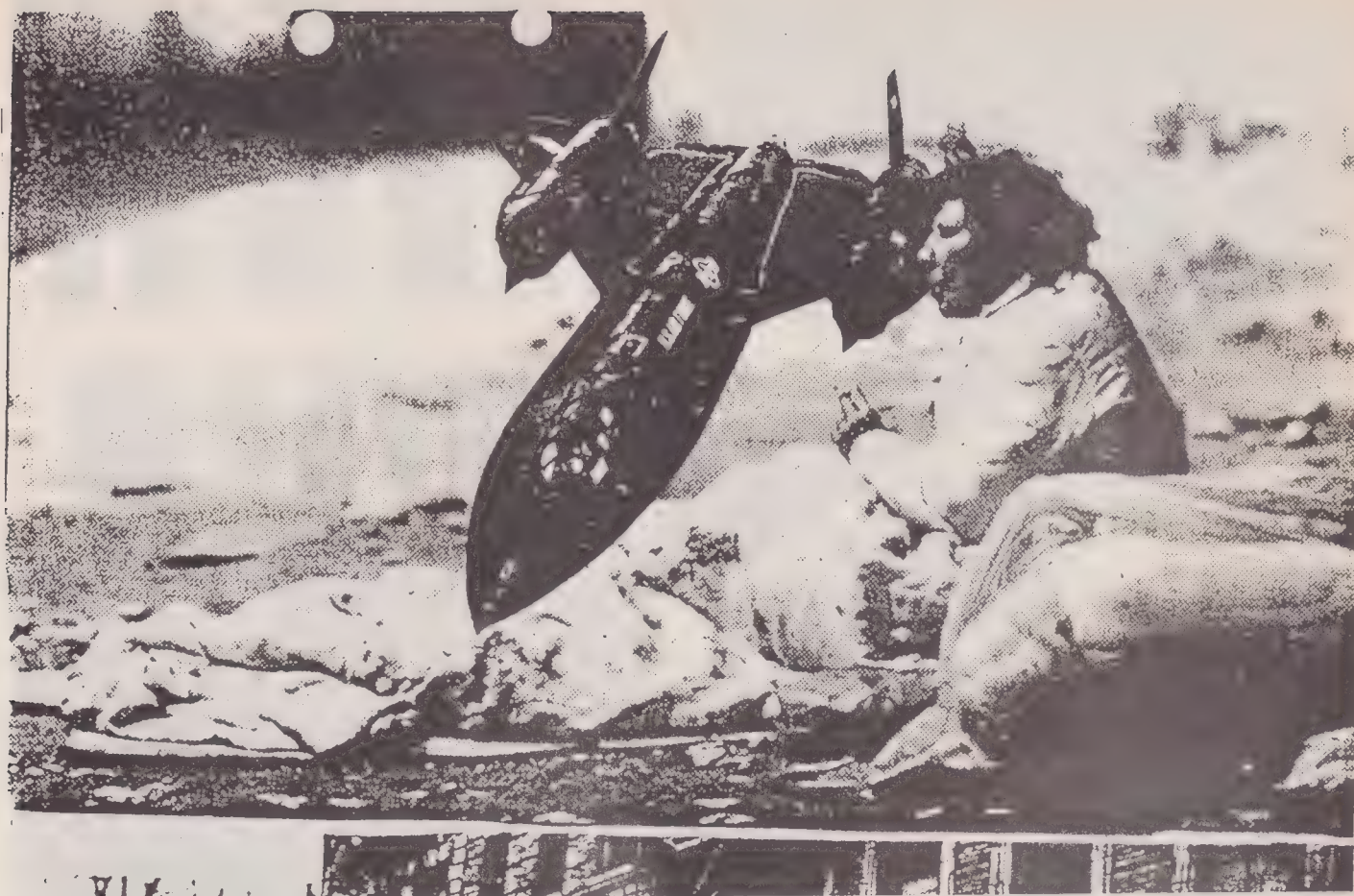
THE BIG BANG THEORY AND THE METAPHOR OF THE CAR RADIO

my friend, who shall be nameless,
did so much acid in New York in the '60s
that she drives where ever her car radio
tells her to go.
this used of scare the shit out of me
in the fast lane on the San Diego Freeway
during our numerous temporary
escapes from the nuthouse
to get stoned
her relationships
(including one or two tragedies)
aren't any better or worse
than anyone else's.
her daughters have grown up to be beautiful
and successful
and her work is selling.
all of this means something,
but, no doubt, it's derivative.

(c) 1990 By Blakeslee Stevens



"THEY BLEW UP THE UNIVERSE"



Diary of an S-Night Enumerator

By Antonio Lopez

Day 1: 9:00 AM Little did I know dodging reporters would be more important than dodging knives or intolerant government bureaucrats. But that was probably the most useful thing I learned in today's training for the S-Night enumeration of the homeless ("S" is bureaucratic shorthand for streets and shelters).

In a makeshift Census Bureau office situated in a Little Tokyo community center, I learn that the training session for this massive government operation must have been designed by some bureaucrat who lives somewhere in the suburbs of Maryland, far away from the realities of the streets of Washington DC or LA. As we complete our introductions, I sense members of this multi-cultural group be-

come frustrated with what turns out to be extremely tedious lesson in civics. We're forced to listen to the reading of, in verbatim, a massive training manual, instead of dealing with the potential scenarios we might encounter working in Skid Row late at night.

Everything seems so bureaucratic and Kafka-like. We sit there for six hours hearing form numbers get repeated over and over ("Refer to form B-20A, section E item 3, and workbook form number 328-S, section L, item 32, line 21-W" etc.). The process seems so dehumanizing.

Eventually we all take an oath of loyalty to the constitution, agreeing not to engage in political activity. Everyone mumbles the oath in unison, laughing like school kids disinterested in the Pledge of Allegiance. I take the information about the press, and file it away in my head.

Day 2: 4:30 PM, S-Night It's unusually hot for this time of year in L.A. I take my cue from the weather as I psychologically prepare for tonight's historical event.

I arrive at the Central Los Angeles office, an anonymous three story brick building in the heart of Skid Row. Wearing my enumerator's ID, I pass security, entering a weak, slowly moving elevator. When I arrive to the third floor, the elevator door opens to a small room stuffed with anxious enumerators. Closed windows stifle the air and

bodies crowd into any available space. The faces of these new government employees tell me that no one is clear about what to do, other than anticipate.

The regional director, a middle aged Hispanic woman, enters, warning the crowd about media swarming the building. I already feel barricaded, as she tells us the rules: opinions will be tolerated, but do not discuss the process with them. What process? I ask myself. You mean they way you've dehumanized this whole "process" by reducing the entire homeless situation to a series of numbered forms?

Suddenly the elevator door opens with a bright light invading the tiny waiting room. A TV camera enters, filming the restless enumerators. Several black men flee for the exit, complaining they don't want their faces to be shown across the country. The media circus gets me nervous and excited, punctuating my expectation that this, indeed, will be a historic night.

Soon the door to the central office opens, and we enter, filing past the TV camera. A makeshift office fortified with cardboard desks, wall separators and files creates the sense of a temporary command post, as if paratroopers landed in the middle of the night, mysteriously setting up shop for the government. Across the room, a video documentary about homeless plays to introduce several of the enumerators to the lives of the people they were to count. I find it educational and one of the few achievements of the Census Bureau lacking in the original training.

An owlish, disheveled white man with reading glasses perched on his nose begins reading out people's names, assigning teams to locations. It was a slow process, taking about an hour and a half to complete. Meanwhile, the TV crew interviews people we acquaint ourselves.

When the civil servant finally calls my name, he assigns me to the crew leader who had trained me the previous day. I knew from the inefficient training that she was incompetent and under trained to handle emergencies, so I immediately feared for my safety. I knew I would really be on my own.

6:10 PM Armed with pencils, forms, badges and our white vests with "Census Taker" inscribed on the back, we proceed to a mission on Main St., a few blocks from the central office. We walk in a large group, many feeling unsafe in this alien environment. A dapper female reporter intercepts us, jumping out of a van. She shoves a microphone in the face of one of the more street-wise enumerators. "Are you afraid?" she nervously asks.

"Hell no, fool!" he retorts. "Get outa' my face." The reporter scatters, seeking a more tolerant enumerator.

We continue forward. As we approach the mission, we walk past a crowd of people standing around a small fire burning on the sidewalk. A group of young black men sitting there taunt us.

"Now, look who's here. The census men. The government. Go away, we don't want to be counted. We don't exist."





Collage by Michael Mantra

They're Latino, around 17 years old. Both look Guatemalan. You're so far from home, I think, so far away.

Next I talk to a black man who says he intended to work for the census, but had to work the day of training. He's employed, and I find most people physically and mentally cable also have jobs. What a myth that homeless are lazy bums who don't work! Those who don't are mostly old, handicapped or mentally ill.

Another

I feel very uncomfortable, alien, like an intruder. What am I doing here? Am I doing the government's dirty work?

Entering the mission, it looks like a Greyhound station. The large room filled with green plastic chairs feels transient, sad... impermanent. All are men, mostly young blacks and Latinos, and a handful are old white men. About a third sleep uncomfortably hunched over in their seats.

Juxtaposed to the whole spectacle, a slew of media personnel and cameras invade like parasitic worms on a sick animal. Reporters from CBS and CNN with their plasticine makeup look truly extraterrestrial here, resembling what some friends in Kentucky once called government agents: "brain eaters."

In the center of the large chapel room, bolted-down chairs face an unassuming stage with a pulpit. "This is a church," a man reminds me, "please take off your cap. This is a holy place, you must be respectful." I'm so oblivious to Christianity that I forget to not be so blasphemous. Apologizing, I take off my cap as we're herded into a back room.

In a fluorescent lit and vacant dining room, about 30 empty white tables with wooden benches fill most available space. Our crew leader escorts us to the tables, deliberating with the mission's chief minister on how to approach the count. After much talk, our plan is set. We are assigned to separate areas, only men will do the basement. It is feared that women might be injured or attacked. Everyone else will work in the main room, where I get assigned.

I'm led to a corner of the central room, near the main entrance. Roughly fifteen people are seated there. Starting from the back, I find the first two people asleep. We're forbidden to wake anyone up, so I have to estimate age and race.

man I meet is black with a Persian surname. He explains that his father was Iranian, and tells me he's a Vietnam veteran. He's handicapped with a disfigured face from too much drinking. He tells me no one cares anymore, that he's been thrown away from society. He's glad to be counted because it makes him feel like a man again, but I get depressed. Because I know he's right. No body cares.

Meanwhile, a sermon begins, orated by a fiery black preacher. From those awake, "amen" are volleyed about. Now my job gets more difficult: I'm competing with God and Jesus, and it appears, in this case, the government loses. A man hides his face in shame as I approach. Another shoos me away. Video cameras approach, causing many to flee. It all seems fruitless at this point. I'm compiling ballpark figures, and that's assuming we're even on the same planet. Many men come and go through the entrance, and most of my forms are incomplete, marked "person 1," "person 2," "person 3," etc. Almost all are anonymous and difficult to count, reflecting their position in society as non-entities.

I count my quota, returning to our field office in the back dining room. It appears that too many enumerators were assigned here, leaving me with three hours to do nothing. Almost all are counted and we have to stay until 12:00 midnight in case more arrive. We mingle with staff (most rehabilitating homeless), eat hot dogs and coffee cake supplied by the mission, drink juice, soda and coffee, twiddle our thumbs, talk and evaluate, among ourselves, our work. We agree that many aspects of S-Night were poorly organized, but that it was a worthy effort, nonetheless. The question is, Will the numbers be qualified with an asterisk indicating, "*" Incomplete count do to impossibility of task"?

A monitor from Washington, who had accompanied us to evaluate the process, was there to field complaints or comments from the enumerators, so that in ten years perhaps a better job could be done (Assuming that the homeless problem won't be solved. I don't think anyone catches the irony of his presence). He's a middle aged white computer programmer with the miserly air of a Czarist bureaucrat. He says little, but cracks a cynical smile when he talks. As an agent for "quality control," we discuss our opinions with him.

I complain about how the media scares people away, but he says they'll go to another shelter where they'll be counted later. I doubt it, it's all a show, I tell him. But he just shakes his head in disagreement. Then we complain about how the census form lacks a category for Hispanics in the racial section (a separate section asks if the individual has Spanish descent, but it's confusing for the person answering the question). He remarks that Hispanic is not a racial category: they're white, black or Indian. Perhaps he's right, but it's clear that Hispanics will be screwed by the census, due to the confusing forms.

Talking with him, I get a sense of his contempt for people and his loyalty to the process, making it difficult not to paint him as the cynical bureaucrat he appears to be. Suddenly I am hit with the sensation of working for a government that seems rotten to the core, not by evil intention, but by sheer lack of sensitivity or creativity.

11:45 PM Eventually we leave our forgotten brothers to return to headquarters. The media is gone, and most people look taxed and anxious to go home. The central office is now packed with the first shift returning, the second preparing to leave. At mid night, the graveyard shift will go out into the streets to count all those outside the missions, shelters, flophouses, hotels and subsidized units. Many enumerators are homeless, which improves the count because they are less intimidating (they're not perceived as police) and more knowledgeable of the streets.

We turn in our badges, vests, forms and materials, saying goodbye to our fellow census takers. It was nice knowing you. As I exit, the midnight crew lines up to hit the streets. They're equipped with flashlights, giving them the look of Boy Scouts preparing for their first outing. But then, remembering the task at hand, I realize these people are hardcore. A part of me secretly wishes to join them and share what's bound to be real adventure into the unconsciousness of Los Angeles.

1:00 AM Someone I met during the training offers me a ride home, so we walk five block to the hotel where he lives.

Its muggy, hot and the whole of downtown smells like piss. I can't remember it ever being this pungent. We walk by an unconstructed building that sits in suspended animation. It has become a squat for homeless, the building's owner permitting people to sleep there at night. As we walk by, I wonder if these people will be counted. This is a place in the government's twilight, unknown to the "process." We're in the margin's of consensus reality, where these people's existence remains questionable. Do they exist in the eyes of the government?

I doubt it. ■

Phone Booth Slaying

Linked to Long

Distance Swimmer

by Berndt Rieger

Lack of success results in some of the following: An empty room. A revolting face in the mirror. Cruelty towards friends

Lack of success makes violence in sleep, and all sleep drifts, and wanders into half-conscious crime. Someone attempts a phone call, another one steps up and cuts off his face. The caller sinks, pale chest, his neck an orifice of thick water. The murderer spreads his arms in a butterfly motion. An unsuccessful action is destruction.

Ambulance, police, reporters, spectators arrive. Action, cut and dry. The crystal glaze of the fisheye. It seems as if everything turned eyes. Eyes that judge, and always tearful eyes. If all were vocal chords, they would move and sing, and if the murderer, stuck, and lingering like an obscene expression, were not an unsuccessful amphibian, he would blurt out, under water, a confession: "After the tide, walking across the shallow, lukewarm pits on the wash, I found myself breathing."

2 AM, 67 degrees at the Civic Center. Slightly cooler air will move across the Southland today as weak upper-level low pressure deepens the marine layer. ■





We still believe in promises.

Ashown

"Molestation" by Ashown



you could be reminded of it the rest of your life.



"Memories" by Ashown





took place. People were once again allowed on the dance floor as long as the aisles could be kept clear, but as soon as the atmosphere was about to lighten those nice bouncers were back to clear all of us low lifes out of the VIP section. I hate the Country Club.

Fugazi had sat on stage for twenty minutes while this was going on. All the while they tried to help keep the delicate crowd balance from going nuts. Finally, they were given the word, and were able to rocket into several numbers. One of the early songs played and explained was "Repeater." The inner-city violence of Washington D.C. which inspired this intense song theme is driven home with grating noisy sounds, only to be punctuated by soft beautiful moments. The contrast was amazing. A Fugazi centerpiece on their two previous West Coast tours, "Suggestion," was played about mid-set to the Country Club's mostly macho crowd. This vehemently anti-rape song was not as prominently featured on this tour as during the past two. Also included in this set was some older high octane material such as "Bad Mouth," and even the much yelled for "Waiting Room" was played at the end of the set. Despite a few people singing along the atmosphere still sucked. Instead of giving up, Fugazi cranked it up, turning the tables by using the negative energy to obtain the wonderful punk element of anger in their set. It was not that perfect concert we all hope to find, but a show which made it clear Fugazi can make the best of a bad situation. Still, I'll avoid the Country Club from now on.

On Friday Rocky, Steve and I made our way to the Santa Barbara concert. After struggling with weekend rush hour traffic we arrived hungry and tired. The sold out show was at the pub on the University campus. The lady at the information kiosk didn't even have to ask us where we were going. I guess we looked sufficiently weird, despite dressing down. The room had a movable stage against a large window, and the atmosphere compared to L.A. seemed very mellow.

After awhile a local group mounted the stage. Their fast speed metal set was unappealing. The singer lectured the audience on every song and came off rather heavy handed, even if his motivations were well intentioned. Despite my lack of interest, they seemed to have a few loyal followers.

Next up were Beat Happening. The same group that went over poorly with a hardcore crowd in L.A. were well received by a quiet, but happy bunch of fans. Stories of Calvin being hit in the nose with an ashtray were told with pride as well as his surfing safari with Mr. Al Flipside. With his scarred nose his stage presence was better than ever. "They were like a hit machine," said Steve, turning out number after number, all pop gems. Musically they seemed much more in sync than at the Country Club on Wednesday night. They are a band whose crafty song writing and infectious numbers such as "Black Candy" and "I Let Him Get To Me," belie their simple musicianship. Steve was thoroughly impressed, ready to lick their boots on command.

Fugazi moved on stage after a short break. Before they started, one of the organizers announced that the students running the show were hoping to be able to pull off the event without any hitches, so more shows could be put on. It was also announced that anyone stage diving would be thrown out immediately. Then the audience started to move in a circle, and the set began. The crowd crushed against the stage and pushed it back. There was

obviously a danger that the stage, equipment and band members could go through the window. The group warned us of this fact and everyone moved back a bit, so Fugazi could continue. Like the San Diego show much of the material from "Repeater" was played, and although the band seemed a little tired after completing three straight shows they were in a real solid groove. The band was so tight and at ease that I was in awe. Especially dynamic that night were Joe and Brendan. I could have just watched the bass and drums defining the subtleties of songs like "Reprovisional" and "Blueprint" all night. Both of these men played with precision and power propelling the set steadily along. Near the end the band started directing traffic. They wanted to have the slam pit go clockwise in a big circle and counter clockwise in a little circle. The request was immediately complied with. The set ended again with sweaty happy people.

Thanks to my sister's college graduation (congratulations Rachel) I was able to catch one more Fugazi outing. The last Fugazi show I saw on this tour was in Berkeley at Gilman St. The night before the band had completed a grueling set in S.F. The excitement at that happening centered on a fire extinguisher. I managed to catch a few songs from the Offspring, one of five or so opening bands. Their numbers were in the M.I.A. pop/punk vein and made me wish I'd seen more. This matinee show was heavily touted in the local papers and there seemed to be hundreds of people stuck outside the soldout hall. Inside the place was jammed packed, and damned hot. Standing by airconditioning vents and taking advantage of the ins & outs were as high a priority as seeing the bands.

Beat Happening took the stage and were greeted by quite a few fans who stuck steadfastly through their long set. Again they were a hit machine, but the heat and lack of air made me lose concentra-



BEAT HAPPENING

Ink Disease #16

tion. However, quite a few people were very impressed.

By the time Fugazi played, everyone was well ready. Ian reminded the crowd that this had been the same date they had played here the last two years. It may be the last, because they're going to have to play bigger halls than this if they want to accommodate all their new fans. After playing about five nights in a row the band seemed slightly burnt, and tried to move quickly through the set. I watched the people around me move to the beat as their faces lit up. Every song was a new adventure. Songs like "Sieve Fisted Find" and "Song #1" were bashed out to much applause. I was waiting for "Merchandise" which never came, and then the set was over before I knew it.

It was nice to see large crowds at all of Fugazi's West Coast shows. I was especially glad to hear from Al that Fugazi are doing well selling records and playing to sold out halls in Europe and the United States. Few bands radiate so much energy and spirit through their music. You better catch them live while you still can. Who knows, they may become a studio band like the Beatles did!!

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Fieldtrip-Monday June 18 1990, Roxy Hollywood

Jim Galbraith, singer and guitarist for Fieldtrip, once said, "...if I happen to wander into some club and there's like 4 people in this place, but the band's just rocking out, those guys will be like MY band. Maybe 50 thousand or 100 thousand people across the nation will have us be their band." Well, Fieldtrip could be my band anytime. I saw them once before opening for Bulimia Banquet, and Frightwig, and they stole the show then as they did June 18th. They have everything it takes to entertain any crowd, even the one in the Roxy, which was about 25 people at most. But Fieldtrip pack so much energy and excitement into their shows that you'd think the place was packed. They blend country/ cow-punk, fast picking, almost hardcore, straight ahead, rock-n-roll, and spit it out fast and damn tight. On record they sound more laid back, and some of their songs can sound similar at times, but in concert Fieldtrip shine. The vigor with which they attack their music is infectious, and you find yourself tapping your feet and bouncing with the beat whether you know their tunes or not. Guitarist Anthony Quezada broke a few strings as did Jim, and Jim's brother Tom beats the shit out of his drums. I love to see someone play so hard and not lose it or screw up. Bassist Greg Kinkle didn't break any strings, but he laid down killer rhythms and solid bass lines for all the songs. Their quick paced set included a lot of songs from the new l.p. "Headgear" on Slash records. They didn't do "Way Back," (my favorite song!) but they did do "Make You Happy," "All My Fault," "Keyhole," "Buttercup" and my second favorite song "Pretty Dress." I wish there had been more people there. I hope a lot of the people buy their album... No, wait a minute... Fieldtrip is MY BAND! Don't buy their album! Don't enjoy it! Don't go see them! They're too good, I want them all to myself!!!

P.S. The Gunbunnies also played, but they were really boring generic rock, so I left after two songs. The only reason I stayed that long was because there was this really gorgeous gypsy looking girl dancing around in the back of the Roxy. Sorry Gunbunnies, but if you get a heroin habit and some tattoos and change your name to Guns & Bunnies then maybe you might have something.

Bob Rangel

+++++

Steve Wynn, Julie Christensen, Walker Stories--Club Lingerie, June 8, 1990.---Richard

A rock-and-roll Friday night in Hollywood. Thanks to the aggravating re-routing of traffic that's supposed to cut down on cruising, I missed the opener on this bill, Walker Stories. So, aside from mentioning their name (it would be rude not to), I won't be commenting on them. Maybe next time.

Julie Christensen was up next, and though at the time I had some mixed reactions, overall she was good. She sounds like nothing so much as a 40's nightclub torch singer, and she was well within her element on this night. The crowd responded well to her band's melodic, jazzy-blues material, and Christensen herself has a beautiful voice. Replete with slinky pink dress and gloves, she definitely has star potential, and I think her music could easily find commercial

success. Although her set was a little long, and the songs a little too similar to each other for my taste, she was a good act for the night's lineup.

Steve Wynn and his band finally came up last. Focusing on material from his new Rhino release (see review in this issue), he was very impressive. His new band, featuring Mark Walton of the Dream Syndicate on bass, was tight and worked well together. They handled the new songs like old pros, and the crowd really got into the show. Wynn has more fans than I thought, and a lot of people were singing along with the songs, so it was overall a fun set. Unfortunately, the one drawback was song selection. Wynn apparently was content to do the poppy rockin' tunes, and he left out a couple of the best songs from his new record that are more bluesy/folksy. A couple of unknown (to me, anyway) covers were in the same jumpy, rock style that dominated the evening. Being a Dream Syndicate fan, I was expecting some of their better stuff, but the two songs he did -- "Medicine Show" and "Daddy's Girl" -- were light, safe choices that fit in the evening's flow. Julie Christensen, whom I was beginning to fall in love with by now, did some backup vocals, and if the set didn't include everything it should have, it was still fun. Besides, there's nothing like hearing good old 3 chord rock to remind one of what music is all about.

Dramarama, Dead Milkmen and Bad Religion at the Hollywood Palladium. May 10th, 1990.--by Robert Rangel

7:05 - There is a real cold breeze in Hollywood. We're waiting in line. "I.D.'s if you're gonna drink," says this mean looking guy in a yellow jacket. I'm not drinking, but I show him my I.D. anyway. I guess I just wanted to show him how ugly I look on my license.

7:48 - Everybody is saying that they remodeled the Palladium. It looks the same to me. "Who's first?" Benny asks. "Bad Religion," I say. "No way. It should be the Dead Milkmen." I agree.

8:09 - Bad Religion come on first. They play an awesome set with many of the songs from their new album "No Control" and quite a number of cool old tunes. They were really powerful live and they really got everybody into it. There was non-stop movement on the floor. It was obvious that a lot of people were here just to see Bad Religion. The singer kept referring to their "long history." It's hard to believe that they've been around so long, but here they are doing it better than bands which have been around half as long, or twice as long.

9:01 - So, these two crazy girls Stephanie, and Nicole are saying they know my friend Richard from somewhere. "I know I recognize you," says Stephanie. Of course, because he was on T.V.--on Request Video with Dramarama on KDOC/56. "He was the one in the Cult shirt," I say. "Yeah, that's where I saw you!"

9:22 - The Dead Milkmen come out and are pretty damn good. I never really dug their albums, but they were cool live. Their slower danceable style was catchy and just the right change of pace after Bad Religion.

10:33 - Then it was time for Dramarama! I'd been waiting to see these guys for so long, and they didn't let me down. They were so rad! They did all the cool old songs like "Questions" and "My Scenario", the best songs from Box Office Bomb and practically all of their latest album "Stuck In Wonderland". I'm really glad that Dramarama are experiencing a lot of success nowadays, because they definitely deserve it. They've been together a long time, and they are one of the best bands today, a band who haven't changed their sound or sold out. John Easdale was getting mad at some security ass-holes who were "removing" people from the front of the stage. There was this big backdrop of Edie Sedgwick behind Dramarama and even a Lawrence Welk-like bubble machine! It was a very entertaining show to say the least.

11:55 - The last song is "Anything, Anything" and everyone goes crazy. "Where's Benny?" I ask. He's been sitting next to this really cute girl named Debbie all night while her huge, muscular boyfriend is knocking people down in the pit.

Richard is trying to find the tall, skinny blonde who was slamming with us. "But she has a boyfriend," I say. "Who cares," says Richard. We say good bye to our other new friends, Amy, Summer and the girl

who looks like the New Gidget. We stole some Dramarama posters off the walls and got free water from this cool bartender (they were trying to sell it for \$1.00). And the coat-check girl let me check in two times for the price of one! I'd say it was a pretty good night.

12:38 - last stop is AM/PM for Thirsty-two ounces. Then we head on home.

SAM I AM-Natural Fudge Company, Sept. 15th, 1990.

It was mere days before this Sam I Am show that I had my traumatic encounter with two radically different bands, both of whom are named A Priori. Rather an original moniker, I had erroneously assumed they were the same band, and of course I was wrong. The unsavory details are enumerated in the record review section. This experience was still fresh in mind the night of the 15th, as Thomas and I made our way to the Natural Fudge Company in Hollywood. It's a nice enough place, devoid of the usual Hollywood glitz and glam, although it's about as big as a shoebox. Hardly a hotbed of punk activity, I still thought it entirely possible that Sam I Am would play there. They're sharing a bill with the hardcore band Reason to Believe sometime soon in L.A., correct? A one-off gig at the Natural Fudge did not sound too farfetched. Armed with our logic, Thomas and I arrived amidst a veritable swarm of clean-cut preppie types with sparkling white teeth. Uh-oh-first bad sign. It wasn't until we paid and entered the club that we began to seriously think that this Sam I Am might be a different band. A band photo posted indoors fueled our apprehension, but as neither of us could sufficiently recall the other Sam I Am's faces, we decided to sneak a look at the set list. Unfortunately it wasn't much help either, since neither of us could think of enough song titles to gain useful information. The tension was mounting. Sam I Am, for Christ's sake! How many bands could have a name like that? The A Priori experience was indeed weighing heavily upon my soul by this point. Finally, Thomas approached the guitarist and asked where the band was from. The guitarist (probab-

ly thinking they'd gained a fan) cheerfully replied, "The San Fernando Valley." Well, that was that. Burned twice in one week, I was, by bands with the same name. There ought to be a law. I was ready to chalk the night up to experience, but Thomas boldly approached the swarthy bouncer/doorman and stated his belief that this wasn't the band we had paid to see, we deserved our money back. A pudgy, bespectacled fellow was called in, whom I assumed to be the band's manager. Said pudgeball expressed dismay that there was another Sam I Am, telling Thomas that he'd never heard of them, that Sam I Am had been around for six (!) years, and obviously the Frisco band must have stolen the name. Sorry, but Frisco's Sam I Am has records out and extensive press coverage, and I just can't believe that in six years no one has told this pudgeball that someone else had the same name, especially such an uncommon one. Anyway, the pudgeball was rather miffed that we didn't feel like sticking around to see his band, and eventually he growled, "Grrr, get 'em outta here!" And, to their credit, we got our money back. You think they'd do that at the Coconut Teaszer or the Country Club? We proceeded to get out quickly, considering ourselves lucky, but the whole affair prompted me to pen this discourse, which is really a roundabout way of saying that I'm pissed off with bands having the same name as other bands. When it happens, someone should show some class and change it. If the Valley's Sam I Am has been at it for six years, and is only at the Natural Fudge level (no offense John Roberts), which is basically a family-and-friends type of venue, perhaps it's time to re-evaluate their career objectives. As for that night, we inched through a traffic-laden Hollywood, and for what? Thomas missed the beginning of "Repossessioned," and I almost missed rock Gods Adrian Slim at Gazzari's (don't worry, I made it). Maybe we should have done some checking before the show, but Jesus, who would have thought it necessary? Now I see that FIREHOSE is playing soon-guess I should make sure it's the real FIREHOSE, what do you think?

---Richard

THE END OF LIVE REVIEWS

Tragic Mullatto interview continued from page 26

Flatula: I have really vile varicose veins that look like leeches crawling up my legs. I have to wear something.

ID: *It seems like you're getting ready for the business world.*

Flatula: This is how I go to my day gig in the financial district.

ID: *Did you start out as more performance oriented? You seem more musical now.*

Flatula: Yeah, that's what we're more interested in now. We're not interested in dressing up like freaks... or undressing like freaks.

ID: *I noticed nobody was wearing diapers tonight.*

Liz: Oh man...

Flatula: We quit wearing diapers when the Red Hot Chili Peppers started copying us.

ID: *I noticed they used fluorescent lights too. Did they copy that from you?*

Jehu: They ripped it off from Caroliner.

Rev. Elvister: I don't know where they could have gotten such an idea to use fluorescent colors.

Liz: Have you seen the stuffed animal pants Flea wears? Directly attributed to Tragic Mullatto.

ID: *Do you like the Chili Peppers?*

Jehu: I don't think this line-up is as good as their other one.

ID: *Do people ever compare you to the Butthole Surfers?*

All: Yeah.

ID: *How do you feel about that?*

All: Puking sound.

ID: *When did you get together?*

Flatula: Eleventeen million years ago.

ID: *What does your name mean?*

Jehu: My name?

ID: *No, the band's name.*

Rev. Elvister: It means a man who sticks 11 leather cheese balls up the urethra until it looks like a box of pampers in Swahili.

ID: *Where can people send their used condoms?*

Flatula: To the Beatnigs.

Fifi: Send them to George Bush.

ID: *Do you have any vendettas you want to get out?*

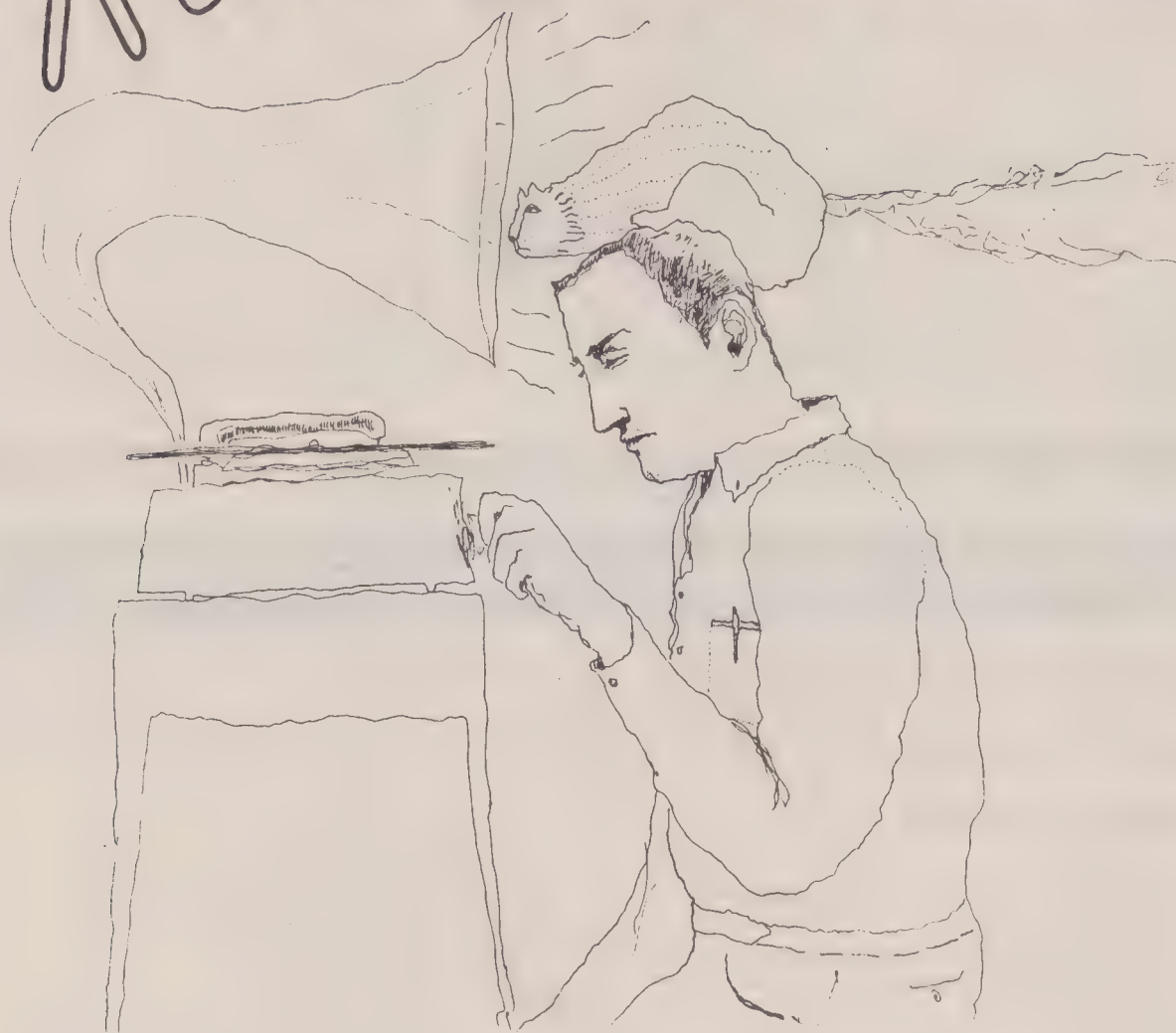
Jehu: Yeah, Bulging Eye Booking are slimy fuckers.

ID: *Any more venting?*

Flatula: Yeah, my mom.

ID: *You guys killed the flower... ■*

Records: 12 inch



3-Dark Days Coming

Most D.C. bands continue to come out with good solid records, but few have the extra spark of a Fugazi. 3 are an example. I've become attached to "Don't Walk Away" and "Rejection" but few of the other songs really blow me away. One reason is that the vocals and music are a little weak at times. The guitar doesn't always bite: the vocals sometimes fade, or the tunes peter out. Husker Du and Dag Nasty comparisons come to mind, but 3 have more differences than

similarities to these bands. Those two above average tunes and the fine cover and sleeve artwork make this worth checking out. I'll be looking for future releases.

(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. N.W. / Washington, D.C. 20007)---Thomas

THE 3-D INVISIBLES-They Won't Stay Dead

I could give a damn if they won't stay dead: I just wish they'd quit making these

asinine records

(Neurotic Bop / 1316 W. Marshall / Ferndale, MI 48220)---Les

3D PICNIC-Dirt

My immediate impression is that these guys are very conventional. Their appeal will be the college radio market and major label & r folks. However, it's not fair to tag someone like that, but in short, it means that they have a "professional" (or polished) sound, for better or worse. Admittedly, a few hooks

caught me... I took the bait, but other fish will be quicker to bite. I don't know why, but the album reminds me of the "Rocky Horror Picture Show." I guess the ballads almost have a tongue-in-cheek quality like the "Picture Show," which may or may not be intentional. I particularly like "Party Planet," a country Pink Floyd sounding piece. "These Thick Walls" is U2-influenced pop ballad that appealed to the soft part of my heart. But when the album's over, I think I'll put the Cows back on and go back into that angrier space I dwell in.

(Cargo Records / 5718 Lamas St. / San Diego, CA 92122)---Ant

THE 27 VARIOUS-*Yes, Indeed*

The sixties music revival is still healthy, it seems. The bands who incorporate the sixties' style into their own unique sound are the best; however, there are more bands who simply try to mimic the old style, such as the Three O' Clock. The 27 Various fit into the latter category. That said, they do a good job reviving the 60's sound, but they stop short of doing anything new with it. Even their haircuts and cover photo look vintage Monkees. They even use Vox amps! One or two songs, such as "It Seems I've Seen", hint at a greater potential for this band, but they don't really pursue it. Also, they seem to be unsure of which 60's sound to emulate: Cream blues, Iron Butterfly rock, or Monkees pop? This being the case, "Yes, Indeed" covers just about all of them, and the conscious attempt at mimicry becomes even more apparent. This is not a bad album, but you've heard it all before-twenty years ago. (Susstones Records / Box 6425 / Minneapolis, MN 55406)---Richard

76% UNCERTAIN-*Hunka Hunka Burnin' Log*

Well -- it's thrashcorish punk rock; it's dumb; it's got three guitar players; it's O.K.; it's not for me.

(Dutch East India / 81 North Forest Ave. / Rockville, N.Y. 11570)---Les

ACID HORSE-*No Name, No Slogan 12"*

As far as techno-dance effluvium goes, I actually kind of like the Acid House variety. It has a good beat and is... Etc. Etc. The (Mr.) edibles served on this platter include Dwayne Eddy/Fender-twang type guitar quite similar to Fred Gianelli's ax work with Psychic T.V. (actually, maybe it's a sample of Fred) plus your standard "Million beats a minute" house rhythm, this time sounding a little like "You Spin Me Round" by Dead or Alive. The B-side remix should have been put out to pasture. It's quite stinky. (Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)---Narod Drol

AGITPOP-*Stick It*

These boys instilled me with feelings of selfhatred and downright stupidity. I recall these same juices flowing through my sys-

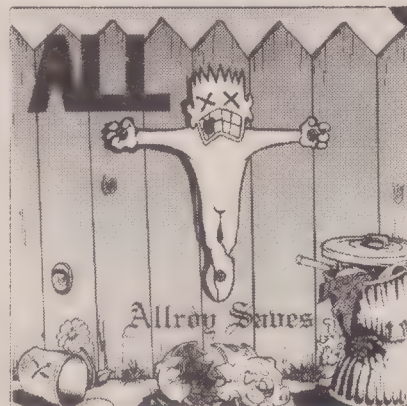
tem when the Replacements were welcomed into my life and discovering they already had three monster lps under their belt. This record is a massive deli of smart twisted pop, just begging to be on every college radio rotation. The music sticks to my ribs the way Husker or FIREHOSE had in the previous decade. Unless you want your standing in the hep U-ground community to be lower a few notches get this meat before Elvis leave the build for good.



(Twin/Tone / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Steve

AGONY COLUMN-*Comes Alive*

Does anybody really need a remake of "Mississippi Queen"? I'll just ignore it, and maybe it will go away. The rest of the songs are pretty cool though. Thrashy. Sabbath type songs, really grungy vocals kinda fast sometimes, but mostly the songs settle into a heavy metal pocket and grind out for 3 or



4 minutes. In between the tunes there is applause, but I don't know if I believe that this is live, because the sound is really clean. They must have a great soundman. I guess these guys are a thrash band. It's hard to tell if they want to be thrash or heavy metal. Oh well, I'm not gonna try and figure it out. (Big Chief / 611 Broadway, Suite 907E / New York, NY 10012)---Bob

ALL-*Allroy Saves*

I would like to begin this review with an addendum to my "Trailblazer" review, which should follow this one, alphabetically speak-

ing. Since writing that politely positive bit, I proceeded to really get into "Trailblazer" and have probably played it more than anything else I've heard lately. It's fantastic, and I will go to my grave attesting to such. So naturally I was elated when Thomas gave me the new All studio album. The verdict? A winner, 100% bitchin'. While keeping intact the post-Descendents pop tunes, such as "Just Like Them" and "Simple Things," All have staked out new and exciting territory as well. They often feature strange time breaks and nearly atonal phrases, but give it time and you'll come to love it. I see a parallel with Fugazi's "Repeater," when Ian and crew were up to bigger stuff than in the past, and if it took longer to get a handle on the music, it was well worth it. So it is with "Allroy Saves," and with this album I find myself hopelessly addicted. If this music is the result of their ongoing quest for "All," may they never find it. Unreservedly recommended, and the pleasantly blasphemous cover artwork is just icing on the cake.

(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Richard

ALL-*Trailblazer*

One cannot discuss this band without talking about the Descendents (from whom All are descended, how's that for brain food?). one of the great punk bands whose music still holds up as truly exceptional. One aspect of the Descendents that contributes to their appeal was their direct address of the state of teens and young folk, their relationships and frustrations, subject matter that will always be relevant. All, in the same vein, have taken up the mantle with songs like "She's My Ex" and "Hate to Love." The catchy rock of the Descendents is present in the All sound, along with other areas that are "All" their own. "Trailblazer" is about as good a sampling as one is going to find on one record. It is a live recording, and the mix is well-produced and clean, without being overly so. This is a good solid album, which I recommend, particularly as a one-volume introduction to All. Plus, there's an absolutely hilarious story about the Trailblazer itself on the back of the album cover. Read it while you're in line to buy this record.

(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Richard

ANOTHER PYRRHIC VICTORY-*The Only Compilation of Dead Seattle God Bands*

9 trax. 5 dead Seattle bands-Green River, H-hour, Malfunkshun, My Eye, and 64 Spiders. I like it. (C/Z Records / 1407 E. Madison / Seattle, WA 98122)---Mark

A PRIORI-*"First Cause" b/w "Crawl"*

There is a band called A Priori on the Shredder New Jersey sampler (see review elsewhere). I liked their track, so I specifically requested this 12". As you have probably guessed, it's not the same band, and this

record is a Wax Trax type of synth disco. It stinks to high heaven. I hope I never make such a mistake again.
(Laocoon Productions / 1718 M St., #295 NW / Washington, D.C. 20036)---Richard

ARSENAL-Factory Song Is A Sign of Progress

Santiago Durango, of Big Black and Naked Raygun guitar pummeling fame (He uses plenty of great finesse guitar as well), is back to show us his wares with another Arsenal L.P. As on this Chicago based project's first l.p., "Manipulator," Roland is used to provide the rumbling bulldozer drum sound. There's certainly some booming beats, their mainstay, but there are also some catchy melodies. Melodies which are pumped out under the sweeping front of thunderstorms and the ground shaking beat. Shimmering flashes which are almost on the accessible side, and vocal effects help Arsenal maintain a unique sound which keeps them ahead of most of the post-industrial guitar grunge so popular in the mid-west today.

(Touch and Go / Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

ASEXUALS-Dish

Polished pop rock is what the Asexuals play these days. "Dish" is very much in the Replacements vein of song writing, vocal style and roots rock. Recent articles have focused on the Asexuals' reformed rebel image, the same as the Replacements received after their last vinyl (and now bands like Social Distortion). Despite the numerous similarities, the Asexuals have enough rockin' hooks and edge on "Dish" to warrant attention of their own. Maybe they're not quite as desperate sounding as the Replacements used to be, or as smooth and skillful as the Replacements have become, but the Asexuals are a solid and powerful band. They are a band with an accessible sound which could gain them many fans in certain arenas, even if they lose much of their hardcore audience. The Asexuals retain enough musical punch for those of us who want a little rebel edge to our rock.
(Cargo Records / 747 A Guy Street / Montreal Quebec, H3C 1T6 CANADA)---Thomas

AURORA-Viszlat Ivan

Described as a veteran Hungarian punk band, Aurora have quite a bit of '77 punk sound mixed with a little hardcore producing a solid mixture, albeit one not likely to explode. The songs often have sing-a-long parts, but luckily they don't go totally overboard with this style. They keep the pace varied and bouncing, and along with some hooks this keeps the record sounding fresh. The vocals are fairly smooth and cool. It's



only slightly angry, and not very manic or harsh at all (like say a Finnish band), but this works well. The calm feel comes off as that of the mature experienced group rather than the wimpy afraid to experiment type. Aurora won't make your paint peel (I tried this test), but "Viszlat Ivan" (translated to "So Long. Ivan") left me smiling.

(Available by trade from Tamas Levy / Varju U.4 / Budapest-1181 HUNGARY)---Thomas

BABES IN TOYLAND-Machine

Babes in Toyland offer strong post-punk anthems with the rawness of Seventies punk. Michelle Leon, Lori Barbero and Kat Bjelland are uncompromising in their noise but dynamic attack. I commend them in their energy and song writing abilities but also find the music sometimes one-dimensional. The album plays with one constant streak of intense energy with lots of wailing vocals and thumping guitar, leaving me almost exhausted by its end. The lack of diversity in their music will suit many of you vamps out there, which is no doubt a faint shadow of their live intensity. I look forward to the tour.
(Twin/Tone / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Ant

BAD BRAINS-Quickness

The Brains are a group whose ability and track record (a decade + of recording and ferocious live sets) have been so awe inspiring that countless fans and critics from underground to mainstream have rightly

showered them with superlatives. These are not debatable points to those who are fused to the fury of great punk. Yet, with the release of "Quickness" too much Jah and too many solos buried this listener, head first. Preaching is one thing, but a stoning another. Besides there not being one worthwhile theme for non-Jah followers, most of the music consists of medium paced rock numbers of no great significance. Yet, the one or two choice moments of brilliance like the rib crunching assault music on "Don't Blow Bubbles" makes me glad to have this disc.

(Caroline / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Thomas

BAD BRAINS-The Youth Are Getting Restless (live at The Paradiso, Amsterdam 1987)

As a rule, live brains sounds like damn good idea. This outing in Holland is an uneven performance, which at times is a little raw and too squealy metallic, but there's more than enough high powered energy for Bad Brains fans. Yeah, this is punk rock foot-stomping bop for all who love to have their guts ripped out once in a while. Songs like "Big Takeover" and "At The Movies" capture the chaotic live show feel well. I wanted to mosh 'till I dropped. If you're new to the band you might

wanna try some of their less shocking, but nonetheless high energy material from previous albums. If not, you've been warned you could get tagged with 50,000 volts.

(Caroline / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Thomas

BAD RELIGION-No Control

What can I say, I still love hardcore when it's done well, and Bad Religion are a band you can count on. Tight, fast, and melodic, the group pumps out a steady flow of blistering numbers. This all out blitz of distortion steady guitar has fueled their rebirth, and certainly, "Hard, fast rules!" but I'd say they shouldn't become afraid to throw in a few breaks and slow the pace down from time to time. This could add more power (like on "Sanity"). However, this is a warning only, because "No Control" earns high marks all around. Bad Religion continues to stay ahead of pretenders with top notch lyrics. Included, are some intelligent themes sorely missing from most of today's music, such as on the title track which looks at existence. "No Control" is yet another episode in Bad Religion's now epic saga, and one that shouldn't be missed.

(Epitaph Records / 6201 Sunset Blvd., suite 311 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Thomas

BASTRO-Bastro Diablo Guapo

Yeah, fucking Louisville, KY. You ever taken the Greyhound through there? It's a

pretty bad ass place. Lots of chromosome damage, military, KKK, race horses, industrial waste and darn nice people. Now you can catch all that as the background noise of **Bastro** Diablo Guapo's new release. Talk about a primal scream from hell. Heavy bass that's been the trade mark of Big Black comes in full force with beautifully dissonant guitar reminiscent of those guitar gods, Sonic Youth. Bastro is comprised of two guys who came from Squirrel Bait, the rest come from some other urban nightmare. Each song plays like an anthem for the great Abyss. You can compare it to Rapeman, but this is better because it sheds tempting rock cliches and just goes for the throat of some mysterious power that compels people like me to continue writing. Thanks guys, you make it worth it.

(Homestead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Ant

BEACHMMASTERS

-The Beachmasters

Vocal surf has never been the most vital genre, and with revivalists like these it must be doomed. These fellows are probably nice enough as individuals, and they're alright when they just shut up and play instrumentals, but their songs are fucking worthless; so, goodbye it is to The Beachmasters. (Stanton Park Records / P.O. Box 58 / Newtonville, MA 02160)--- Les

BEAT HAPPENING-Black Candy

This is my first record review because this is the first time I've had anything to say about any of the piles of records Steve has brought home. I usually hate everything. Somehow, though, I have inadvertently become a devoted Beat Happening fan.

I don't know how it happened but I have found myself playing their records over and over. I even found myself traveling vast distances to see them play. I can remain silent no longer.

They turn mundane situations and corny feelings (the stuff which life is made of) into simplistic grooves which reveal complicated notions. They try to sound amateurish and dumb

but end up being seriously wise.

P.S. They can sleep on my floor anytime they're in L.A.. (Highway K / Box 7154 / Olympia WA 98507)---Rocky

BEOWULF-Lost My Head But I'm Back On the Right Track

I like Beowulf a lot. I'll say that right off. One of the things I like is that they have stayed honest to themselves and their music. I saw them open for Slayer many moons ago at Madame Wongs in Chinatown, and they're still playing the same kind of music while even Slayer have toned down and are now on a major label.

Enough history, now for this album: it's heavy, fast, raunchy, and over all very groovy with some catchy riffs and good melodies. The best songs are "Flare"-very heavy, "Plastic People", "Winer Diner", and "Muy Bonita".

The best song on here, tho, is a brilliant cover of "Cruisin'" by Smokey Robinson. The song retains the dreamy appeal of Smokey, with all the raunch and heaviness of Beowulf. A good album, give it a listen and I think you'll like it---(Bob R.)

JELLO BIAFRA Spoken Word L.P. #1-No More Cocoons

This is not a poetry album or a concept art package. Instead we are treated to Jello. The ex-Dead Kennedys singer is a great story teller and has a lot of material to draw from. Here censorship is the theme, as it is on his other spoken word album. Jello draws analogies between present attacks on music and the McCarthy era. Attacks on early rock n' roll, such as Alan Freed's story are riveting as entertainment, but also provide a history lesson on how blacklisting has long been used in rock. At times Jello can be a little

pedantic, but he comes off sounding more humorous than preachy. Those interested in the DK's charismatic frontman will certainly find out what has been keeping him busy, and with the current climate of censorship this is more than timely.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)--- Thomas

JELLO BIAFRA Spoken Word L.P. #2-HIGH PRIEST of Harmful Matter (Tales From The Trial)

With these two spoken word albums comes the question why? Why is such a thing in this format, and why should you buy it? Well, "High Priest" is entertaining and informative. On it Jello shows those all important linkages: like how record ratings are, as movie ratings have been, a form of censorship, and how censorship has been becoming an accepted way to "cure" societal ills. For explaining his view this may be the better of the two albums, because the whole Dead Kennedys trial story is told here and the focus is just more cohesive in general.

With 2 Live Crew and



record store owners coming under attack by groups, such as the PMRC, a narrow range of what's acceptable may be the order of the day. Even if you don't subscribe to conspiracy theories, the dangers of censorship are real. Jello brings that point home with the blacklisting analogy and gives some idea of how prevalent those who advocate censorship have become. Censorship, like the drug war, and many of the other mainstream solutions for keeping society from decay are only reactions to deeper problems, ones unsolvable by the quick fix. If these reactionary courses are pursued, then a new wave of blacklisting can ensue. You may already be feeling the effects from the Reagan Administration's policies of refusing to let certain people into this country including musical groups. On the record Jello lists some of these groups and individuals who've been banned from entering and playing in the U.S.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

JELLO BIAFRA with D.O.A.-Last Scream of the Missing Neighbors

Wow, the first song is an excellent barn burner. "Light the Hay," guys. If you like blazing tunes on the heavy side, both musically and lyrically then look no further. D.O.A.'s new line-up has become a tight powerful force, but one more intent on rocking out than punking out musically. Although there are some nice twisting lines and parts reminiscent of the Dead Kennedys' psychedelic touches, most of the material tends to be similar. Jello goes wild as usual, creating a manic presence behind the mic. He and D.O.A. put together a complete first song--a song which showcases much humor and cynicism, but the rest of the lyrics are just alright. But I'm being overly critical. Considering the competition, the band should sweep this genre. I don't see anyone to match them for serious political sentiments and a fat rock heavy sound that burns some serious rubber.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE-Megatop Phoenix

Does it seem possible that Mick Jones has been churning out this greasy cold bath water longer than he was in the Clash?

(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd St. / New York, NY 10019)---Steve

BIG BOYS-Wreck Collection

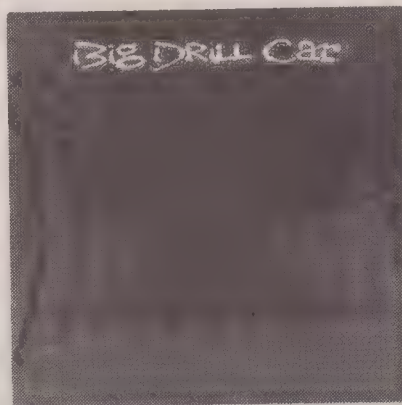
The "Wreck Collection" is a raw sounding mass of rare tunes from the Big Boys' archives. Despite the range of quality in these recordings the Big Boys play with soul and plenty of it to rise above any audio deficiencies. This band displays depth of sound and feeling, from the uplifting horns of "We Got Soul," to the danceable funk of "Funk Off," and to the rockin' hardcore of "Authority." I really admire the way they can produce soft touching moments without sounding the least bit hokey. These Texans certainly had

a variety packed career, with several fun, fun, fun filled albums to get your hands on.

(No Auditions / P.O. Box 49767 / Austin, TX 78765)---Thomas

BIG DRILL CAR-Album Type Thing

Descendents. All and Dag Nasty are the obvious comparison when looking at such songs as "In Green Fields." There's a little more of a rock direction and some even slick-



er production this time, but Big Drill Car continue chugging basically along the same powerful metallic, pop core lines. BDC are a tight driving band with strong vocals, and if you're a fan of All or later period Descendents this will do the trick. I had a good time trying to figure out what the cover photo is. Are those tire tracks or a close up of a record on a turn table?

(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Thomas

THE BIG THING-In The Elbow Room

Rave Records, whose supremely philosophical slogan is "Fuck That Weak Shit," apparently saw fit to preserve the noise barrage known as the Big Thing on vinyl, for this and future generations to share. Thanks, but no thanks. This isn't an especially bad record, but it simply does nothing for anyone, least of all me. The music is a hybrid of hardcore / garage / grunge, turning an already harsh production job into something worse. I can't listen to it. Besides this, another problem (which may seem like a quibble, but so what) is that atrocious spelling littering the lyrics on the back cover. When I'm not at the Ink Disease central offices in West L.A., I work for a graphics firm. I don't care HOW busy you are, there's always time to proofread, even just a bit. "Physicists" for "physicists"? Come on! One thing's for certain, this stuff is certainly not "weak shit." (I guess that slogan doesn't apply to weak spelling.) Don't bother.

(Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106)---Richard

BIG TROUBLE HOUSE-Afghanistan

This is a pretty bland record, if the truth be told. There are snatches of quality here and there, but it's mostly just a generic-sounding power trio type of record. Song

length is one problem: there are a couple of seven and eight minute pieces here, and very few bands can pull that sort of thing off. Musicianship is no problem, and there are enough mood and tempo changes to keep me awake, but in the end this record leaves no impression whatsoever. Heck, even band leader guitarist Phil Harder "has problems with it" because he is apparently doing some better things nowadays. Yeah, nice promo work, guys. I felt *real* confident after reading that. Harder is working on some real "Minutemen style" stuff-I'd sure like to hear that. For some A1 quality power trio songs, try the Moving Targets album (see review elsewhere). Big Trouble House has potential, it just isn't realized on "Afghanistan." (Horse Latitudes / P.O. Box 300021 / Minneapolis, MN 55403)---Richard

BLACKGIRLS-Procedure

An ironic name for three white girls playing extremely white music (OK, I missed the joke). The Blackgirls waver between glib coffee house entertainment and pleasant ambient folk music. They pull off a few nice hooks, but their sarcastic and goofy tone reminds me of liberal arts majors from Vas-sar trying to be overly clever. Although their musicianship should be commended (brownie points to violinist Hollis Brown), I have difficulty with the over-all intellectual tone of the record.

(Mammoth Records / 5 West Hargett St., 4th Floor / Raleigh, NC 27601)---Ant

BLAKE BABIES-Earwig

This record is basically airy, insubstantial pop. The Babies are, to judge by their photo, a college band (liberal arts, no doubt) and their friends probably think they're a cool thing, but I can't get into them. Their sound is mid-tempo, clean guitar, American bred roots rock-you know the type. One problem, for me at least, is the generic vocal cooing of Juliana Hatfield, who sounds like your typical "girl singer". I'm sorry, but she does, and that along with their run-of-the mill sound makes them too bland for me. College radio will probably like them, and I'm sure many other people will as well, so I don't think my miniscule voice in the crowd will hurt their career. I'd recommend the Feelies' "The Good Earth" for mellow but diverse folk rock, the kind of sound "Earwig" almost aspires to be, but is not. I have a friend in Santa Barbara who'll probably like this-I think I'll send it to him. On second thought, he probably already has it.

(Mammoth Records / 5 West Hargett St., 4th Floor / Raleigh, NC 27601)---Richard

BOMB-Happy All the Time

This is one light piece o' psychedelic pizza (extra metal, hold the anchovies). The more you listen the more crazed the world becomes and suddenly, through curtains of bile, you spot God doing something rather sinister in the corner. He turns and tells you to play side A over again at 33 1/3. And you do. At least, I know I did. Rock n' Roll

religion is not dead.
(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)---Jessica

BOSS HOG-*Drinkin', Lechin', & Lyin'*

Music for hot, sweaty nights of shanking. Has an aphrodisiac effect on all involved. If nothing else, it will make you horny. It has a good beat...you can hump to it. This younger, slower cousin of Pussy Galore is hot.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Byron

BOSSTONES-*Bosstones*

See Cassette review.

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)

BREATHE ON THE LIVING-*Nexus Compilation Vol. 25, No. 1*

This is an audio edition of Nexus magazine, a publication that covers "international literature and fine art." Bob Moore writes in his editorial, "The poets and musicians on this collection are too disparate to lump into one group. Yet, all of them, in one way or another, share the communality of being mavericks or outlaws, standing outside the 20th Century death trip, speaking truth on the cutting edge of the known or anesthetized." Present for the three record set are the old guard (there's a heavy beatnik tone in much of the poetry) and the new young Turks, many of which were spawned in the punk scene (Daniel Johnston, Jeff Dahl). The compilation bridges the two groups, obliterating the distinction between the old farts and the new bohemians. The fact that bohohs from the past built many of the soap boxes from which present renegades espouse is readily evident here, a connection that badly needs to be made for the '90s. Great outlaw project! Order one today.

(Wright State University / 006 University Center / Dayton, Ohio 45435)---Ant

THE BREEDERS-*Pod*

Very subtle. These ladies possess enough power to bludgeon your senses with noise, but are content to let just the right amount of energy slip out at any given time. The instruments sound wonderful. Really, the only band that comes to mind is Gang of Four (circa 79-80), in that each instrument seems as prominent as all the others. God I love that guitar sound! The Breeders sound very different, very good. They even do "Happiness is a Warm Gun" by the Beatles. Maybe next time, if we're lucky, they'll do "Savoy Truffle".

(4AD / Rough Trade)---Brian

BULIMIA BANQUET-*Party My Colon*

Pack up the kids and call the neighbors honey, tell them to get to my colon as fast as they can. There's a major rager going on, and everybody who's anybody will be there. Julia is providing the low end, Mia and Allan

are picking a mean fiddle, and Jason is banging on everything in sight. It's a non-stop barnburner from beginning to end. It gets sicker with every turn; "Loaded Destructor," "No More," "Spanky," "Rectum Hunt," they're all here. It's the ultimate party, come jam with the up tempo, hardcore punk sounds of Bulimia Banquet. And the best part about it is after the party, we're all gonna throw up and we won't gain any weight! Isn't life wonderful? Who needs lipo-suction? It's my colon and I'll cry if I want to.

(Flipside Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Bob

KATE BUSH-*The Sensual World*

If you are a Kate Bush fan you will enjoy some of her new innovations on this album mixed with her old unique style. I particularly enjoyed the three songs that included vocals by the Trio Bulgarka. She emphasizes very personal, sexual, and female themes on this album. She says, "this is my most personal and female album so far. I particularly wanted 'The Sensual World' as the first single because I feel it is a strong expression of positive female energy." I don't think that song in particular is the best one on the album or even the best example of strong female energy, but I feel the album as a whole has that quality. The photograph of her and the rose on the front cover is like a Georgia O'Keefe painting. Quite an enjoyable album.

(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd St. / New York, NY 10019)---Jane Good

BUTTHOLE SURFERS-*Widower-maker*

When I think back on that historic day, July 4th, 1982 when the Butthole Surfers first came cockroach spewing into my life, little did I realize that someday they would be an institution, not in one. All these years and many opuses later, Gibby and Co. continue to pound out the power lover ballads. "Widowermaker" offers four prime slabs that shake the house but don't blow the roof off. After so many acid soaked excursions with these wild eyed Texans, it's gonna take more than "Booze, Tobacco, Dope, Pussy, Cars" to get my juices flowing the way they did that Independence day at the Whisky-a-go-go. The B'holes seem to be trapped in the genre they defined. Like so many of my icons, I'd probably be even more critical if they changed (i.e. Gang of Four, The Bee Gees and the Brady Kids). Until I can figure a way out of this pit, I still have a good time digging the holes.

(Touch and Go / Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Steve

CAT BUTT-*Journey to the Center of...*

Mighty out-of-control "grungadelic," chock fulla big slabs of searing guitars and primal screams. Yeah, that's yer Catt Butt. A band comprised of members of other Seattle-based bands and a howling madman from Texas, Cat Butt delivers sheer intensity, combining elements ranging from garage

60's psychedelia, swamp-fed blues to, say, Butthole Surfers' mayhem. Before you journey to the center of this hell-raising E.P. you will have already had your butt kicked by "Maximo," the first and probably the best cut. Others include yet another Edie tribute, "Sedgwick," and the Chocolate Watchband's "Born Loser." Though some might complain that the songs, at times, tend to fray at the ends, Dave Duet's voice is enough to rattle their cages and raise the dead. And after the monumental "Maximo," it really doesn't matter now, does it? It's a wailer. Highly recommended and have a good day.

(SUB POP / 1932 1st Ave., #1103 / Seattle, WA 98101)---Rod

CASSANDRA COMPLEX-*Cyberpunk*

(Wax Trax! Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS-*The Good Son*

See tape section.
(Mute/Enigma)

CHAOS U.K.-*The Chipping Sodbury Bonfire Tapes*

The music and vocals are so weak I can't listen even when Chaos U.K. have something to say, which isn't that often. They have the worst G.B.H. sound imaginable. As soon as they build up a little power they'll switch gears to some ultra speed where their ability is sorely lacking (except for a few drum rolls, and even those struggle). They don't make it on the joke level either. There's bits of stuff here and there you think are going to be alright, but they end up trashing them. The whole thing is generic, boring and just kind of pathetic. They get a consolation prize for the way they crossed out the bar code on the cover, but I won't be listening to this one again. I'm sure they could give a better effort if they wanted to.

(Weasel Records / P.O. Box 1274 / Manhattan Beach, CA 90266)---Thomas

CHANGE OF HEART-*Soapbox*

Change of Heart is a Canadian band, who have apparently built up impressive credentials and a good following in their homeland. Thus far, they have yet to crack America in the eight years they've been together. This LP should get them a little closer. Simple rock and roll here, nothing too complicated, but in the right hands that can be enough. "Without Reason" is one of the best tracks (albeit an atypical one), a moody minor-key rant that I like a lot. "Massacre" has a sort of watered-down Chemical People sound to it, which is how the balance of the tracks sound. First-rate production, and a great sound for a trio- the time they have spent refining their music definitely shows. The Dream Syndicate roots-rock crowd should welcome this band with open arms, for therein lies the niche for the Change of Heart. Good luck to them.

(Cargo Records / 5718 Lamas St. / San

CHEATER SLICKS-On Your Knees

The best way to describe "On Your Knees" is to call it "Pirate Music." Like the Cramps, they draw on surf tunes and Sixties garage band music and mix it with the blues. However, with two guitars, their sound fills more aural space than the Cramps. "Golddigger" is one of the notable songs for its classic punk hooks, but the best songs are three ballads-- if that's what we can call them-- "Run Away From You," "Weirdo on a Train" and "A Sad Guitar." These slower tunes remind me of some of the stuff coming out of Sub Pop these days, with their "grungadelic" in spired guitars. But Cheater Slicks has a fresh sound lacking in a lot of the clone grunge bands. It sounds as raw today as it would have ten years ago. I can imagine all the old punk rockers spit ting all over them, and in response, the band puking all over the audience. Great stuff!

(Gawdawful Records / P.O. Box 1331 / Cambridge, MA 02238)---Ant

CHEMICAL PEOPLE-The Right Thing

Sunday, August 26, 1990 was a happy day for me, as I received both the new All record and the new Chemical People record, courtesy of Cruz Records. "The Right Thing" is an excellent pop-punk record, fitting nicely into the niche that Cruz has all to themselves these days. Produced by labelmates Bill Stephenson and Stephen Egerton, the production is perfect and the material is great. Chemical People detractors will be pleased to know that CP have largely abandoned their sex-on-the- brain: approach, opting to put their own mugs on the cover this time instead of a heaven-sent goddess like Taija Rae. Much as I adore Taija and her ilk, it was time to move on. Even the songs lack any gratuitous sexual content, with the exception of "A Pornography," which is really about unplanned pregnancy anyway. Great punk riffs, smooth backing vocals, all add up to one cool record that I have been playing often ever since that very agreeable Sunday. Final note-this album has an LP-bonus track, which I thought was a neat thing to do. Thumbs up to the Chemical People, and to Cruz Records for putting out some excellent stuff.

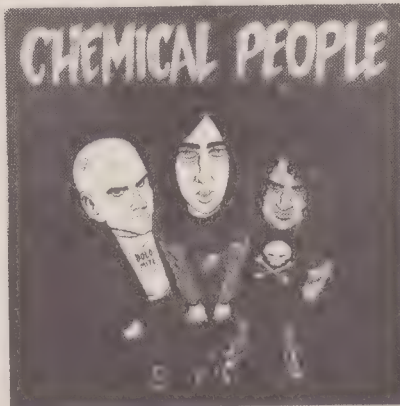
(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Richard

THE CHILLS-Submarine Bells

Rather faceless pop music, this is-not bad at that, but none too exciting either. The opening track, "Heavenly Pop Hit," is aptly named and most of the album is in the same vein. Any one of these songs might not be out of place on, let's say, a Buzzcocks album ("Love is Lies," that sort of thing) but a whole slew of them is rather bland. "The Oncoming Day" is the finest song, best of the lot, and it again merits the Buzzcocks comparison. "I Soar" has a Syd Barret whimsy about it, and that, my friends, is no small compliment. These two highlights, plus the band's ap-

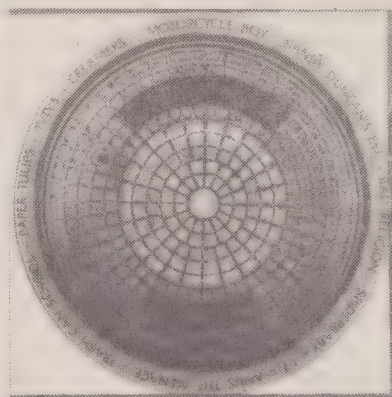
parently extensive past exploits (according to the promo sheet) tells me that this record could have been better. It's better and more sincere than typical top-40 excreta, but ultimately it's no more than that. It should find an audience, probably with the Biff-and-Bunny college crowd. God love 'em.

(Slash Records / P.O. Box 48888 / L.A., CA 90048)---Richard



CHUMBAWAMBA-Slap!

Chumbawamba have always been musical chameleons, adjusting their music to suit their politics. Now that they have renounced the dogmatism of their anarchist convictions (they're still "anarchists"), they have settled down to a less angry tone to play a kind of English brand of world pop music. Frankly, leave that to African bands, I think they do a better job at it, and can represent the music more legitimately. There are many moments on "Slap" that groove nicely, so I don't mean to slam this entirely. But I think they were better when they played their own brand of in-



digenous folk music.

(Available through Agit-Prop or Touch & Go Distribution)---Ant

CITY OF L.A. POWER-Flipside Picture Disc Compilation

Obviously the "Yes L.A." compilation made an impact on Joy Aoki who compiled and produced this set of bands. That record froze a great moment of L.A. punk in time and on a one-sided clear vinyl disc (silkscreened on the other). More than a decade later, "City of L.A. Power" does the same for the best and brightest So. Cal. punk

rockers. The cuts range from above average to excellent and show variety from the outside edge to the inner groove. On the first song, Motorcycle Boy, rock out and also thrash on the shitty state of the Sunset Strip. If you listen hard you may hear Joy and Al on back-up vocals. Sandy Duncan's Eye (great name) are really loud and surprisingly dirty compared to the times I've seen them live. Their cut ended up sounding more Big Black than the straight hardcore I was expecting. Bad Religion attack "Operation Rescue" with a hot little number that features some Keith Morris backing vocals. Spiderbaby have the weirdest and most unusual cut on the album. It's cool and offbeat. L-7 do an extremely powerful and slightly sped-up version of the Eddie and the Subtitles classic, "American Society." It's probably the best production job on the record. We love Anus the Menace and their scraping guitars and dark choppy sound. They trash the American dream and the perfect suburban life, with special barbs aimed at summer bar-b-ques where everything and everybody is wonderful. Trash Can School do "Silver Surfer" (I don't know if it has anything to do with the comic) which has a wave of distortion sound not too unlike Sonic Youth. Paper Tulips are great. I'd compare them to the Urinals even if they're not that good. Gus did some good production work to make this one of my favorite songs on this sampler. The TVTV\$ cut is a pop number in a cloud of radiation distortion with bullhorn vocals. Finally the Creamers close the record with rocking power, distinct, but owing at least a nod to the Ramones. All these bands have something to say and new, diverse, and exciting music to back it up. "City of L.A. Power" is already a guaranteed collector's item. So, you can buy at no risk. At worst it's a good investment. By the way Al's silk screen is dyn-o-mite. And, while I'm handing out the acknowledgments, I guess, this proves Al's point about L.A. still having happening bands. Well done Flipside Dudes and Dudesses.

(Flipside Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

THE CLINTS-No Place Like Home

4 guys named Clint, eh. Sorry, but this is ordinary, fairly feckless pop that just didn't motivate me. A couple of songs were pretty energetic, but I can't remember which. (P.O. Box 88, 3208 Cahuenga Blvd. West / Hollywood, CA 90068)---Mark

CLOCKDVA-The Act

The act of what? It's not just sex, perhaps bondage, sado- masochism, but rape/murder seems more accurate. This should be a sound track for a horror thriller, or perhaps it already is. This album should be listened to with caution, nightmares may occur. I also think this should be labeled as psycho-terrorism rather than in the music category. The music is kept to a minimum of dated synthodisco sounds produced on probably no more than one machine.

(Wax Trax! Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. /

Chicago, IL 60647)--- Jane good.

CLOCKDVA-Buried Dreams

There's been ups and downs aplenty in the 10-odd years the "Clock" has ticked. They gained a place on the industrial Mount Olympus by being one of only a handful of bands to be featured on Throbbing Gristle's "Industrial" label, but then they mutated into a pointless and embarrassing jazzy-funk band, complete with slap bass and horn section. Then all but one member of the band left the picture, some by death, some by difference of opinion. What remains is Adolf Newton (late of the Anti Group) who rethinks and reforms, trading the old for a new completely digital Clock. "Buried Dreams" is an above average but not exceptional electronic Blade Runnerish disc. I like the liner notes, if that counts for anything. (Wax Trax! Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)--- Narcod Drol

SHAWN COLVIN-Steady On

Hip on the folk thang. Ms. Colvin, not surprisingly, has a Suzanne Vega sound: the same producers John Leventhal and Steve Addabbo also put out her album. Ms. Vega also helps out on a "Diamond In the Rough", one of the tunes of the album. Some of Kate Bush's stuff was mixed by Kevin Killen, who mixed this one, so once again it's not surprising that some of the same elements in Ms. Bush's latest albums are here too. This is highly recommended if you like the above mentioned women, but in the same vein this album is highly commercial (well produced), so if you are looking for that refreshing raw edge look somewhere else. (CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd St. / New York, NY 10019)---Jane Good.

COFFIN BREAK-Psychosis

I personally take an immediate disliking to bands that "thank" virtually every artist they ever listened to on their LP credits. Coffin Break can perhaps be excused (but not completely!) because they have released a pretty good album. Among their honorees: SST, Sub Pop, AI and Flipside, Soundgarden, No Means No, Social Distortion, Bulimia Banquet, the Accused... I could go on, but the point is, what do all of these entities have to do with the Coffin Break sound? Well, I don't know, but the record is a good mix of hardcore punk and metal thrash. For me, songs like "Stupid Love Song" work the best, when the Break slow down and dish out some ultra-heavy riffs. My only real complaint is that on some songs--like "Psychosis"--singer Peter Litwin sounds like the wimp from Anthrax, a sound I can do without. Overall, though, this record gets good marks and should appeal to punkers and metalheads alike. (C/Z / 1407 E. Madison / Seattle, WA 98122)---Richard R.

COWS-Daddy Has A Tail!

Another winner from Minneapolis. Starting with a demented cover of "Shakin' All Over" (I'm shakin' in my colon), the Cows, ac-

companied by only their fuzzed-out guitar, bass and drums wander thru such topics as dinosaurs, bums and family life while always returning to the beauty of love. Their lyrics are beyond belief-Dig: "I said 'I am a waffle and you are the syrup, I am covered with square dents, you are sticky and sweet.' Then she said 'I am a beershit that stinks up your heart,' or 'I saw my picture on a carton of milk and I laughed and thought I'm not lost I'm just sick'. A friend of mine said this gave her a headache. Well listen close, dollface, this is a special place and if you just ride the music, you too can be there. (Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Mark

COWS-Effete and Impudent Snobs

If you've had a chance to hear any releases on Amphetamine Reptile, you'll know that when punk was driving through a time warp and ripped into several personalities, the psychotic drugged-out part of its consciousness became this label. This is not to say that the Cows don't have their own personality... unique is hardly the right word. More like, inbred genetic war fare experiments on untested Mexican drugs. If they had any studio manipulated vocals, you'd have an illegitimate off-spring of the Butthole Surfers, but instead the vocals are youthful and punky. As an affected individual, I lose track of consensus reality, but I'm fairly convinced that those weak of heart and mind should stay away from this stuff. "This is your mind... this is your mind on the Cows..." (Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Ant

EMILLIO CUBEIRO-Death of an Ashole

Emilio is the mustached equivalent of Lydia Lunch. On this hour long verbal anal voyage of meat poetry we're taken to a place that is dank and smelly. The world as seen through the eyes of a bowel obsessed Puerto Rican from the Lower Eastside is nothing you'll ever find in your N.Y.C tour brochure. Unless you join the Turkish navy or spend the weekend at Donny the Punk's pad this record is as close as you'll hopefully cum to Mr. Cubeiro's urban landscape. (Dutch East India / 81 North Forest Ave. / Rockville, N.Y. 11570)---Steve

DAS DAMEN-Mousetrap

These guy are good at what they do, 60's style rock with a little U2, REM, and 90's flavor. Once in a while they try to add a unique heavy ugly guitar riff, but I think they're better off sticking to the basic formula of the album. That formula consists of a mellow acoustic beginning, then your typical distorted guitar riff, a couple of catchy melodies and "Voila" you have a song. It doesn't really give me a stiffy, but it doesn't exactly make me barf either. Come to think of it, it doesn't really do anything for me. It's one of those things whose existence has no effect on my life. It's floating around in the vast zone of things-that-have-no-effect-what-so-ever-on Bob's-life. Floating around with Donald

Trump, Wheel of Fortune, House Music, Golf, and the 55 mph speed limit. Wait a minute, come to think of it, Pat Sajak kind of gets on my nerves.

(Twin\Tone Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Bob

DASH RIP ROCK-Not of This World

Now, to tell the truth, these guys are actually of New Orleans, and they're great: garage anthems like "Bumfuck, Egypt" are my idea of rock as art, and -- produced by Jim Dickinson and featuring a Leroi Brothers song -- this is one album I plan to keep. Not that every single cut's a pounding stomper; there's some lighter country stuff replete with pedal steel; and "Promenade" is a fine ballad that reminds me of folk pop writers like Willie Nile and Mark Johnson. It's varied, and it's beaty, and it's a breath of fresh air. (Mammoth / 5 W. Hargett St., 4th Fl. / Raleigh, NC 27601)---Les

DATURA SEEDS-Who Do You Want It To Be?

These long haired hoosiers (and sources tell me they include members of the legendary Zero Boys) play sixties styled pop with a decisively modern edge, the way the Plimsouls did when the paisley underground and p-rock momentarily meshed in the Anti Club parking lot. It takes a few listens before my brow gets greasy enough to lock into the love grooves. I didn't see Jesus, but the band's welcome to sleep on my floor whenever they're in the neighborhood.

(Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Steve

DEATH OF SAMANTHA-Come All Ye Faithless

This band has one of the coolest names I've heard in a while. D of S are basically a pop rock outfit that, at times, sounds a bit run-of-the mill. The difference between them and the average generic rehashers are that D of S don't take themselves too seriously; indeed, there is an undeniable lightheartedness that contributes to the band's appeal. This is the band that features actor Randy Quaid ("Cousin Eddie" from "National Lampoon's Vacation") masquerading as a rock drummer, so you get an instant impression that this is a fun band. On this, their third LP, I enjoyed the songs "Rosenberg Summer" and "Now It's Your Turn (To Be a Martyr)," but all of them are solid rock and roll, and every one of the songs here would go over great with any bar audience in the country. Special mention goes to the lyrics, which are witty and well done, and also to a top-flight production. All in all a fine release. (Homestead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Richard

THE DEHUMANIZERS-Here's to You

Everything I heard about this band made me think they would be a very fast punk band ala G.B.H. or the Accused. But they are more than that. They have a lot of very heavy

crunchy songs on here. A lot of this record sounds psychedelic, 60's oriented. The slower songs do sound kinda forced though. The Dehumanizers sound most comfortable playing faster. "Here's To Lou" mixes slow and fast pretty well. "Grandma I'm a Drug Fiend" is a good song which expresses the band's obvious sense of humor, as does "Television." It's a good album with enough heavy stuff to satisfy thrash fans, and a lot of fast "almost out-of-control" parts for the hardcore fans. I like the Dehumanizers and I think you might too.
(Ever Rat Records / P.O. Box 9984 / Seattle, WA 98199)---Bob

THE DETONATORS-Balls To You

These brutes play full-tilt punk that would make Grandpa Joey Shithead soil his long-johns. "Balls To You" is a 16 song thrash fest that shows great improvement over their last release. Maybe it was the relocation from L.A. to Eugene, OR, where there's still some ozone layer left, that enabled these kids to put it in power-drive.
(Emergency Broadcast Systems / P.O. Box 11623 / Eugene, OR 97440)---Steve

BRUCE DICKINSON-Tattooed Millionaire

Boy, what a let down! I don't know about you punker types, but personally I've always been a great admirer of Mr. Dickinson, lead singer of Iron Maiden. The man is truly a Dungeons and Dragons character come to life. I've always imagined him felling trolls and ogres with a mighty broad sword. Actually, I'm at least partially right. According to the promo fact book that came with "Tattooed Millionaire," Bruce is a professional fencer, ranked no. 7 in the U.K. So far, so good. But then there's this record. Oh, how the mighty have fallen. Irritating sub-Def Leppard mixed with irritating sub-Night Ranger. The man even discards his usual powerful operatic vocalizing in favor of some goofus whiskey-drinkin' "Give Me A Throat Lozenge" garbage. Bruce, kiss my Viking butt.
(Columbia)---Narod Drol

DIDJITS-Hornet Pinata / Kiss Your Ass Goodbye

The Digits are yet another Chicago band whose wall of noise sound screams in your face and leaves a smoldering path of destruction in its wake. This time the emphasis is on smokin' punk rock power-mowing played at a breakneck pace, and heavy retro wailing guitars that would go well in the Sub Pop or Amphetamine Reptile stable. There's also some Big Black and Scratch Acid influence of loud post punk industrial noise. The lyric sheet is full of car part descriptions, sexual innuendo and off the wall references. For some reason this brings back a lot of 70's images like Shaft and Polyester Bell Bottoms. They even mention Evil Knival (that's how they spell it). The attitude reminds me of a cross between Big Black, Bill Bartell, Tesco Vee, Killdozer and

the Mentors. It fits in well with the obnoxious shock value ethic so prevalent today in bands like the Dwarves and Rapeman. At times it works and others it seems forced. When the singer growls just right, the music flings molten power riffs off the walls, and the lyrics hit a satirical note or conjure graphic American underbelly images of tattooed leather-clad bikers, tight blue jeans, slimey bars and macho machinery then it's time to watch out for these rockers. (Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas



DINOSAUR JR.-Just Like Heaven

If the Meat Puppets met the Cure at 7-Eleven and shared a monster sized slurpy with about 20 tabs of acid in it they might come close to approximating this three song noise fest, which includes "Chunks" (a Last Rites tune.) Need one say more.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Steve

DISCHARGE-Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing

Clay has re-released "Hear Nothing..." on red vinyl. This L.P. contains the same uncompromising music and message Discharge were famous for on all their early releases. Discharge are the kings of simple unrelenting noise, a sound which beats the listener into submission. It's not pretty but it's clear, especially the main message of the impending nuclear holocaust. I like their brand of noise in small doses like on their singles, but a full album's worth of material is a bit hard to take at one time, even if I adored it eight years ago.
(Clay Records / 12 Thayer St. / London WIM 6AU, ENGLAND)---Thomas

DISCHARGE-Live At The City Garden New Jersey

A Discharge live release is hard to appreciate if you're not a big fan of the band, even when it's on red vinyl. This is especially true for this period of the band's existence where they were starting to get more of a heavy metal sound. They'd probably say they learned how to play their instruments. I'd say they were beginning to bite. I'm glad they've included "Protest and Survive" and "Decontrol" but I would have liked hearing "T.V. Sketch" and "Ain't No Feeble Bastard."

(Clay Records / 12 Thayer St. / London WIM 6AU, ENGLAND)---Thomas

THE DISPOSSESSED-Sister Mary

This is one heck of a good record-one of a handful that I've reviewed and gone on to play repeatedly thereafter. No bio or other info is included, so I don't know much about them, but these guys rock with a hook-laden early punk sound. Song-wise, I would put the Dispossessed in a Sex Pistols / Stiff Little Fingers category, where several simple but catchy riffs are strung together to make songs. The best songs include the title track, "Kingdom Kingdom" and the absolutely sinister "Waltz". For good measure, there's a neat cover of the Doors' "Waiting for the Sun". The production on this album could be better, but it's not bad, and it's raw enough to gain respect in the hardcore circles. The Dispossessed are a rock band with a dark, psychedelic twist and they're better than a lot of other groups on the current scene. If you can find their record, I highly recommend you grab it. Look for the moody black-and-white cover, which attracted me to this album in the first place. Check it out-you'll be glad you did.
(P.O. Box 18152 / East Hartford, CT 06118)---Richard.

DOC CORBIN DART-Patricia

Doc Dart is best known as frontman and screaming maniac for the much loved hardcore band the Crucifucks. "Patricia" shows Doc on a whole new level and prompts the question, "What made him do something so different?" The utter loneliness and the anguish of smashed dreams related by the lyrics are backed by mostly nice mellow sounds, often with acoustic strumming. The music is a far cry from hardcore or even most rock music and borders on folk, pop, and even mild commercial rock. The cover with Doc standing behind a grave along with the lyrics suggests the death of someone close (It says Dart on the grave). Relationship problems are also focused on by the lyrics (maybe it's autobiographical). On this record, his vocals are something less than smooth, and more akin to a sick animal. It's not that he's trying to sing that way, I just think it's his natural voice. Lyrics that would be touching, poignant, and deserving critical acclaim are probably not even going to be noticed by most because of Doc's voice. This doesn't mean "Patricia" doesn't have some worthy music and outpouring of emotion, it does. The opening cut, "Out My Window" has a sound I'd picture the Buzzcocks with, if they were less happy and went acoustic. His vocals have sort of a Pete Shelly whine, but more extreme. The lyrics are about being isolated and afraid to leave the house. The majority of the tunes are straight ballads with some good lyrical hooks. If you like the more mellow style and can get past the vocal strains, you'll find some good stuff to cry along with. There's other interesting lyrical content here, but I'll leave that for you to dis-

cover if you buy the album. A final note would include a bit off the press release about what Doc was doing sometime last year, "A Lansing baseball card dealer announced Monday he will run for mayor." I wonder if he won? Either way, I hope he's not as fucking miserable as his lyrics appear to be.

(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

DOCTOR BOMBAY-*Car Crash Rage*

Doctor Bombay suffer an unintentional tension that taints their music. "Car Crash Rage" aspires to rawness but also tends toward over-production and hype. They've been called the darling of Philadelphia, and I can see why. They do have an intensity and creative edge that most bands lack, but listening to the production, I feel they have sacrificed rawness for a polished sound, reminiscent of many English bands. Playing in the middle, between their punk roots and dream of commercial success, the listener gets lost. I'll admit I'm somewhat biased against synth-bass, chorused guitar and too many solos. Perhaps I'm a purist, but it seems like the bands that use all the pop hooks and the pretensions of "underground" sound end up in *Spin* or MTV's "120 Minutes," as if they're the next big thing. I just don't hear it. But how can a hundred college DJs be wrong? They like it, but I'm not sold. (Apex / 611 Cedar Ave. / Collingswood, NJ 08108)---Ant

DOPE-GUNS-'N-FUCKING IN THE STREETS-*Volume 1-3*

The folks at Amphetamine Reptile offer their sample of American noise bands, one of the few labels who still puts them out. The roster reads like a "who's who" of "America's Most Wanted": Halo of Flies, Tar, Tad, Helios Creed, The Thrown Ups, God's Bullies, Surgery, King Snake Roost, Cows, U-Men and Lonely Moans. If you have any sense of moral decency, you might as well drop dead, 'cause, if the music is any reflection of things to come, America is a pile of shit. As for the record, the recording quality varies, the best comes from the most original meth queen, Helios Creed. "Traffic Accident Sex" by the Thrown Ups gets marks for best sense of humor; Surgery's "Action Candy" hooked me; Halo of Flies' piece was played through a cellular phone; Mudhoney sucks; Tad's "Habit & Necessity" kicks ass like everything they do; and Bush can kiss my ass. (Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Ant

DOS-*Numero Dos*

Mike Watt and Kira return for their follow-up duet with "Numero Dos." The EP opens with a hauntingly authentic version of Billy Holiday's "Don't Explain." The record continues with a subdued and dark tone, side one ending with a cover of Sonic Youth's "PCH." Side two has all originals, played in a similar vein as side one. Firehose and Black Flag fans may not appreciate this, but those

from the darker side will.

(New Alliance / P.O. Box 1389 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Ant

DRAMARAMA-*Stuck In Wonderland*

I really like Dramarama, and this L.P. is awesome. It's full of good, solid songs. There is a bit more acoustic guitar on this one than on previous albums, but I don't care. The songs "Lullabye," "Last Cigarette" and "Would you like" are so cool-- Some of the



best stuff John Easdale has ever written. If you like Dramarama already then you'll love this. It's highly recommended. Well there's not much else to say. I can never find a lot of things to say about the stuff I like, but I can write volumes about the stuff I don't like. But the cool ones like this well--- Go buy it!!! 'Nuff said.

(Chameleon / 3355 El Segundo Blvd. / Hawthorne, CA 90250)--- Robert Rangel

DRIVEN TO DEATH-*Various Artists*

The early 80's saw the second wave of British punk arrive. This period produced relatively few great bands when compared to the first wave. Yet the second crop spawned a good number of memorable groups, like Discharge and G.B.H., which have become Clay staples. Unlike American hardcore (the U.S. second wave), which tried to go 100 mph faster and three steps farther (out on a limb), most of the new English bands stuck with the catchy rock based punk of their ancestors (Here, the notable exception is Discharge.). GBH's "No Survivors," and Discharge's "Ain't No Feeble Bastard" are probably the standouts on "Driven To Death." Most of the other cuts are mid-paced songs, usually with some sing along type parts. The Lurkers' "Frankenstein Again," is a good example, with its often repeated chorus. Except for one or two real clunkers, this is a fairly decent compilation. Not classic, but great for checking out the Clay roster. (Clay Records / 12Thayer St. / London W1M 6AU, ENGLAND)---Thomas

DUST DEVILS-*Geek Drip*

I think this band is just another Sonic Youth prank. Sounds like SY gave their cousins all their detuned guitars and explained to them how to hammer the neck with assorted appliances and then went into the studio to produce this trickery to fool the world into believing in the so-called Dust

Devils. Folks at the *Ugly American* will call me an ass-fuck for these accusations, but I don't take responsibility for the uncanny similarities via sound texturing, ambiguous vocalizations, guitar-noise disharmonies, alternating rhythm patterns, etc. This particular recording (the Dust Devils have a fairly large discography) is haunting, droning, hypnotic, cryptic and intense. It resembles SY's "Confusion" period with noise infused with emotional angst and drugged-out mental landscapes. This anti-commercial discordian feast is long over due, and I hope you will take the time to visit your local alternative record store and seek this baby out.

(Matador / 611 Broadway, Suite 712 / New York, NY 10012)---Ant

DWARVES-*Blood Guts & Pussy*

While G.G. Allin lies tucked away in his dank prison cell he can rest easy knowing that the Dwarves are carrying the torch of scum and depravity across the land. Where ever there's a road kill, a gang rape or a prostate cancer ward full of suffering patients, floating in their own fecal soup, the beacon of hope shines brightly in the hands of Blag Jesus, Salt Peter, He Who Can Not Be Named and Vadge Moore, known collectively as the Dwarves. The "Blood Guts & Pussy" lp is 12 minutes of nonstop violent, sexist, party swill, that gives new meaning to shock value. My favorite part of the Dwarves package is the album cover, exposing the most graphic combo of blood, flesh and pubic hair this side of Big Black's Headache, with a tiny sticker next to the photo "Warning! contains nudity." Exploitation at its finest.

(Sup Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Steve

BOB DYLAN-*Oh Mercy*

Even my mom thought this sounded pretty pop oriented. There's certainly none of the Bob Dylan folk propaganda I was hoping for, but not really expecting. The lyrics supply no long stories about strange people like Captain Ahab. No really brilliant insights into the human condition, or long involved poetic lyrics are found here. If this wasn't a Dylan album I might say it showed great promise, but needed more of the early Dylan fire. This ain't another "Bringing It All Back Home," and he's certainly not the anarchist portrayed in the movie "Don't Look Back." Cocky has nothing to do with him anymore. Instead, this is the mature Dylan. He gives us a varied rock sound with nice instrumentation from Dobro, to southern guitar twang and piano. All is well played and done with care. Lyric wise the master of words is restrained, more reflective and worried about different concerns. This is the direction Dylan's been going in for a long time, so it's no surprise. His vocals are as smooth as I've ever heard them. The material here is quite listenable and even says a few things, but the decent sounding rock of "Oh Mercy," I'll probably relegate to background music: not really what Dylan became famous for.

(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd St. / New York,

NY 10019)---Thomas

EFFIGIES-Remains Nonviewable

The Effigies are one of those great Chicago bands that somehow never get the respect they deserve, especially here on the West Coast. I mean, how can a band this great, after touring here several times and producing a shitload of A-1 material, still play a club like Raji's to about three people? I thought you folks were a little hipper than that.

The paradox of a great band's getting little attention is not the only one brought to mind. This compilation of hits highlights the Effigies' ability to combine excellent lyrics with melodically entrancing, and brutal playing. The Effigies contrast the best of punk rawness with the dark grooving of post-punk. The Effigies lyrics are poetic, intellectual, populist and common sense. This Effigies retrospective is a disc to obtain right away or sooner.

(Roadkill Records / P.O. Box 37 / Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0037)---Thomas

ELECTRIC LOVE MUFFIN-Second Third Time Around

Stupid band name, so-so record. It attempts to cover too many genres (punk, country, pop) for the listener to get a grasp on any one. I like my records diverse, but I also like to play a record all the way through. I wouldn't do that with this one. I'd skip the countrified "Under Candy Bridge," and I'd skip the lame cover of "Get Ready," for example. "My Right, Your Left" and "Another Please" are pretty decent, but there's nothing inherently special about them. Ever notice how mediocre songs sound better when sandwiched in with garbage? I'm not calling this stuff garbage, mind you, but the same principle applies. "What We Talk About" sounds like the Meat Puppets, circa "Up On the Sun," and thus gets the nod as this record's best offering. Maybe if I'd reviewed this record as one the first of the fifty or so I did for this issue, instead of one of the last, I'd like it more. The world will never know.

(Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, N.J. 07088)---Richard

ELEVENTH DREAM DAY-Wayne

Sometimes good things really do come in small packages. What a surprise to find an excellent band after wading through the hordes of mediocre and just plain bad piles of tapes. They have the raw edge of punk and the rhythm of rock tied together by the sound of southern guitar. This band resembles the early "Gun Club" minus the drug hell-bent life. Some of you all might think this band is a bit passe, however they seem to fill a needed niche in the music scene. What a find!

(Amoeba Records / 5337 La Cresta Court / Los Angeles, CA 90038)---Jane Good

ELEVENTH DREAM DAY-Wayne

Chicago's E.D.D. return with another

good record. "Go" is an alternative jukebox hit, "Southern Pacific" is a good cover of the Neil Young song, but the best is "Tenth Leav- ing Train" which, while a bit long, chugs ahead in best Velvets style. The next album should be hot.

(Amoeba Records / 5337 La Cresta Court / Los Angeles, CA 90038)---Mark

EN GARDE-Reargarde Magazine Presents Fourteen Montreal Bands

The first side starts off promising, but things slow after that. The Groovy Aardvark smashes the champagne bottle on the bow to launch the "En Garde" compilation. They have a fast speedmetal attack that jumps to hyper speed and ducks down once in a while for a couple power riffs. Next up are the Im- famous Basturds. Their song, "Bite," is pret- ty good fast hardcore. Next up is the obvious album hit "Left Behind" by the Asexuals. It's another Replacements style rocker with those Paul Westerberg type vocals. "Left Be- hind" is a love song about music. Next up are Three O'Clock Train. Their tune is about what you'd guess from the name, sort of Rank n' File country punk, which is decent if unspectacular. On the second side there is Deja Voodoo. Their minimal dirgy number, "Graveyard Shift" is kind of interesting. The rest of the stuff is pretty mediocre. If you like the Replacements' rock or speed metal you might be pleased enough by the Asexuals and Groovy Aardvark to warrant a purchase. Otherwise it's pretty slim pickings here, un- less you'd like to support the Montreal scene and Reargarde Magazine. It's always nice to support a fanzine.

(Cargo Records / 747A Guy St. / Montreal, Quebec / CANADA H3J 1T6)---Thomas

FAITH NO MORE-The Real Thing

I really like Faith No More. This album is more than a year old, so to review it, I gave it another close listen and I got the same feel- ing I got when I first listened to it. I don't think it's as good as "Introduce Yourself." It just doesn't have the lasting power, although there are some extremely satisfying mo- ments like the title track, "Underwater Love" and "Morning After" are really solid songs, that are on par with their last L.P.. It's the diversity and flexibility, that Faith No More, and their supporters are so proud of which brings this album down: the very commer- cial "Falling To Pieces" and "Edge of the World," even the big hit "Epic," sometimes wander into typical pop rock, top 40 territory and that, in my eyes is a sin. New vocalist Mike Patton is obviously a better overall singer than Chuck Mosely, but I found myself missing Chuck's attitude. His grunting and howling style was what made FNM unique and different. They still retain those qualities, but in a more commercial way. That said, "The Real Thing" is still better than most albums released last year, and when you compare FNM to the acts that they share MTV screens and Billboard Charts with, well, then they're almost Gods.

(Slash Records / P.O. Box 48888 / L.A., CA

90048)---Bob

THE FARMERS-Flames of Love

Good one. The Farmers play a simple trio type rock, clean guitar with traces of cow- punk present. It reminds me of early Meat Puppets, only not as hokey. A more contem- porary point of reference would be Field Trip- both bands are similar. The record has a nice clean production, not overdone. The tracks "Green Pontiac" and "Jennifer" are catchy pop tunes and fairly typical of the Farmers' sound. I also liked "Train Song", a bluesy change of pace. This is the first I've ever heard of Pravda Records--I like it. Check out the Farmers for quality no- frills rock and roll.

(*)---Richard

THE FARTZ-You, We See You Crawl- ing

Early 80's hardcore blazed its way to notoriety with firestorm attacks. It was raw, noisy, lightning fast, not too pretty, and I liked it that way. The Fartz may be dated, but their pissed & snotty vocals, and sloppy bash n' pound methods have a certain charm recalling that period of punk rejuvena- tion known as hardcore. The best songs here, "Is This the Way" and "Death Mer- chants," are probably as good as anything they previously released. Still, the charm is limited. The Fartz were never at the top of the national musical heap, despite some flashes of nice bubbly bass, steel encased melodies, and displays of boundless energy. (Empty / P.O. Box 12034 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Thomas

FEEDTIME-Suction

Perhaps the band that most closely ap- proximates, with music, the act of slicing raw onions for hours on end. Simple pop ditties and less subtle concussions of pure bass energy are encapsulated in an atmosphere of Aussie miasma. Sadly, their last album ever touches but few Americans. (Rough Trade)---Brian

FIDELITY JONES-Pitdown Lad

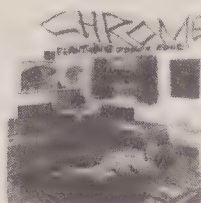
Choppy guitar, power metal, piercing solos, speedmetal, quirky almost industrial parts, funk bass parts, jazz, rap, hardcore, soul, Frank Zappa, and 70's style Hendrix metal are skillfully combined to back Tomas S. Jones' hip-cool revolutionary beatnik vocal phrasing. The result is the Fidelity Jones musical blend. I can appreciate the cynicism, despair, and thought in the lyrics, such as on "Where Are We Now," (an excel- lent question) but while the mix certainly has its highpoints, the stylized blend often jumps to another gear as soon as I get interested. Maybe the heavy 70's metal influences are what keep me from getting fully into "Pitdown Lad." That as may be, it stuns me the way Mr. Jones and his fellow mates can translate concern and concentrate energies to fuel this musical beast.

(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. N.W. /

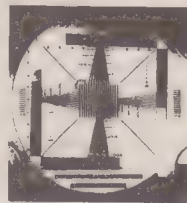
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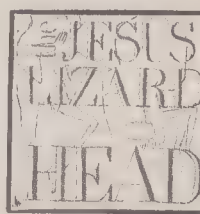
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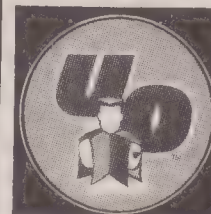
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MEATMEN-"CRIPPLED CHILDREN SUCK" LP (also contains
outtakes and live material)
MEATMEN-"STUD POWER COCK: THE TOUCH AND GO YEARS"
CD release only (contains "WE'RE THE MEATMEN" ... LP and
the "CRIPPLED CHILDREN SUCK" LP)

Washington, D.C. 20007)---Thomas

FIELD TRIP-Headgear

There's been a whole lot of shitty thrash bands coming out of San Francisco lately. So, it's refreshing to hear Fieldtrip's new album. This gives me hope for the Northern California scene (they hail from Pleasanton!) "Headgear" sometimes reminds me of Husker Du ("Warehouse Songs"), but with a weird country kind of cow punk feel. All the songs have a real strong groove to them that you can latch on to. If people start paying attention to Fieldtrip they might even become-STARs!--ugh! They have that kind of appeal. I love the songs "Way Back" and "Swallow the Sun". There's some cool piano on the song "Thirteen". Probably everybody could like this. It's a great album from a really good band that can only get better. Go out and buy this and enjoy.
(Slash Records / P.O. Box 4888 / Los Angeles, CA 90048)---Robert Rangel

FIREPARTY-New Orleans Opera

These D.C. scenesters still haven't found that awesome groove I was expecting them to have obtained. Most of the music plods along with harsh sounds and dark textures. Since several leading post punk bands have raised this kind of dissonance to a high art form, numerous others have followed the same path without the explosiveness. I'm beginning to tire of this din. Give me some

good old power riffing and melodic hooks. Even without many hooks, there are once again moments here, moments that blow the doors off my car. These moments are due to Amy Pickering's strong, if often uneven, vocals and some weaving musical passages which create high tension textures such as on the "Prisoner." I only wish they could put these moments together through a whole album.
(3819 Beecher St. N.W. / Washington, D.C. 20007)---Thomas

FLOUR-LUV713

Flour is a one-man act, but you won't find him down on the boardwalk playing various percussion instruments and acoustic guitar. Instead, you'll find him in some basement studio at 5:00 in the morning laying down "just one more track." Undeniably, countless hours must have been spent in the studio putting this one together. It's slick, produced and at times melodic, but it's got that edge coming from his background in Riflesport and Breaking Circus. It seems to be a part of the trend of Chicago musicians, spear-headed by Wax Trax, to churn out these monolithic studio monsters that can't be performed live (is there a lack of venues to play there?). Anyhow, the album is eclectic and well performed, making it a well rounded release from the Windy City.
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago,

IL 60625)---Ant

FLUID-Roadmouth

This album starts out with one of the best pure punk songs I've heard in a long time-I'm no expert, but I know what I like. "Hooked" is frantic, tight and fairly bursting with power. Alas, the rest of this album from the Denver quintet (their third release) isn't quite up to the same level. The songs tend to drift from near-punk to metal and even to a mainstream Whitesnake-type rock on such songs as "Fools Rule". A fellow reviewer-who knows about such things compared their sound to Danzig. Production on this record is excellent, and each track is well executed. I think the Fluid could probably pursue several different directions and be successful. Metalheads will like this album, and punk fans may like it, but it doesn't really seem to be designed for the latter. The Fluid are a strong, polished rock outfit, and "Roadmouth" is a good-if slightly inconsistent album. Besides, any band that cites Harlan Ellison when describing their writing style is O.K. with me.

(SUB POP / 1932 1st Ave., #1103 / Seattle, WA 98101)---Richard R.

FOETUS Inc.-Sink

Jim Thirwell, aka Clint Ruin. Jim Foetus et al, Chairman of the Board of Foetus Inc., pulls together material from his last five Foetus EPs and assorted unreleased sound

bites to compile this mega two album assault. "Sink" supplies ample evidence of the Foetus empire, revealing a prolific and eclectic catalog of psychosis, disturbances, iconoclastic angst and whatever else you can think of as an anthem for a decaying universe. Entropy aside, this is a must for pseudo collectors who want to have everything but can't afford it. If you missed out, here it is in naked and unadulterated hell. File it in the "mad genius" section, somewhere between Tom Waits and Helios Creed. (Wax Trax Records / 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)--- Ant

FREAK WATER-Freak Water

"Featuring Janet from Eleventh Dream Day," proclaims this record. The other half of Freakwater is Cathy Irwin, and what this record is, is Country, with a capital "C". I don't mean Meat Puppets-type cowpunk, I mean Nashville chicken-pickin' country. Much pedal steel guitar and the like. I'm not a country fan, so I can't render an opinion on this record. It's probably safe to say that most Ink Disease readers won't care for this. That's not to say it's not good. It might be, I just don't know.

(Armoeba Records / 5337 La Cresta Court / Los Angeles, CA 90038)--- Richard

FRIGHTWIG-Phone Sexy

The first time I saw Frightwig, or rather didn't see them, was at an old brewery in downtown L.A. Instead of spending three bucks to see the band play, I stayed outside and ate chili-cheese fries. Not that I didn't lust after these rock Goddesses the first time I saw them unloading their van, or that I wasn't egged on enough by Brian and Steve. Those two did try, but they were in some primal trance over this S.F. band, waiting for the first chance to grab some heavy equipment and move it, but somehow I missed out. The next time I actually saw Frightwig was at Raji's several years later. I went down there with Al, not expecting much, but Frightwig blew me away. Their sound was big and had monster like catchy debris, stuff that was so ripe it just fell off and you could pick it up and be in heaven. They were dressed in the most overblown obnoxious rock gear this century has seen; blue velvet with spikes sewn on, and zippers and denim and feathers, and shit was I impressed. Well, recently I saw them again at the 2nd Coming, after almost getting shot just two blocks down the street (but that's another story). This time they were alright, but it was not the experience that made me a fan that night at Raji's. Now I get to hear my first Frightwig album, and it starts out slow and stays slow, but it grows on you like fungus on your toes. They dirge and rock well with a musical and lyrical style that is both a satire and a tribute to the male dominated rock culture. Sometimes they screech and sometimes they sing, the latter on "I Support You." Their pace is weighted down as if crawling out of a sludged filled cesspool. They do a slow wah wah that would make Stooges period "I Wanna Be Your Dog" proud. With a new

drummer and the loss of one of their guitar players, Frightwig are down to a bare bones trio, but they have a total package to offer. Piece by piece it's not so impressive, but together it's quite a deal. These six slow punch songs, include one Shonen Knife cover, and one very short bit, but the other four are pretty much the new Frightwig sound. With Frightwig it's a wild world. (Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)---Thomas

FRONT 242-Front By Front

Of all the audio being excreted under the banner of that most cancerous albatross of a sub-genre: "Industrial Dance" (of which Wax Trax are the most pointless product pumper-outers) Front 242 work their share of cruddy noodling, but come up with some actual "songs," featuring nice interplay between lead and backup vocals. "Circling Overland" has a nice decadent Specimenish feeling to it, and their big hit "Headhunter" wets my loins too.

(Wax Trax Records / 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)--- Narod Drol

FUGAZI-Repeater

At first listen I was unconvinced. "Repeater" shows Fugazi's progression to a tighter more powerful, but also a slower sound that often feels at odds with itself. There's either a restrained feel or a hard to listen din on most of the cuts, but after a while I was once again a believer. Somehow time makes all the dischordant elements jell, often almost perfectly like on "Turnover." "Repeater," "Merchandise," "Reprovisional" and "Blueprint". These songs are right up there with the best Fugazi material ever. "Repeater" has emotion, social consciousness, and an edgy extreme noise that is executed with precision. Elements which seem to go together none too well meet with a violent scraping, smolder, and ignite. Fugazi has become a leader in the rock vanguard of the 90's, something like Wire and Gang of Four were in the early eighties and Big Black in the late eighties. Yet still retained are some of the best characteristics of hardcore, like bursts of ferocious power and surging riffs.

(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. N.W. / Washington, D.C. 20007)---Thomas

THE FUNSEEKERS-Frenzifying

Guitar-driven retro-beatsters from Minnesota, The Funseekers have, miraculous to relate, come up with some decent originals. I have to admit I prefer the raw punkers to the pseudo Mersey efforts (which in any case tend to get flubbed vocally) but The Funseekers do a good job all around. The best cut's "Night Train to Cheyenne," a superb, atmospheric instrumental.

(Treehouse Records / P.O. Box 80037 / Minneapolis, MN 55408)--- Les

G.B.H.-Diplomatic Immunity

This is either a greatest hits collection, or a money making, cash-in-on-the-past

vehicle for Clay records. Come to think of it, those are pretty much the same thing. Either way, if you're a GBH fan this is a good L.P. with all the faves: "Give Me Fire," "Catch 23," "City Baby..." "Slut," "Generals," "Necros" and so on. There are 21 songs altogether. I've always like GBH's style of fast-English-metal-punk with the screeching vocals. In fact, I was once in a band who did all GBH covers. This album is a pretty good chronicle of one of the oldest surviving punk bands.

(Clay Records / 12 Thayer St. / London W1M 6AU)---Bob

THE GENETIC TERRORISTS-"Machine Gun" b/w "TGT" 12"

The rumor going around is that these "Terrorists" are actually Chris, Cosey, and possibly Sleazy, all from Throbbing Gristle. The song "TGT" does sample from T.G. new-wave hits like "United" and "Discipline." Plus the whole thing has a Chris and Coseyish type of sound. But, this could all be a hoax perpetrated by the spuds at Wax Trax who, as is becoming more and more painfully obvious, have too much free time on their hands.

(Wax Trax Records / 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)--- Narod Drol

GIANT SAND-Long Stem Rant

It's very rare that a band starts out conventional and somehow ends up a radical experiment. Meet Giant Sand. These Arizona natives released their unimpressive debut a couple of years ago, revealing an Enigma style of boring alternative music. Thus, I was truly surprised by Long Stem Rant. Gone are the pretenses of college radio. Instead we find an assortment of styles, ranging from Tom Waits to early King Crimson, from ruckus AC/DC parody to melodic distorted blues and country.

Intelligently written, produced and performed, this album proves to be a secret masterpiece, performed by two guys on a couple of cheap guitars and an old drum set. Check this one out, this is definitely one of my picks for the month.

(Homestead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Ant

GOD BULLIES-Dog Show

I always wondered about bands whose sole existence is to be a reaction to Christianity, such as Christian Death. As far as I'm concerned, it's still the same game, good vs. evil. If you choose the opposing side, it's still the same game. Anyhow, "Dog Show," as you might have guessed by now, is a series of songs obsessed with either religion or death (the source of religion). The opening cut, "Let's Go to Hell," is outright stupid, reminding me of the Misfits (no offense Misfits fans, but don't believe the hype). But as we get into the album, there are a lot of interesting sound collages and instrumentals. "2 + 2" is particularly good. Thankfully, there are enough contradictions and idiosyncrasies to make this a worthwhile

album.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Ant

THE GOREHOUNDS-*Semtex*

These Dubliners have been compared to The Jesus And Mary Chain, but their trashgrinding approach owes just as much to The Cramps, especially on the unremittingly hellish version of "Ruby (i.e., 'Don't Take Your Love to Town') and on the mindless "Gimme, Gimme, Gimme" -- the latter, a one-chord thrasher interpolating a couple of excursions into Count Five style freakoutism. As for the lyrics, the socio-political diatribes of "The General" and "Hall of Imbeciles" aren't any more trite than those you'd find on your average metal album, but "Eyeball Soup" isn't bad as a satire on religion and corporate capitalism. Still, I get the impression that the band's forced itself into territory it's uncomfortable with. The most memorable original, the anomalous "Ten Pairs of Shoes," which could as well be The Buzzcocks with its punk/pop drive and its heart-on-the-sleeve poetry, shows what The Gorehounds might try doing instead.

(Big Chief Records / 611 Broadway, #907E / N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012)--- Les

HALF JAPANESE-The Band That Would Be King

Could it be that Jad Fair is the Neil Young of the Apocalypse? Musically there is little comparison, but in terms of volume, eccentricity, diversity and rapid stylistic changes, one can see an artistic equivalent. Like Young, Half-Japanese is too prolific to monitor nor keep a bearing on, so it would be difficult to compare this to past recordings. It can be said, however, that this record resembles actual music in the pop mode more than anything else I've heard from Jad Fair and Co. The Shimmy crowd are present for the recording, with Kramer and Don Fleming leading the attack. You can expect the usual absurdities ("Ventriloquism Made Easy," "Bingo's Not His Name-O," "Deadly Alien Spawn," "Curse of the Doll People") and guerrilla attacks on conventional pop ideals ("Lucky Star," "Daytona Beach," "My Bucket's Got Hole In It"). Special appearances made by Fred Frith and John Zorn highlight a few songs, and you get 30 short but sweet tunes to sample.

(50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Watts Records / 5721 S.E. Laguna Ave. / Stuart, Florida 34997-7828)---Ant

ED HALL-Love Spoken Here

After reviewing thousands of records, it becomes difficult to find the strength to review yet another offering from the Plastic Vinyl Gods. But I had little choice. Two albums popped in from Boner. Steel Pole Bath Tub's "Lurch" and Ed Hall's "Love Spoken Here." Both were so riveting, I dredged up enough energy to do "two more, but no more, man, I'm burnt." Now to the music. Yes, it's kinda' weird, but that's how I like it. Their art school roots shouldn't act as a disclaimer, but merely warn us that a few cur-

ves will be thrown when you expect a fast ball (how's that for a little "boy's club" talk). Anyhow, rather than analyze the album song by song, let's indulge in some of the many divergent tasty sound bites that are found here. A couple of tunes drive down that Texas country/blues axes, ala the Butthole Surfers' "Gary Floyd" groove. Other songs have a '60s garage psychedelic silliness, infused with a sense of melody and harmony. As for the curve balls, they're unique, as they



should be, leaving it up to your poetic imagination to decipher. By the way, did I mention punk rock? Not hardcore, but some of that good ol' zany nihilism? It's here, although buried under their "post-punk" sensibilities and excellent musicianship. Not bad for a bunch of Lone Star wannabe loners (What? Ok, no more reviews, I promise).

(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702-0081)---Ant

THE HANGMANS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS-The Hangmans Beautiful Daughters

The singer of this band has a great voice that I would compare to only the most robust of female vocalists...I'm talking Johnette Napolitano, Chrissie Hynde, Ann Sheridan. Meanwhile the folks behind her are more than competent at their jobs: they're downright GOOD. But her voice is outstanding. The song "Just Call Me Jack" is a jolly good pop song with currents of nastiness swirling beneath. It's the sort of thing you'd like to play over and over. The band has just a little bit of a '60s "psychedelic" sound. Emphasis on "little," please. They aren't some Pandoras type of recycled "garage punk," they are people stuck in the present. And aren't we all?

(Vox Records / P.O. Box 7112 / Burbank, CA 91510)---Brian

HARD-ONS-Love Is A Battlefield of Wounded Hearts

The Hard-Ons, who originally sounded to me like Australia's Ramones on their first L.P., have come into their own with the "Dick-cheese" L.P. and now this one. Although I prefer their earlier material, their new stuff is still as infectious. In fact they now sound a bit more like the Goo Goo Dolls to a certain degree. The only problem I have with them

is their inconsistency in going back and forth from speed metal to power pop. Don't get me wrong, they do both well. However, I think they shine best with their ballsy pop. Anyway, they're fast, they crank, and they're probably nice guys. My favorite songs on this one are "Rejected," "Do It With You" and "Throw It In."

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Rod

HARRY CREWS-Naked In the Garden Hills

Two of Babylon's bitchenest rockettes and a third unknown (to me, at least) team up for an amazing collaboration called Harry Crews, named after a relatively unknown Southern writer. Kim Gordon, Lydia Lunch and Sadie Mae got together over a year ago to write songs based on Crews' novels and then toured Europe for a month to promote Crews' writing and the value of reading books. This recording is the only document of their trip available to the public.

In addition to Sonic Youth's "She's in a Bad Mood" and Teenage Jesus' "Orphans," the listener is treated (or is assaulted a better word?) to a live recording that includes a "best of" Lydia's one liners and insults. This document is a must for fans of Gordon and Lunch (great name for a law firm) not only for the rare collaboration, but for the sheer intensity of the music. "Gospel Singer" typifies the recording with its raunchy portrayal of the sinister and unspoken violence and disasters portrayed by Crews. Musically it combines Lunch's haunting guitar and gritty vocals with Gordon's raw, driving bass. Unfortunately this project was a one-time only event, so those of us not on the Euro-New York axis have only this record as evidence. I encourage you to buy the record and send letters to the record company to release a video.

(Dutch East)---Ant

THEE HEADCOATES-The Earls of Suavedom

Spiritual heirs to The Downliners Sect, Thee Headcoates are members of such British bands as The Milkshakes and The Prime Movers, connoisseurs of and specialists in late 50's/early 60's American trash. They've got it down, and in between some inspired originals -- punk odes to Headcoature -- they absolutely shred on a couple of Chuck Berry songs and on instrumentals like "Poka Hontas" and Link Wray's "Branded." It's all somewhere between authentic and irreverent, brought to you discourtesy of Crypt Records, home of The Raunch Hands and also of about a billion cheese 'n' sleaze reissues.

(Crypt Records / P.O. Box 9151 / Morristown, N.J. 07960)---Les

HELIOS CREED-The Last Laugh

Thankfully, the man uses layers of electronic effects on his guitar and voice to make sounds like you've never heard before... unless you're acquainted with his

previous works. He's an amazing guitarist, able to conjure up noises the likes of which Hendrix barely scraped the surface. And like everything else I've heard from the mind and fingers of Helios Creed, this indeed sounds like some sort of "alien soundtrack." The drums are a bit too heavy, though. Chrome's drums always sounded thin and cheap, and I like that. This would be great music to sit around and ponder the composition of the physical universe, if I were into such things. I am, though, quite happy to simply enjoy this in my otherwise droll, everyday painful human existence.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Brian

HICKOIDS-Waltz A Crossdress Texas

This record was warped when I got it, no surprise there. Dedicated to the man who said "if all music was this good, I'd quit smoking angel dust." This is another jumpin' record from the boys and the best cuts are "Queen of The Bar-B-Q" and "Git Back In The Truck" and that's all I gotta say coz I'm outta here.

(Toxic Shock Records / Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85753)---Mark

ROBYN HITCHCOCK-Eye

Some guys you think of as singers. Some you think of as guitarists. But the ones that deserve the most respect are the songwriters. Some guys' names are synonymous with songwriting. I'm talking D.Bowie, E.Costello, and I'm talking R.Hitchcock. This LP of Robyn playing his songs on acoustic guitar only increases my admiration for the guy. People for the most part just can't write good pop songs anymore. Robyn's been doing it for ages with no sign of letting up. When you talk about being "moved" by seeing some musical act, this is the kind of person who's going to be doing the "movin'." Here you're talking prolific and profound in the same breath. What a guy.

(Twin Tone / A&M)---Brian

HOLLOW HEYDAY-Abandoned

Not much to hang one's hat on here. I'm afraid. A variety of post-punk approaches point to a lack of direction and can't hide the fact that these are 8 very average songs.

(Tantrum Records / P.O. Box 657 / Cambridge, MA 02238) ---Mark

HOLY ROLLERS-As Is

As Dischord continues to draw new bands into their fold, the results begin to vary. While variety abounds, so does unevenness. Dischord has also begun to lose their distinctive sound as bands stylistically fan out. The Holy Rollers have some of the edgy guitar work Fugazi use, but they also add rock grunge, acoustic strumming, and sixties influences. "Head On" is an excellent song with another sound, catchy quirkiness, which reminds me of a Texas band called Glass Eye. "Machine" has the Fugazi-like dissonant guitar. "Dahlia" really rocks out at points, but has some nice quiet moments as

well. A lot of stuff doesn't mesh here. This is true for the sound of songs like "Eleventy" and "Sacred Minds." Also, the lyrics too "Ode to Sabine County" really annoy me in the way they're fitted casually to 12 days of Christmas. The contrast seems to light for such a heavy subject. Still, when they're on, you don't want to miss it. Besides "Machine," and "Dahlia," "We," "Opus," "Poison Lung" and "Everlast"--all are memorable. "As Is" is just another out of step progression in the Dischord line.

(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. N.W. / Washington, D.C. 20007)---Thomas

HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES-Heat Miser

The house that this midwest power metal trio (H.O.L.S.) built was a good strong house. Although 70's metal is not my favorite style, the construction here is extremely solid and the finer points so well done that I couldn't help but like the end result upon closer inspection. Heavy construction and catchy riffs abound. H.O.L.S. keep things from going stale with snarling guitars that lash out at you, then give way to softer choppy riffs like Firehose, which, in turn, are replaced by funk bass parts. Soft to hard they cover a lot of territory with their rocking solid foundation. The vocals are sometimes like Ed Fromohio, but they really stick with a character and spunk of their own. A slower B.O.C. feel is hinted at with "Big Bag of Dope," reminding me a little of "Days of May." "A Tower Bends" is a great song with bass and guitar lines running in criss cross patterns that rise and fall. Sure there's some low points like the unnecessary cover of "Half Breed," but there's enough on "Heat Miser" to get a loud "Oh Yeah!" from me.

(Toxic Shock / Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Thomas

THEE HYPNOTICS-Louder Than God

How about Thee Hypnotics, 'cause that's about all you get on "Louder Than God." If I want to hear an Iggy clone band, I'll just play the original, it's far better, and it doesn't claim prominence over supernatural forces. Their song "Revolution Stone" represents the kind of three chord retrograde dribble you'll get on this album: endless fuzz-bass and wah-guitar. I'm so bored of this Blue Cheer rehash. I thought when the Sixties ended, we got over taking too much acid and turning up the amps so blistering loud that any shitty guitar player could play noise and pass it off as "heavy shit." Well, down the toilet with this load.

(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Ant

IGNITION-The Orafyng Mysticle of...

Ignition is one the very few bands to keep up with Fugazi. They are a group who reach for more, and it makes a difference. Like his brother Ian, Alec MacKaye is not only a singer but a man with a magnetic presence. Not that he's technically brilliant, but if he

lacks anything in perfection, personality overshadows it. The personality takes the form of "I mean man" inner intensity which pours out of the grooves and flows down the side of your turn table. It's a reach deep voice. The industrial, pop, post-core mix of Ignition is damn good as well. More restrained and confident than Alec's vocals the music explores new territory cautiously, but dedicatedly, never forgetting to add a few hooks or change textures. At times the sounds recall Rites of Spring's gut feeling, the Faith's hardcore song structures, and Fugazi's dark grating guitar or bright melodic ringing notes. While these comparisons give some idea of the band's style, Ignition stands on its own. Even when they're a bit off, you have the feeling they're only clipping the highway's shoulder and certainly headed in the right direction.

(Dischord / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington D.C. 20007)---Thomas

IN THE NURSERY-Counterpoint

In The Nursery was an offspring of 4 A.D.'s miraculous blossoming in the mid-eighties and under this aegis, I tried many times to appreciate their sound. Unfortunately, I could never quite get past their painfully effete, young-boys-in-the-military-uniforms veneer. The band has had its moments though, and with "Counterpoint", can be heard in all its uneven glory. This collection of tunes culled from out-of-print singles '85-'87 has some genuinely haunting and hard-edged moments ("Twins", and "Sentient"), some affected pseudo-intellectual stinkers ("Libertaire" - can you believe? - church organ and a serious gal disclaiming in French), and a few muddy drum machine slumber fests. But you can make up your own mind. There's enough here to love and/or hate for just about anyone. You know, having an open mind relieves unsightly brain swelling. Repeat ten times and then put the needle in the groove.

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)--- Jessica

IN THE NURSERY-L'Esprit

Sorry Pink Boy, no drum machine here.... In the Nursery mine for gold in the Post-Industrial, Neo-Classical vein. "L'Esprit" has all of Laibach's pompous splendor, but replaces the Slavs' abrasion with moments of subdued warm Sunday afternoon feeling, ala Dream Academy and Durutti Column. Powerful symphonic orchestrations and choral arrangements abound. Music for ocean voyages and hikes through the Bavarian Alps, this one gets a regal thumbs up.

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)--- Narod Drol

JASON RAWHEAD-Jason Rawhead

Don't be misled by the evocative name, but if you like clumsy Belgian hard rock trios who aspire to urgency yet sound like doo-doo, then this is a mini-album to be added to your collection the very minute it's de-ac-

cessioned from mine.
(61 East Road / Stratford / London, E15 3QS,
ENGLAND)---Les

JAWBREAKER-*Unfun*

A strong underground buzz has been following this band, especially on the West side of town. Live they're supposed to be really good, but this L.A. band rarely plays here. In fact a lot of people in L.A. don't know anything about them. Racism, heartache, and love are some of the subjects Jawbreaker tackle while making a new niche in the growing pop-core genre. The guitar parts are very melodic and distorted. The usual All type comparisons apply and make good sense, but some Replacements, Husker Du, Embrace, Rites of Spring and Minor Threat comparisons also worm their way into the mix. They wear their heartache on their sleeves in the opening cut "I Want," and it may make you feel like crying. Setting Jawbreaker apart from this genre are some unusual vocals. The whiney and raspy voice of Blake Schwarzenbach reminds me of a cross between a frog in the throat and the Nip Drivers' Mike Webber. I love the combo. It's a well done job. I can't wait to catch them live.

(Shredder / 181 Shipley St. / S.F., CA 94107)---Thomas

JERRY'S KIDS-*Kill Kill Kill*

The kids are back, and they've come to play. This record is worth it alone for the ripping punk/surf classic "Spymaster," a cover of Boston's little known '78 punk band La-Peste. The press release aptly describes Jerry's Kids as "manic and furious," with a crackling distortion filled "wall of guitars" sound. They were and are one of only a handful of bands who can pull off playing 600 mph without falling apart, and that is one surprise I can always appreciate. Crushing metal and blistering riffs make the Bad Brains and Metallica comparisons seem not so far off. At times their themes are little on the base side, and the music too metal/rock oriented for my H.C./punk rock aesthetic. However, there's more than enough fast and powerful tune-age for these kids to gleefully rip your face off. You'll be bloody happy they did.

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Thomas

JOE JACKSON-*Blaze of Glory*

Once merely a poor man's E.Costello, Joe Jackson found fiscal success by playing many different musical styles. He's to the point now that these many styles will appear on just one album. Consequently, I don't like most of the songs on this record. It suffers horribly from being over-produced to the point of not sounding like human beings. And the bottom end got lost in the mixing room. Two songs that do stand out, though, are "Rant and Rave" and "Evil Empire," which somehow lambasts the Reaganistic political outlook without being patronizing.

(A&M Records / P.O. Box 118 / Hollywood,

CA 90078)---Brian

THE JESUS LIZARD-*Pure*

To a person such as myself proudly tapped forever into the mainstream American culture of baseball, hot dogs, "Leave It to Beaver" reruns and Lance Kerwin's "James at 15" philosophy, the Jesus Lizard provides an outlet for anti-social urges. The Jesus Lizard is an adequate countermeasure to my blissfully normal roots. I can "let my hair down" and torture my gerbils for a change. Not unlike a session of EST screaming, I, like the "Man with the Golden Arm," lock myself in my room and tell my roommates to leave me alone in spite of anything they might hear coming from within my room. Then, and only then, does the Jesus Lizard record go on the turntable. (Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brian

THE JESUS LIZARD-*Head*

Better than Scratch Acid, Big Black, or any other faggy band to come before The Jesus Lizard. An entire album of music for people who once had a crush on Melissa Sue Anderson, and who had to cope when she gained too much weight. "HEY SHITMOUTH I love you HEY SHITMOUTH ... Taste your buttery muffin ... WHEN YOU TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS THE WHOLE WORLD SMILES AND IT'S A JOYOUS OCCASION..." (Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brian

KASSAV-*Majestikzouk*

Zouk is cool music, and I have to admit that I'm not knowl edgeable of the subtle differences between some Caribbean world music and Eastern African styles, so I'm sure some ethnomusicolo gist out there could blow my review to shit. But, nonetheless, what I can say is it's party music with lots of poly-rhythms, which sums up about two thirds of the world's music.

(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York, NY 10019)---Ant

KILLDOZER-*Twelve Point Buck*

I was never big on Killdozer. I think it was their cover of "Sweet Home Alabama" that really set me off. I don't care how tongue in cheek you are, that song sucks so bad it should be boycotted by every good ol' boy in 'merica. "Twelve Point Buck," a "dedication to deer hunting" has dispelled any preconceived belief I had that these boys don't give a fuck. Musically, they do, and it's proven on this here platter. In Killdozer fashion, the vocals and lyrics are raunchy, the bass is slow and heavy, drums are sparse and strong, guitar is forceful and minimalist. Buried underneath the male aggressiveness of the music is a decent sense of musical composition. The opening cut, "New Pants and Shirt" incorporates some bluesy acoustic guitar that helps texture an excellent song. The rest of the album goes off in Swans styled pulsating machine metal grunge. My only hope is that bassist Michael Gerald doesn't get throat cancer from

screaming so much.

(Touch and Go / Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Ant

KING SNAKE ROOST-*From Barbarism to Christian Manhood*

See Brian's review in issue # 13.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records c/o Twin Tone 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)

KING SNAKE ROOST-*Things That Play Themselves*

They are the kings of Australian noise. They are probably the most uncommercial band on the planet. You may never hear King Snake Roost on the radio. What a testament to nobility! From "Trogman's Buried": "He showed my Ma his circumcision scars/And then he drowned in his own blood..." Not noise for the sake of noise (how pretentious and unlovable that would be), but actual songs beneath the ruckus. Yip yip yahoo...

(Amphetamine Reptile Records c/o Twin Tone 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. /Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Brian

KING SNAKE ROOST-*Ground Into the Dirt*

Head line reads, "Macho noise mongers from Australia play big mean sound with minimal lyrics." The vocals are overblown and demonic, kind of juicy. The guitar can get really wild. I guess this is something the Buttholes would play if they really wanted to kick your butt. Or maybe this is more like Black Flag taken one step further. "Adrenitue" crunches nicely along like a possessed truck, the 18 wheeler variety, chasing unsuspecting old men on lonely outback roads. Here's some things other zines have said about them; "Sludge monster evil murk," "atonal destruction," "noisy and disjointed," "singer more interested in popping a vein than finding one (referring to Birthday Party comparisons)," "grunge blues metal," and "rock n roll with an eye poked out." I'll just say this is on the extreme noise side straddling that line between noise and song.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records c/o Twin Tone 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Thomas

KINGS OF WYOMING-(mini L.P.)

Clocking in at just under 28 minutes, this album rivals Slayer's "Reign in Blood" as the shortest LP on my shelf. But that's about all they have in common. As their name would imply, the Kings play a very reserved, folksy rock with a lot of acoustic guitars and a real Peter, Paul and Mary feel. It's quite adequate at what it is, not trailblazing but pleasant diversion. The more open-minded Ink Diseased amongst us will find similarities to the Feelies and maybe Downy Mildew. If you think you might like it, give the Kings a listen. But make no mistake-this record offers not a hint of metal, punk, hardcore or any other such evil. It's mellow rock all the way.

Hey, even if you don't like it your parents probably will.

(Comm 3 / 438 Bedford Ave. / Brooklyn, NY 11211)---Richard R.

KNIFEDANCE-*Wolf Hour*

Basically generic heavy metal is what we've got here. It's not fast enough to qualify as speed metal, it's not punk, it's really not enough of anything to leave an impression. It's competent, and the production is good, it's just nothing special. Knifedance sounds a little like Coffin Break (a band they thank on the liner, incidentally) except that Coffin Break is heavier and better. "Wolf Hour" may find an audience, but I don't know exactly where. I find it forgettable.

(Hit & Run Records / P.O. Box 44302 / Cleveland, OH 44114)---Richard

LAIBACK-*"Die Liebe/Panorama" & "Nova Akropola"* (both records)

I've been milling this over all day; What do I consider a more wonderful, beautiful, life affirming experience, listening to two Laibach lps back to back, or waiting in line an hour at the post office in order to buy stamps to pay overdue parking tickets?

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)---Steve

THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND-*"s/t" 12"*

The liner notes prepared by Touch and Go reveal a bizarre and unbelievable history of the band, which I find almost difficult to believe, so I'll present them here for your own inspection:

"The band was formed in late 1970s with the present line-up as well as guitarist Rudie May. Rudie left for England in 1981 to play with the British punk band Chelsea in their last days as a group. Rudie was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1983.

"Bass guitarist Dredge played for the Chicago band Fuse; noted today not for their one cutout bin LP for Epic, but for their guitarist Rick Nielson who later founded Cheap Trick...

"Zowie Fenderblast came to America after 'doing all I could do in France.' There he was influential in that country's 'Gays Against Violence' group that cut one single with his band Rocka late Sigh. Zowie considers his biggest accomplishment with Lee Harvey as touring Germany with Sonic Youth and his heart shaped 'Thirsty Moore' tattoo that now resides on his butt (ask him, he'll show you.)..."

So, there you have a little history. Now the music. Imagine taking all the drugs Elvis ever consumed with a shot of Yagermi ester, and then composing while hanging upside down. That's an approximation of what you get with Lee Harvey... They share the same psychic space with Helios Creed and Tim Leary, producing some mind obliterating music. Much of their sound is a mesh between drums, guitar and bass, but it remains forceful and strong. If the Butthole Surfers

played in the Seventies, it would come pretty close to this.

Uh oh, I just realized the past ten times I played this album, I've been playing it at the wrong speed (33 instead of 45). I wondered why it sounded so hypnotic. Well, try either speed, both sound great. And since it's only an EP, you can get twice the value if you play it once at each velocity.

(Touch and Go / Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Ant

LES THUGS-*Electric Trouble*

These hommes have some good songs, but they're all basically the same tune. Of course, your Frogs are more prone to resist change than most of your other cultures. But then again, your basic inoffensive simple punk rock (a matured version thereof) isn't to be scoffed at, I guess. Viva le mediocre...

(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Trudell

LETTUCE PREY-*The Six and Violence*

One way or another these guys will pull a rabbit out of their collective hat. They probably have one big one for all six members (a rabbit and a hat), or are there nineteen people here? It sounds like there's that many backing vocals and that's *very* hardcore. Mostly they play generic funny punk with brief moments which could be compared to Public Humiliation, Adrenalin O.D., the Dead Milkmen and MDC. There's a bit of everything thrown into this album, and most of it is thoroughly bad. Snippets of pop culture are scattered through the lyrics as if itchy channel changer finger was a major affliction of every band member. How about a song title like "Fascist Ice Cream." Or try a rhyming line like "If you hear an evil hiss / It's only me taking a piss." Those words of wisdom come straight from "Bursting Bladder," which includes hardcore flute (read last issue's Fugazi interview for more about HC flute). The liner notes mention acoustic and electric kazoo (and although I don't remember hearing them, I'm sure they're here). Now, I really have heard everything. A sense of humor and a willingness to try anything, no matter how ridiculous, are some of their biggest assets. An excellent record to annoy your neighbor with.

(Fist Records / 131 Ayers Ct., Suite 1A / Teaneck, NJ 07666)---Thomas

KEITH LEVENE-*Violent Opposition*

Sucks! Sorry Keith but the 60's are gone, and it's time for something new. Why bother doing an album which is half covers? I'd rather hear the original, especially when the cover is a poor mimicry rather than an original way of playing an old tune. Sorry, I'm not impressed that you play guitar just like Hendrix. This is rock n roll for those who missed it.

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale,

MA 02166)---Jane Good

LIVE SKULL-*Positraction*

I'd anticipated from this band a load of N.Y. art noise, but this particular album's surprisingly accessible. It's true that some of the songs ("Circular Saw," for example) are jarringly violent, and others are as cold as Wire, but most of the material is less atonal than eerie, its serpentine guitar figures more melodic than dissonant. And what about that jaunty blues harmonica, competing with the shriek of feedback on a song otherwise all doom 'n' desperation? The humor's creepy alright, what with singer Thalia Zedek intoning lines that could be out of Sylvia Plath: "I don't remember the surgery/Or your eyes as I went under/Did you take a little extra something/A souvenir from a special friend" ("Amputease"). Then, there's this charmer of a clarification: "I didn't want to be/Flushed out/Like a poison" ("Safe From Me.") It'll set none too many toes a-tapping, but it's good.

(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)---Les

LOST ANGELS-*Various Artists*

I enjoyed the movie. Adam Horowitz from the Beastie Boys is a surprisingly good actor, so what's he doing with Molly Ringwald? Nonetheless, the soundtrack overall is pretty representative of the film, although I think Pil's "Disappointed" would have fit in perfectly, thematically as well. There's a great song by Toni Childs-"Many Rivers To Cross," and I liked - the Soul Asylum track. The Cure's "Fascination Street" is probably the only song off their new album that could have worked in this soundtrack. "Let's Rock" by Apollo Smile reminded me of Living Colour. I also liked the Pogues and Happy Mondays songs. "Get On the Shake" by Sound Garden was awful. The band belongs on MTV making ridiculous heavy metal videos. "Self Preservation" by Raheem is a good rap song, complete with "Purple Haze" excerpts. "Love Long Gone" by the Royal Court of China sounded like something they'd play at the old Scream Club at Park Plaza. They sound a bit like Kommunity FK. Lastly, the "Lost Angeles Theme" is a peaceful, but somewhat haunting instrumental. This is a well done compilation and worth the money, especially if you don't feel like buying all of the separate albums by some of the great aforementioned bands.

(A&M Records / P.O. Box 118 / Hollywood, CA 90078)---Jennifer C.

LOVE/HATE-*Blackout in the Red Room*

This band sucks. This album sucks. The whole sex, booze, glam Hollywood scene sucks, in fact, and I wish it would crawl under a rock and die. I have no patience for a genre that mimics whatever is "hot," where the so-called "musicians" have names like Jizzy Pearl and Skid, two of this band's glitterati. Every standard riff you've ever heard is here, twice in a lot of cases. The singer (the aforementioned Jizzy) has the requisite Axl

Rose screechy voice. Songs? How about "Rock Queen," "One More Round," "Slutsy Topsy" and "Slave Girl"? And of course these idiots are on CBS, where they probably got more for signing than Firehose has made in the last five years. Besides all this, they are socially irresponsible. The song "Why Do You Think They Call It Dope?" seems to be anti-drug, but then there's "Mary Jane," about the joys of marijuana. I'm concerned about the impressionable youth that like this stuff--well, actually I'm not, but you get my point. I won't often spend this much time trashing a band, so please excuse this one indulgence. I close with a quote from Love/Hate themselves, and I'm speaking to them: "You thought you'd blow my mind / you thought you'd suck..." Well, you were half right.
(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York, NY 10019)--Richard

LUBRICATED GOAT...*Plays the Devil's Music* & *Paddock of Love* [both records]

How many ways can you harp on the pleasures of beastiality? The goat boys, consisting of four depraved Aussie bushmen, extol their love of the animal kingdom on two full length lps. These records, recorded in '86 and '87 are available for the first time stateside, which should give every lonely farm hand reason to loosen their overalls. Musically the sound that Von Spasm, Supernova, Buster Smallgoods and Prof. Sweetmeats provide is a strange array of Killdozer meets Mel Torme while strapped inside a toilet bowl. On the crude scale, these guys could give Poison Idea a run for the money.
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)--Steve

L.U.L.L.-Freakline

I don't know about you, but I find the broken English of these foreign record labels rather charming. I just thought I'd mention it. L.U.L.L. (an acronym for some German phrase whose meaning I don't know) is a heavy metal band, sounding like Steppenwolf or one of those old metal bands with a European edge. Your reaction to this record will depend on your feelings regarding the genre. L.U.L.L. really rides the line between being a throwaway retro band and being a 90's rock band with a metal tinge. Therefore, I like parts of this record more than others. Good bass playing, with some of the "slap" sound that I hate and Bob likes. Overall it's very O.K. Metalheads will like it, punkers who like some crossover stuff might appreciate this. Definite denim-and-leather stuff.
(Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106)--Richard

LURKERS-This Dirty Town

The Lurkers play mid-to-fast tempo melodic punk rock with roots firmly planted in '77. Hell, they've been around forever. Cleanly produced songs move from memorable punchy numbers with plenty of

hooks to stuff that just sort of passes by. Clash comparisons come to mind on certain songs: "By The Heart" has Mick Jones-like vocals and "Heroin It's All Over" has more of a Joe Strummer gruffness. A full booming bass sound anchors the numbers, and in general, competent musicianship keeps things moving along nicely.
(Clay Records / 12 Thayer St. / London WIM 6AU, ENGLAND)--Thomas

LYDIA LUNCH-Oral Fixation

Very very difficult to sit through this entire LONG-playing record. I suppose this stems from my deep-seated hatred for women. I'm also neurotic, you know. And I envy my penis. It has no ears.
(Dutch East India / 81 North Forest Ave. / Rockville, N.Y. 11570)--Brian

THE MAGNOLIAS-Dime Store Dream

Sorry, guys, but I don't see what the big deal is with this band. It's garage-inspired grunge, and it's been done before. The press stuff ballyhoos the fact that the Magnolias are reminiscent of Ramones-type late 70's punk. Well, I'll admit that, but for one, the Ramones never did much for me, and secondly, who in the hell cares if you sound like something that was around a decade ago? The reason it meant anything at all-if it ever did-was that it was new, and subversive. But by now it's a dead horse. Now, don't get me wrong--if you like simple, 3-chrd power stuff, you may like this. It's competent enough. But it's nothing special, and frankly, there's nothing here that I would play more than once.

(Twin/Tone Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)--Richard

MELVINS-Ozma

Do not adjust your stereo... 33 1/3 IS the correct speed for this album, although you wouldn't know it from the first song, or the second song, or any song from the Melvins' new LP. The guitar sound reminds me of a chainsaw I once heard. The only clue is the vocals which are clear. Buzz, the singer, doesn't sound like Chewbacca, which is cool, because most bands who play slow grungy death-like-Sabbath music usually have a vocalist who sounds like he chews glass. This record kind of grew on me, like an infection. It started in my foot which was tapping away, then both feet. Soon my head was bouncing back and forth and the foam began running out of my mouth all over my quivering body. I was overcome by the hypnotic bluesy riffs and ugly grooves spewing out of my speakers. My eyes bugged out and my head was doing 360's as I felt a strange desire to torture cats and carve "Melvins Rule" in my chest with a razor. Just as I was ready to shave my eyebrows off and devote my life to the almighty Melvins the record ended... I lay there pondering the meaning of life, and realizing that if this slab of vinyl had this kind of effect on me, imagine what it would do to little catholic-school girls and impressionable middle class losers like

the guy who watched his friend blow his brains out then shot half of his own face off while listening to Judas Priest. Next time listen to the Melvins and don't let the gun slip, do the job right!
(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)--Bob

MERCYLAND-No Feet On The Cowl-ing

College rock from Athens, Ga., admittedly with somewhat of an edge and even a hook or two. "Fall of the City" has a snappy, '77 punk sound, but a song like "Gets My Soul to Vigor" (uh?) might have been rather more successful if it didn't plod along so much and if its lyrics weren't so ponderous. Not absolutely my mint julep.
(P.O. Box 95265 / Atlanta, GA 30347)--Les

MIDNIGHT OIL-Blue Sky Mining

The Aussie Clash continue to have their hearts and music in the right place. Still treading the tight-rope between highly energized danceable pop and that distinctively noncommercial sound and attitude that permeates much of the music from down under. There's just something strange about Australian bands, be it the Birthday Party, Hunters and Collectors or Died Pretty, it must be all those heaps and lashings of vegemite that they force feed you in grade school.
(Columbia)--Steve

MODERN VENDING-One Bad Peccary

Any record that so prominently features a full-color rendition of a dripping, severed head immediately warms the cockles of my black heart. The music's not exactly chopped liver either. The first couple of tunes were a little shaky, to me, but after a while this record gets down to serious business. What we've got here is raunchy, fuzzy guitar working with some good bass hooks, adding up to a raw but catchy Mission of Burma-type sound. Two tunes in particular, "Sourpuss" and "Hook's Brand Jesus," have a real Stones sound to them. The opening riff in the latter, by the way, sounds exactly like "Ah, The Morning" by Angst, though I doubt that Modern Vending cribbed it, since no one seems to have heard Angst except me. But I digress. "One Bad Peccary" is a solid album, with something amongst its 19 songs for everyone. It's basic rock and roll, and you, sir, have no right to ask for anything more than that.

(Ajax Records / P.O. Box 146882 / Chicago, IL 60614)--Richard

MOD LANG-Where Your Heart

The band apparently takes their name from a song by Alex Chilton's 70's band, Big Star. Musically, they seem to have been influenced by Chilton's style. Without the vocals, the music is kind of cute, listenable, but the lyrics are simple. It's insulting. I hate it when a book, poem, or a song clubs you over the head with exactly what they're trying to say. It's boring. The first song on the EP,

"Jill" for instance, is pretty bland. The lyrics are sung in a sort of staccato. Did you ever see the Pete Ellis Dodge commercial? Well, with this song you can almost see the bouncing ball above the words. "Jill you don't know what-[stop]- you do to boyfriends - [stop] please leave me out of - [stop] all future plans cuz- [stop] you don't know what -[stop] you do to boyfriends" Need I continue? If you liked 'Til Tuesday and are about 12 years old, you might like this band. (Certain Records / 175 Fifth Ave, Suite 1101, New York, NY 10010)---Jennifer

BOB MOULD-Black Sheets of Rain

"Black Sheets of Rain" is a strong sequel to "Workbook." In comparison, Bob Mould's latest is stripped down, harder edged and very reminiscent of his Husker days. The strength on Mould's artistry is in his ability to write anthemic songs that lack the egotism of intricate guitar solos and over production. By selfproducing "Black Sheets....," Mould captures the live intensity of his act, bringing in for back-up drummer Anton Fier (Golden Palominos) and bassist Tony Maimone (Pere Ubu). Those saddened by the break-up of Husker desiring a new fix can expect to be completely satisfied with this recent release.

(Virgin Records / 30 West 21st Street, 11th Fl / New York, NY 10010)---Ant

MOVING TARGETS-Brave Noise

Another excellent album from Boston's Moving Targets. On their second release the band displays a tight, melodic power trio sound. "Falling", which opens side one, is one of the strongest songs, and from there on the record is consistent. The song "Separate Hearts" reminds me of another Taang! band, Mission of Burma. There are also a couple of very nice instrumentals on here, which set the album apart from your typical punk rock. Side two seems to fall a bit short, but that's probably only because the entire first side is very impressive. Better than most of what I've heard lately, this record gets the Thomas stamp of approval--it's worth playing more than once. The CD version has the entire first Moving Targets album as "bonus tracks". Whatever the format, I recommend this record.

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Richard R.

MUSSOLLINI HEADKICK-Themes For Violent Retribution

Augh! I don't know what to call this, but I like it. How's "industrial funk"? That sounds good. Industrial, because it has lots of synths, and noises, and funk because it's all laid down over some nasty grooves. It's dance-able and at times it sounds like movie music. Music for an Arnold Schwarzenegger movie, something set in the year 2010, with a lot of big metal machines driving around destroying things. Street cleaners and garbage collectors should listen to this while they're making their rounds. Teenagers who saw "Top Gun" and are now sitting in a tank in the Saudi Arabian desert should listen to

this. You should listen to this. It sounds like Prince on acid. Better yet it sounds like Prince on crack!

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen / Chicago, IL 60647)---Bob

MYSTIC EYES-Our Time To Leave!

Another retro-beat group, Mystic Eyes have a penchant for "Hey Joe" progressions and obscure but choice covers. They play well, and (although Bernard Kugel's no great lyricist) the -- ahem -- cryptic originals do stand on their own. There's a definite market for this among people who still have all their Pebbles albums.

(Get Hip Records / 509 1st Street / Canonsburg, PA 15317)---Les

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT-Kooler Than Jesus

"Kooler Than Jesus" is another Wax Trax 12 inch disco single with two toe tapping tunes. I enjoy these leather synth boys and girls for their tyranny: they have a sense of humor I can appreciate. This is not just another syntho album, but one I'm happy to pull out at parties, in just the same way I'm pleased to present the cheese wiz and jello. If you're kooler than Jesus you can appreciate this one too.

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen / Chicago, IL 60647)---Jane good

NAIOMI'S HAIR-Tara

I am currently experiencing much turmoil as to how to approach this review. I think I would probably like "Tara" just fine if I had never seen any promo stuff. But I did see the promo sheets, and they sing the praises of this band, citing comparisons to FIREHOSE. Minutemen and Husker Du among others. I guess I'd do that too, if I were running a record label. But speaking as a reviewer, I was set up for a big fall if "Tara" failed to deliver. And fail it did, at least as far as what was promised. Since the idea was already planted, I guess I can hear some similarities to, say FIREHOSE. But the material is more "let's make something that sounds like FIREHOSE" (a negative judgement I might not otherwise have made) than actually influenced by that great band. I'm not saying Naomi's Hair are deliberate copycats. They could be doing the music that they are truly inspired to do, but the publicity barrage comparing them to great artists is bound to lead to disappointment. Now, on it's own terms, there are pros and there are cons, as always. I don't like the singer's voice, it's too plain and weak at times. The bass playing is competent, but it's primarily fifths and octaves, and should NOT be compared to Mike Watt's as one clipping states. I like their melodic, punchy style. It's not commercial, and it's not so underground or experimental as to restrict its potential audience. For the first vinyl from this band, "Tara" is well-done and interesting enough that I'd like to hear more. But, damn it, this scant 25 minute offering does not merit the superlatives and (even worse) the comparisons, and I hope Naomi's Hair will not cease to develop

based on what their record company says about them. They have much progress to make, and I for one will look forward to hearing it. There. I'm finished.

(Figurehead / 4537 Ringneck Road / Orlando, FL 32808)---Richard

NARAM SIN-Daisies

The promo sheet for this album describes the Naram Sin sound as "apocalyptic industrial psychedelia," which is quite apropos. Scenes from "Blade Runner" and "1984" flashed randomly in my head as I played this record. It's not so much music as it is sound, manipulated this way and that to produce its desired effects. The drums play a heavy role, pounding out repetitive beats upon which layers of jarring chords and sound effects are built. This album comes off as the Pink Floyd of the rudimentary Jane's Addiction-type music, which is currently "in." The singer even does a good David Gilmour impression. It's ambitious, and it's interesting, but it's not for everyone. It's beat music for the coming dark age, that's what it is. And it probably makes for a fascinating live show. Final note: a cat is prominently featured in the track "Abrasion," and my own cat didn't like it much. Try it at your own risk.

(Small Tools Tradition / P.O. Box 8005, Suite 239 / Boulder, CO 80306-8005)---Richard R.

THE NEON JUDGEMENT-Blood & Thunder

A Belgium band which plays an alternative rock n roll, with a tinge of blues. Although their sound is a montage of manipulated sound, including synthesizers, the guitar carries out the message of the acid sixties being relived in the late 80's. This band's concern for imagery, which initially attracted me, began to grate hard on my nerves. Not only did they include an ultra cool montage with western (U.S.) icons on the inner sleeve but they also used a Wim Wenders still for their cover art. Don't get me wrong, these images are really cool, I'm just bothered by bands that claim coolness by association. It's just another way of being trendy in the alternative music scene. They have a few good tunes but as a whole the album sounds homogeneous, every song sounds like the previous song. They are worth a listen because for anyone who likes this type of music they are doing a good job.

(Play It Again Sam / 1659 N. Damen / Chicago, IL 60647)---Jane Good

NIRVANA-Bleach

"I seem to grasp at certain moments the nuance that divides bad from worse."---Samuel Beckett. Since I know of worse, I'll just say that Nirvana is bad. A perusal through this and past issues of Ink Disease will reveal our feelings on '70s retrospective bands. I guess we're just too dense to notice the subtleties that update this type of music into the '80s and '90s. Or maybe we just never liked the crap in the first place.

(Sup Pop / 1932 1st Ave., Suite 1103 / Seat-

tle, WA 98101)---Brian

NO SNEAM ON-*Rung*

Another Aeriffic fecord from these terrific lanadian cads. Canda rools. Hour innars have turned to gel o. If'n u aven't got it, get it. It be mo beter than owl recs b4. Tite n fast. No wy. I got it wong. Blas bi the ptendr. Ain't no match fer a hoser. Owsome, dude. Hoo else coud have cold waist lans swept wy. w/o the use of a sing-L sno Plow. (Alternative Tentacles Records / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Clod Hopper

OWT-*Good As Gold*

Owt ("two" spelled backwards--how ingenious!) is a duo that specializes in electronic, "post industrial" machinery sounds. "Music" is not the word for it. They sound like a Wax Trax band but they're not. I wish they were, because I would have avoided this dirge from the get-go. Zeena Parkins is supposed to be a virtuoso harpist, but I'll be damned if I could make out a harp anywhere. My friends and I used to use the phrase "cacophonous din" to describe such aural assaults, and I swear that those two words come back to me after being unspoken for years. Now, before the "artistic" crowd dismisses this review as ignorant, let me state that I probably have more patience with this kind of record than most, and "Stratosfear" it's not. It's cold, unfeeling and un-musical, indeed, even anti-musical. Maybe that's the point. Unless everything I've just said appeals to you, avoid this like the plague. (Homestead / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Richard R.

OX BOW-*Fuck Fest*

Now, really, you guys: Bull Shit. I can't complain enough about this horrible quasi-industrial pastiche, which in theory is a controversial juxtaposition of styles conventionally deemed incompatible but in practice is an extended scam that sounds like a dog farting through a megaphone. Please notice the negative tenor of my review and consider yourself forewarned. I'd rather piss on this record than listen to it; but, for that matter, I'd rather piss on this record than listen to the Beachmasters. (CFY / Box 6271 / Stanford, CA 94309)---Les

PALE SAINTS-*Barging Into the Presence of God*

A fun parlor trick to try sometime, whilst waiting for the crimping iron to get hot, is to take a saucer of milk, and squeeze different food colors into it... "It" being the milk, not the crimper. The colors form neat swirling patterns and slowly blend together. If your pantry is bare, take a listen to some sounds from 4AD--purveyors of dependably pretty atmospheria- audio, non-dairy variety. This particular potion blends one part Mary Chain guitar, one part J. Division bass and a large dose of melanchOLY water. To paraphrase

Van Halen: "Saints talkin bout love!" (4AD / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 / New York, NY 10012)---Narod Drol

PALE SAINTS-*The Comforts of Madness*

The all-too-trendy Post Modern typeset which makes it next to impossible to discern which words happen to be names of songs, lyrics, credits, or just excess baggage--fragmented sentences-- printed on the cover, tells oh so much about the contents. The music which is flavorful and ethereal happens to be nothing more than an amalgam of light imagery. Heavily produced, pleasant with an occasional harsh guitar riff these guys aren't quite hard hitting enough, or on the edge, for my taste buds. (4AD / 611 Broadway, Suite 311 / New York, NY 10012)---Jane Good

PANKOW-*Gisela*

Being among the newest reviewers for Ink Disease, I was forced to undergo a time-honored tradition: the new guy must endure his first Wax Trax record before he is truly a man. Well, my maturity came at the hands of Pankow, a German disco-snyth group that pretty well epitomizes the Wax Trax sound. There must be fans for this stuff, somewhere; I just don't think any of them read this magazine. I don't think any of them read, for that matter. Anyway, suffice it to say that if you've heard one Wax Trax record you've probably heard them all, and if we ever get a good one, Thomas will put it on the cover. Aside from a nicely grotesque cover painting, this record is crap. You may have heard the song "Me and My Ding-Dong" on KXLU in Los Angeles; I did, and I was depressed the rest of the day. (Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen / Chicago, IL 60647)---Richard

THE PAPER TULIPS-*Insects*

Here's another original Flipside record that gets an A rating from me. I love all the rough edges, because it gives them character. Occasionally thin sounds (the tape is supposed to sound better, because of problems transferring the digital recording to analog), some weak vocals and a number of other elements I'd never tolerate by other bands only endear the Tulips more. This stuff harkens back to early L.A. punk like the Urinals, 100 flowers, Rhino 39, the Eyes, the Germs, T.S.O.L. and the Minutemen. Also Buzzcocks-like pop can be heard at times as well as some post punk influences. However, these comparisons will probably serve to confuse rather than shed light on the Paper Tulip sound. There's a lot of choppy staccato guitar parts, real chaotic noise, and some almost industrial parts. There's also riffing, runs, and tunes. Poetic lyrics "sound good" and say something. I could go on but you'll probably have to listen to this to get a good idea of the sound. Cuts I really like include "Death In the Family," "Substitutionary," "Manufacture," "File: M," "Escalator," and "Sanitation" (which is also on the Flipside compilation "City of L.A. Power").

These tunes stick in my head. (Flipside Records P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

PHANTOM 309-*a Sinister Alphabet*

You might guess from the band name that this'll be some kind of diesel-billy, from song titles like "Lil Masturbator" and "Janitor to the Stars" that humor won't be lacking, and from the Edward Gorey cover art that these guys got good taste. All of that aside, and granted that there's a Mad Daddys feel to "Tiger in Your Tank" and "Ah So, What Else," I'm sorry to say that these Southerners with very respectable garage credentials too often resort to insipid rock structures while neglecting to shake out according to the terms of their implied agreement. They'll get it right next time. (P.O. Box 95265 / Atlanta, GA 30347)---Les

PINK SLIP DADDY-L.S.D. + 2

I'm happy enough to hear something new from Pink Slip Daddy, but this here platter's something else again. In the first place, it's a limited edition 10" pressed on clear pink vinyl. It comes with a gatefold cover which is a take-off on "Beggars Banquet," and it nestles in a sleeve of white paper thick enough to protect a 78. Side 1 plays from the inside out, a weirdity which may be appropriate, given that the song there is a wonderfully dumb ditty about dropping acid and which happens to feature some essentially ridiculous, Stooges-type lead playing complete with wah-wah. The flip's even stranger in that the two songs on it run concurrently: you can spin the side once for a trashy cover of Eddie Cochran's classic "Nervous Breakdown," then play it over to hear a brooding version of that old Nanker/Phelge instrumental, "Stoned," originally recorded by some 60s band. The masterful touch of Ben Vaughan is all over this thing; he produced it, and (who can tell) may even appear on it in some capacity. The content's good in itself, and the whole package is a statement about the musical form. That's rather cool. (Apex / 611 Cedar Ave. / Collingswood, N.J. 08108)---Les

POOPSHOVEL-*Opus Lengthemus*

3 or 4 years ago, we expected every second SST record to sound like this. You know, metal/jazz/metal/punk/jazz/etc.: A time signature always gives way to several others in mid-song: the singer plays a trumpet. No one in his right mind wants to hear it, but that doesn't stop him. There's an almost constant squeaky guitar solo. Now what kind of bullshit is that? My hatred for squeaky guitar solos is almost an art in itself, thank you. (Comm 3 / 438 Bedford Ave. / Brooklyn, NY 11211)---Brian

IGGY POP-*Brick By Brick*

I've never heard a more righteously pissed-off person than Mr. James Osterberg on this album. From "Main Street Eyes": "we are played for suckers all the time / phony

rock and roll / it's a crime / i don't want to dip myself in trash / i don't want to sell myself for cash..." From "I Won't Crap Out": "...i despise the trendies, i know they're lying / if you want to stir up real mud / you had better pay with real blood..." Or: "...and the material singers will fade into dust / like forgotten merchants of disgust..." Material singers? Gee, who could that be? This record is great. Even a couple guys from Guns and Roses couldn't fuck it up. Their other band sucks, but they sound great on here. "Brick by Brick" is a must for all cynics. And isn't it amazing that a song as good as "Home" could find a regular spot in the ever-anemic MTV line-up? Could this be inspiration that I'm feeling right now? (Virgin Records / 9247 Alden Drive / Beverly Hills, CA 90210)--- Brian

POSTER CHILDREN-*Flower Power*

Unknown to So. Cal. locals, Poster Children have apparently stirred up quite a bit of interest in their native Chicago. Side one is produced by the high priest of cheap sex and noise, Steve Albini, and side two has the hands of Naked Raygun producer Iain Burgess on the controls. As expected, that "Chicago sound" makes its way into the core of the Poster Children's sound, but a melodic side exists too. I'm impressed by the sincerity and force of their music present on the first side, but come side two, the strength of their sound evaporates into weak pop music. The lack of consistency is a reflection of the two different producers. I think I'll stick to the Albini side. (Limited Potential Records / P.O. Box 268586 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Ant

PRONG-*Force Fed*

I really don't know what all the hulabaloo is about. I've heard so much about Prong. I understand they have a huge following. Well, this album is at best-so-so. Nothing to praise tho. The lyrics are really strange, and the music drifts from thrash to punk to plain old heavy metal riffs. Judas Priest on speed. If you like Prong, well maybe you see something I don't in their music. The band is very raw, so I suppose if they practice a lot then maybe they'll get better. I hope they do, because they're really big, and it would be a waste if they don't. (?)---Bob R.

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS-*House, 12" single*

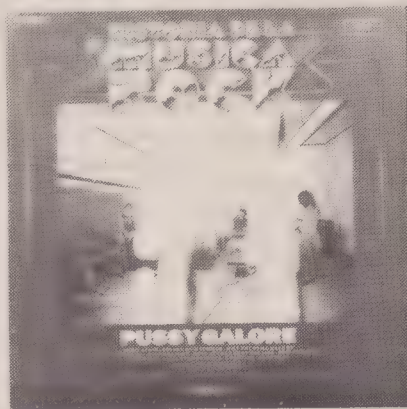
"House" is a good song with atmospheric layered textures and catchy guitar licks. The harsh vocals and cool noise give a Johnny Rotten meets the Cure sound. I could do without the "Watchtower." The extended dance mix of "House" has a booming beat, but unfortunately, it's incredibly repetitive. I guess, that would make it good to dance to. (CBS)---Thomas

PSYCHIC TV-*Towards Thee Infinite Beat*

Another syntho-pop dance death dirge.

Come on and surprise me, the once almighty gods of alternative music, once again do something creative like "Those Who Do Not Know." Resurrect yourself from technological death. Revolt -smash those synthesizers, and see what music lies hidden under the crap.

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)--- Jane Good.



PUBLIC HUMILIATION-*It All Started When I Was Five*

Here we have a band that have been around for eons. Yet, not since the PH wave was sweeping the Nation in the mid-eighties has there been such a demand for this type of band. They were right up there at the peak of the PH heap, just below the likes of Pilsbury Hardcore. Since the PH movement was so important it would behoove us all to take a moment of silence out of our busy day for Public Humiliation. Okay, I only said a moment. Don't get carried away now. That's not to say that what they've been doing recently in Northern California and Orange Counties' nooks and crannies should be ignored or forgotten. Some call it a marketing ploy, but I say it's pure. They are out to bug, to needle, to cajole, to shock, and, yes, to terrify. They do. With lines like "I flashed My Gemco ID at her" and sing alongs like the wicked "Toilet Seat" song Public Humiliation are after yer wimpy butt like peanutbutter on banana. And surprise surprise (say again, like Gomer Pyle), the Pu Hu's are not as bad musically as expected, though they sure try to make you think they totally suck with their powerful promotional machine. Songs that range from a danceable rock format to distortion varnished squirrel driving hardcore are bound to stick to the walls. I like to think of it as Happy Core. Maybe they should have put a health warning on the cover.

(Goon Records / P.O. Box 5892 / Orange, CA 92613-5892)---Thomas

PUBLIC ENEMY-*Fear of a Black Planet*

"Once again, this is it turn it up here we go..." P.E. are not just a power laden rap force but an entity that bust down musical barriers. The album contains 20 songs that stay in your face as intensely as the first Dead Kennedys lp. A verbal and rhythmic assault held tightly together with a theme of fighting

injustice, be you black, white or any other color is what P.E. espouse. "You got to fight the powers that be.!" (CBS Records)---Steve

PUBLIC ENEMY-*Welcome To the Terrordome*

If there's any doubt about who rules the world of authentic protest music, Public Enemy will put all naysayers to rest. This single, a taste of what's to come from their "Fear of a Black Planet," is a powerhouse of sophisticated social commentary couched in some of the best studio production around. "Welcome to the Terrordome" grooves with PE's usual funky beat (thanks to King J. Brown), but has an edge equaled only by the punk of ten years past. The single's packaging stabs at post-modern advertising design, raising PE's cultural critique to a higher dimension. By the way, the accusation that some of the lyrics allude to anti-semitism is utter bullshit. The media, fearful of the truth about black-white relationships, will quickly grab onto whatever irrelevant angle they can find to discredit this urban shaking band.

(CBS Records)---Ant

PUSSY GALORE-*Historia De La Musica Rock*

Pussy Galore is a band that I always could appreciate but didn't necessarily "like" listening to. Playing their records was always like an intellectual game of deconstruction: what other ways can we take rock music and completely mangle it into some mutant virus? As deconstructionists, it was, therefore, inevitable that a "tribute" to rock music and a return to their roots would be released. "Historia de la Musica Rock" is the closest thing to the blues I've heard from this now whittled-down trio. The covers include "Little Red Rooster" and "Crawfish," the former a fitting tribute to Willie Dixon, because the Stones, the moral equivalent to Pussy Galore, had also dismembered the song. This album is a logical extension of what classic rock should be revered as: dissonant, bluesy, raw and simple. Final note: album cover gets my vote for the year's best.

(Caroline Records / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Ant

RATS OF UNUSUAL SIZE-*Ratzilla*

It would not be utterly unreasonable to hypothesize that this is one of those "Me and Joe always wanted to do a record" kind of deals. It's reminiscent of the messy, fake punk so prevalent in the late 70's; and, were I feeling just a little less magnanimous, I might characterize it as timewasting on the part of some basement hobbyists who shouldn't bother with music at all. "Pope is Packed" and "8 Million Dicks" are moderately amusing; but, then again, so what?

(Vital Music Records / 263 E. 10th St. / NYC, NY 10009)---Les

THE RAUNCH HANDS-*Have a Swig*

Even before exploring the contents of the

Raunch Hands newest disc, they win the award for best album cover of the issue. What's inside ain't half bad either. These bar flies play double fisted booze powered rock extravaganza poured from the same jigger that spewed the Subhumans and Pontiac Brothers. Even us straight edgers can appreciate the "Hellbent," "Frenzy" these Bowery boys unleash.
(Crypt Records / P.O. Box 9151 / Morristown, N.J. 07960)---Steve

THE RAVE-UPS-Hamlet Meets John Doe, e.p.

The A-side is a special version (whatever the fuck that means) of the song "Respectfully King of Rain"; it's a good pop song if a bit obscure lyrically. The first on the flip "Train to Nowhere" is a decent Dylan-esque lament, but the best is the last, a heavy Christmas song that I'll be sure to spin come December.
(CBS Records)---Mark

REASON TO BELIEVE-Reason To Believe

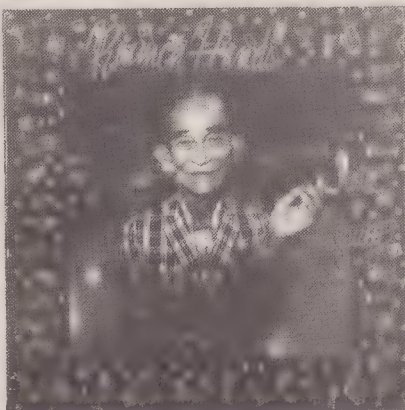
I saw this band with Fugazi, and at that time I thought they were pretty good, working an initially skeptical crowd into a stage-diving frenzy. So, now I've heard their self-titled album, and I still think they're pretty good. The music is all-out hardcore, and it's solid although at times it all sounds too much the same. The intro to the track "Next Door" is one of the better bits, and the album could use more such diversity. They remind me a lot of Token Entry, the only other decent hardcore band I reviewed in this issue, although Token Entry is better. But then, they've been around longer too. The production on "Reason to Believe" is very good, not overdone, and the lyrics are well written, superior to the usual hardcore themes of anarchy, hate, or skating. With a deceptively classy album cover and reproductions of Michelangelo drawings on the lyric sheet, these guys are up to something interesting. The next record could be the one to break them to a bigger audience.
(Nemesis Records / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Richard

LOU REED / JOHN CALE-Songs for Drella

Sooner or later Lou Reed would do his tribute to Andy Warhol and some kind of autobiographical work on his experience with him. "Songs for Drella" represents this inevitable event, which brings former collaborator John Cale along for the ride. "Songs" was written as a "fictional opera" about Warhol's life, starting with his humble small town upbringing to his sudden death. Most of the material combines minimalistic piano with heavily distorted guitar, serving as the sonic landscape behind the most important part of the album, the lyrics. Reed comes across as the obvious creative force in the recording, and one can assume most of the words are his own. There's a lot of biography, the lyrics playing like a Vanity Fair

retrospective. The songs don't get heavy until we approach Warhol's death. "Hello it's Me" is a searing epitaph to his life, where Reed seeks to communicate directly with the artist's ghost. It ends with a tear jerking "Goodbye, Andy" and you can hear years of pent-up resentment and love soar into the sky. The amount of emotion poured into this album adds another dimension to the many angles on Warhol's life that his former colleagues have given us. It is a perspective worth exploring.

(Sire)---Ant



REPTILE-Fame and Fossils

Usually when a band tries to be diverse it ends up sounding like random experimentation for the sake of cool. Reptile, Iceland's recent world export, throws in a bit of everything including a monkey wrench & the kitchen sink and end up making it work. From polka to monster mash madness, xylophone dinking to banjo banging, sweet vocals to screeching, Reptile throw the



switch and light up the Northern skies with their unbelievable range. The prevalent sax would seem to define their sound, but as soon as you're convinced it does, they jump headlong into a completely different style. One moment you'll think you're at a bullfight in Spain and the next in Japan listening to melodic pop similar to Shonen Knife. Whammo, they move on again, and instead of exuding the innocence of teenage girls they're bleeding mystery and sweating danger, the kind of dark violin produced feeling that would be at home in a David Lynch undertaking. There are harmonies and parts that sound like a rap scratch mix or sam-

pling, but are not. Rhythms and textures change multiple times in the same song. Crowdaddy sax, giggling, tongue rolling, and wacked out lyrics (in English and Icelandic) are combined as if they always belonged together. So much is going on it's like being at a three ring circus. They even show they can rock out with "Boys Will Be Boys."

(Bad Taste / P.O. Box 651 / S.F., CA 94101)---Thomas

REPTILE-Risaedlan

What we have on this here e.p. is a mish-mash of instruments and styles that combine to provide deceptively pleasant listening pleasure. With bizarre Icelandic vocals which go from harsh screams to mellow harmonies and some wacked out moments reminiscent of jazz, ska, and mid-eastern sounding music you have subtle undertones of noise that would make even the Butthole Surfers envious. Besides the classic Icelandic vocals (both airy and harsh at the same time) thrust on you by several female vocalists and the usual instruments there's also organ and a wailing sax which give a mysterious air to this band's sound. Definitely a group to listen for.

(Bad Taste Ltd. / P.O. Box 651 / San Francisco, CA 94101)--- Thomas

THE RESURRECTED BLOATED FLOATERS-THE RBF

Yes! I love this. I knew I would once I saw their name. The Floaters are the kind of band that you see come on about 12 am on a Sunday in some club with about 10 people sitting around dozing off, then they proceed to kick everybody's ass and tear the roof off the place. These Bloated dudes hail from Kentucky and there's a lot more going on down South than country music. Even though there's a lot of cool fast cow punk country music here, it's mixed with funk, blues, jazz, fusion, metal, and punk. It's all here. And singer/artist/songwriter/harmonica player and all around cool guy Lawrence Tarpey spins some mean stories around these tight jams. "Johnny Rotten's Eyeballs" is a classic tune. I love this! You must buy it and listen to it really loud. Throw Ian MacKaye, Molly Hatchet, Lee Ving and Chuck Berry in a blender, set it on high, and wait for the Resurrected Bloated Floaters to explode.

(P.O. BOX 1605 / LEXINGTON, KY 40592)---Bob

REVERB MOTHERFUCKERS-The 12 Swinging Signs of the Zodiac

No teen / early 20's angst here. This is full bore late 20's / early 30's disassociation / disaffection from / for life and the feeling that one can't find one's place and the end is coming soon. As attractive as I found these themes, I still find this record hard to listen to because of the tuneless hard rock and poor singing on many of the songs. Truncated, this would have made a pretty good e.p., w/"Love Juice (in all three holes)," "Man's

Son, Jim," and the trenchant "Nowhere Nothing Fuckup." The line forms to the right. (Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 18106)---Mark

Terminal city RICOCHET-When Real Life Is a Television Show You Can't Change the Channel

The concept sounded good, but I'm always wary of all-star projects and sound track albums. However, there's no need to worry, be happy, because "Ricochet" contains some excellent material. Some of it may sound familiar. D.O.A. starts out the album with an update of the Subhuman classic "Behind the Smile." There's also songs by the Beatnigs and No Means No, which are great, but have been previously released. The same can be said for the highlight of the album, the D.O.A. and Biafra collaboration "That's Progress." On the more mellow side there are songs by Canadians' Gerry Hannah (former Subhuman and now in prison as member of the Vancouver 5) and Art Bergmann, both worthwhile cuts. About the only disappointment is the Jello and No Means No combination, which produces an above average rollercoaster ride, but not another twisted classic. The last question to answer is what has happened to the movie? (Alternative Tentacles Records / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

SABADOH-The Freed Man

The last song on Dinosaur Jr.'s "You're Living All Over Me" was one of my favorite tunes on the album. I was especially disappointed when their next record didn't have any songs like that. Then I listened to the Magic Ribbons compilation and was pleasantly surprised to hear that haunting acoustic industrial music again. Sebadoh, I thought, that sounds familiar. So I quickly checked the ID record pile to see if the record was there, and gladly it was. Sonic bliss is also what I found. These folksy post-punk soundtracks are extremely original compositions that range from Throbbing Gristle-esque brain destruction to St. Pepper melodies infused with psychedelic background noises. This album is a good accompaniment to the Frogs, label mates who play similarly psychotic folk music (redefined folk, that is). (Homestead / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Ant

SAMIAM-Underground, LP

Samiam fits easily with the new pop-core sounds. There are a lot of drum rolls here, tempo changes, hearty back-up vocals and strong guitar. The lyrics are good if a little unspectacular. Husker Du is one comparison. They also have some Rites of Spring inspired feeling. There was a movement about five years ago in D.C. know as Revolution Summer, and it called for a "dig a little deeper approach" that seems to be a new pop-core motto. In Samiam this can be heard in the gruff vocalist singing out his heart. "Underground" is filled with more

pop-core madness to watch out for. While they do have room to progress, this is an excellent start. The only thing I really want to complain about is that their logo looks more like Samhain than Sam I Am.

(New Red Archives / 802 Colusa / Berkeley, CA 94707)---Thomas

SAMIAM-Underground, 12" EP

This is the first I've heard of this band, although they've been together something like two years now, and they have built up a following as well as a lot of positive press. If this EP is typical, I can see why. Good stuff, primarily hard-edged pop with an overriding punk sensibility, although I wouldn't classify it as punk. The feeling is there, however, perhaps attributable to the band's formation out of the remains of several Bay Area hardcore bands. All five tracks are equally enjoyable. "Because You Don't" has a staccato, rhythmic Fugazi type of sound-yeah, I know that's saying a lot, but I wouldn't say if it weren't true. Anyway, in fairness to Sam I Am, they are their own band and they are one of the better, more sophisticated bands on the scene. I look forward to seeing them live-I hear that's where they are at their best. For now, this EP will do me nicely.

(New Red Archives / 43 Broadway, 4fl. / Brooklyn, NY 11211)---Ricahrd

SKY "SUNLIGHT" SAXON-And Fire Wall World Fantastic

Wish it into the cornfield, son. Please. (Note: Skyclad should release more Only Ones records.)

(Get Hip Records / 509 1st Street / Canonsburg, PA 15317)---Mark

SCRAWL-He's Drunk

Scrawl is an all girl trio out of Columbus, Ohio. Now, in this enlightened day and age I shouldn't have to mention "all-girl", but I did because Scrawl is a big cut above the rest of that genre. The problem with most girl acts (in my sexist opinion) is that they flaunt the fact, and generally come off as girls first, musicians second (if at all). Well, Scrawl are musicians first and foremost and "He's Drunk" is an excellent album, in any gender. Their material is melodic, guitar-based rock reminiscent of Angst or early Meat Puppets. Their use of harmony vocals is one of their strong suits, and the vocals are nice and clear in an otherwise rough mix. But then, this isn't the kind of record you'd want to be over-produced anyway. I can imagine songs like "Breaker Breaker" and "Green Beer" going over great in the clubs. Scrawl has yet to tap their full potential, but for now, they're damned good. Recommended listening. (Rough Trade / 326 Sixth St. / S.F., CA 94103)---Richard R.

SCRAWL-Smallmouth

I haven't a clue what the title means, but the music within is definitely Scrawl. I discovered this band upon release of their second LP (see review above), and "Smallmouth" is a worthy successor to that

one. I have since acquired their first album as well, and a clear evolution is visible in the Scrawl sound. "Smallmouth" is a bit more polished, and some of the raw spirit of "He's Drunk" does make it through occasionally, but this new offering is overall softer in tone. It's a good record, and I've been listening to it a lot, but I wouldn't mind a return to the rougher Scrawl of the first two albums. The tracks "Begin" and "Enough" are as good as any Scrawl tunes past, and "Absolute Torture" and "Time to Come Clean" are more in the rocking tradition of old Scrawl. I know that they started getting attention last year, and I suspect that this new LP was somewhat rushed out, as it's rather short and contains a cover song. But consistently good records are hard enough to come by, and I shall enjoy "Smallmouth" with a clear conscience. You should too.

(Rough Trade / 611 Broadway / New York, NY 10012)---Richard R.

SDT (SONIC DISRUPTION THEORY)-Self Destiny Trek

I expected some even faster metalcore from this band, but what they do is still tough and disturbing, with odd shifts in rhythm and controlled but powerful guitar work.

(Pardox Prod. / 555 Broderick, #5 / San Francisco, CA 94117)---Les

SENSELESS THINGS-Postcard C.V.

...no, sorry, it's not happening. More bubble-gum teenybopper pop here. Songs like "Sneaking Kisses," "Teenage," "Too Much Kissing"-you get the picture? This album is full of such pre-teen pablum. Now, it's well-produced, competently done, and the 13 year old training-bra set might like it, so I don't want to be too negative. At least they do their own writing and they play instruments. I'll give them credit for that. No New Kids on the Block-type excrement, but it's still not for me. And since I, of course, am the only one who matters, there is nothing more to be said.

(Way Cool Records / 131/133 Myddleton Road / London N22 4NG England)---Richard

SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANET-Savvy Show Stoppers

Surf instrumentals from a trio based in Toronto, Canada? Yep, and they have some damn good tunes too. "Savvy Show Stoppers" features all six of their singles, many of them Canadian college radio top tens. They've done some tracks for film and a TV theme as well. The press release says (only half jokingly) they "quest for unoriginality," and while they often share that telecaster guitar sound, flanger breaks and ride the wild wave rhythm with the surf masters, they go further. The Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet have some cuts that would go well as a low budget, outerspace, Sci-fi movie soundtrack. My sister described one song as the Pink Panther gone surfing (I think it was "Shake Some Evil."). Another cut fills stop gaps in the breaks with samples of radio and/or T.V.. This Canadian trio have

enough varied style, and humor to keep me coming back for more. Besides I like their independent style (like making their own posters for shows). Several more releases are planned for the future. One project which is in the works will feature a song for a Estrus Records compilation. It will be packaged as four 7" singles in a lunch box. Besides their music, what really makes me happy is the bio sheet. It's humorous and informative, without being a bunch of ego boosting crap wrapped up in hipper than thou lingo. Roools, dude!
(Cargo Records / 747A Guy St. / Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3J 1T6)---Thomas

EVERETT SHOCK-*Ghostboys*

Nothing offends me more than a blatant affectation of "weirdness," and this record smacks of it. If it's weird it must be cool, right? Right. SST, to my mind at least, has degenerated into a microcosm of the music industry at large. You have an occasional good record (like firehose), you have endless milking of old product (Black Flag, Minutemen), and you have vanity projects. The major labels have Bowie and the Who; SST has Everett Shock. No less than eight people, including SST luminaries Shock and Henry Kaiser, have crafted this atonal piece of vinyl, and most of it sounds as if they all recorded separately without ever speaking to each other. It's hard to listen to song after song of monotone vocals, clashing cymbals and screeching guitars, and I would rather not do so. Only the most pretentious "in-crowd" types could claim to like this, but if you want to try, Shock himself offers some tips: try the track "Stacey Eats Cheese" in "the polite glow of fluorescent tubes reflected off formica." Weird? Cool? You bet.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Richard R.

SHONEN KNIFE-*The Litany of The Knife or Every Band Has A Knife that Loves Them*

Not having heard one of Shonen Knife's songs or even seen one of their albums, I might almost be inclined to believe this was a hoax dreamed up by the McDonald bros. and Bill Bartell. I mean, 3 Japanese girls taking the riff from "Making Plans For Nigel," grafting it onto another tune and calling it "Making Plans For Bison," a song about trying to preserve the bison population (we only want what's best for him). Or taking "What Do I Get" and coming up with "Devil House," which I haven't quite figured out yet. (The chorus is "Devil house, saw it on a movie just the other day.")

Apparently tho there have been real flesh and blood sightings of these girls in our fair city, and since I really want to believe it anyway... Lemme just get straight to the point and say (without trying to be gushy or any of that shit) that this album of Knife is like a ray of sunshine and puts a cheery smile on my face every time I play it. This makes mid-period Modern Lovers sound cynical and calculated. (I always did wonder about that

Richman guy.) Oh yeah, the bands on here include L7, Chemical People, Frightwig, Sonic Youth and 10 more who deserve credit for turning this into a seamless whole. Also available is a limited edition double album w/14 more bands & a better back cover.
(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571)--- Mark

SHUDDER TO THINK-*Ten Spot*

I guess these guys fit into Washington D.C.'s paisley punk crowd, if such a thing exists. I see these Shudderites as being like the Salvation Army/Three O'Clock 60's revival with a bit of a post-punk update. Abstract lyrics abound, and I haven't fathomed them yet. Then again, maybe it's a joke, with lines like "When the rain thinks it laughs last then I drool on it." The words sound nice anyway. Then there's the vocals--maybe this guy thinks he's the singer with the high pitched voice from ELO. Shudder To Think have some good sounds, but they rarely work them on out. "Corner of My Eye," is an exception that shows what they can do with their style. However, none of the others do much for me, but, who knows, it could grow on you with time.

(\$6.00 ppd. from Dischord / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington D.C. 20007)---Thomas



SILVERFISH-*Cockeye*

"Cockeye" at first appears innocently enough as more pop bathed in heavy distortion. Silverfish plays noisy stuff that would fit well in the fertile grunge regions of the midwest, but happen to be from England. If it had more solos and less distortion splatter I'd probably hate this, but, as is it's near wonderful. Sonic Youth comparisons seem right near dead on, but there's also some Big Black and Scratch Acid type stuff here as well. Others have given them the Birthday Party stamp of approval. The vocals are absolutely charming, with growling under-the-breath, and mumbling. This is a mean sounding person. "T.F.A.," more affectionately known as "Total Fucking Asshole," is a delightful over-the-top careening distortion romp. Great song, great record, and I'll just say good night now. This is one band that might just cause a power outage.

(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago,

IL 60625)---Thomas

SKINNER BOX-*The Playhouse*

This is heavily atmospheric mood music for the angst-ridden decade of the 90's. I quite like it. Skinner Box (witty name, too) are a duo of Juliana Towns, songwriter, vocalist and multi-instrumentalist and William Sassenberger, guitar and vocals. It's obvious that this project is essentially Town's baby; she even produced it. Her vocals are hauntingly beautiful, with delicate harmonies surrounded by swirling arrangements. At times it borders on a New Age-type of blandness, but it picks up whenever it starts to drift too far off course. It is highly artistic and highly musical. "In Secret Dreams" and "Red and White Roses" are two of the standouts, but it's all excellent. This stuff is not for your typical Slayer fan, but for those of us with slightly broader horizons, it's a real find.

(bobok, Ltd. / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Richard

SLACK-*Deep Like Space*

This is an interesting record. Slack is, if they must be categorized, essentially a funk or "white soul" type of band, reminiscent of 70's bands like the Average White Band. But other elements like big band, jazz and an 80's dance groove are mixed in as well, putting these guys above their peers like the Red Hot Chili Peppers. While groups like the Peppers seem to be surf punk types, Slack somehow seem like more genuine practitioners of the funk / R & B style. You'd have to remember some of the older bands (like the aforementioned AWB) to know what I mean. So what does all this say about the record? Well, even though I personally am not a big fan of funk rock, I like this record. The songs "My TV" and "Bedtime" are a couple of the best, and the band's excellent skills are showcased on almost every track. As an unusually diverse example of the current funk scene, this record is highly recommended. Expand your horizons--check it out.

(CZ Records / 1407 E. Madison / Seattle, WA 98122)---Richard R.

THE SLICKEE BOYS-*Live At Last*

Rock, '77 new wave and a little surf is what the Slickee Boys are made of. This crafty band is above average. When at their best they recall the likes of the Wipers with a little Oingo Boingo and Cramps thrown in. Most of the time the band's sound leans toward mature pop rock. They tend either to the love song or "B-movie" humorous side. The boys have little in the way of nihilism to attract the young punker crowd and even get a bit wimpy at times, but songs like "Gotta Tell Me Why" (which burst out with a cool bass line and then adds a grooving guitar riff) and "Disconnected" save them.

(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571)--- Thomas

SLINT-*Tweez*

Yikes, another Louisville band (see Bastro

Diablo Guapo review)! Two other ex-Squirrel Bait members and many more from the bowels of hell. This album just proves once again that Big Black's evil empire reaches far and wide, manifesting in some odd places. No matter, 'cause this shit licks (pardon the expression). Add to it a little Einstürzende Neubauten, a little Roland Jazz-Chorus, you get Slint. Melodic tunes balance out the aggression of the hard stuff. Great album! I'm packing my bags, Louisville, you've got some ass kicking music.

(Jennifer Hartman Records / P.O. Box 409302 / Chicago, IL 60640)---Ant

SLOPPY SECONDS-*Destroyed*

Indiana's best new band return with their first album rooted in the grand tradition of the Ramones and the Replacements. A couple of the numbers off the 1st e.p. have been re-recorded ("So Fucked Up" and "If I had a woman") in lesser versions, but these ain't nothin' compared to the joys of "Black Roses," "Runnin' from the C.I.A." and the classy teen tragedy of "Veronica." The cover's great, there's only a couple of clinkers, and I'm sorry I missed 'em when they were here.

(Toxic Shock / Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Mark

SLOVENLY-*We Shoot For The Moon*

See CD section.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)

SNAKE NATION-*Snake Nation*

This L.P. features two dudes from Corrosion of Conformity and appears to be a side project (plus former cartoonist). The music doesn't grab you instantly but after a few listens it will grow on you. It is kind of 60's sounding, with the guitar and bass blending on riffs that Jimi (Hendrix or Page, take your pick) would be proud of. The vocals of Mike Dean are as harsh as ever. Everything fits well together on this disc. It's a solid effort, but seems to lack real passion and fire. Maybe because it is a side project, it sounds almost a little half-baked. It's interesting but nothing to die for. If it was a movie I'd say wait for the video. Since it's not, I'd say wait for a friend to buy it then just record it from him.

(Caroline Records / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Bob

SOCIETY GONE MADD!-*What Do You Care?*

This is basic hardcore punk that you'd probably find in the middle of the pack of a Cathay dollar night, some eight years ago. I would have defended them to the death back then, but today I can't find the energy. The lyrics range from above average and concerned to slightly bewildered. The sound stays pretty even all the way through the album. The vocals are more talked over than sung to clearly get their points across. The guitar sound is good but it doesn't explode or anything. There are not many

hooks either. The vocals are well done, but they don't stick in my head for long. "What Do You Care?" is a good hardcore record, but then again it's not going to set anything on fire. It's got a good attitude, yet it's nowhere near the cutting edge of alternative music. I like to support this kind of band, but not necessarily listen to them very much.

(VIAable UTterance / P.O. Box 4191 / Burbank, CA 91503)---Thomas

SOULSIDE-*Hot Bodi-gram*

Soulside are a much raved about band in the new D.C. postcore industrial vein. The band digs deep. The answers they come up with are poetic sounding, but a little on the vague side. The music is the same. The high point is probably the rockin' "Clifton Wall." Scream and Rites of Spring similarities are present. (Also of interest are some of the photos on the jacket and sleeve). "Hot Bodi-gram" is a damn solid record, but it's not the earth shattering experience I was expecting. Recommended, but I'm still confused. I leave it to you to see if you can find the answer here.

(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher Street N.W. / Washington, D.C. 20007)---Thomas

SOUNDGARDEN-*Louder Than Love*

Okay, so like I heard two songs from this album on the radio before I heard the whole thing, and they were really good. So I'm thinking it is gonna be really great. But it's not. But see the two songs "Hands All Over" and "Loud Love" are good. Really good! They don't deserve to be on this L.P. I wish I could like the whole thing, but it's too boring. It all sounds like it's on the wrong speed--it's sooo slow. But if you like slow grungy Sabbath-Zeppelin type 60's stuff then you might like this. The song "Gun" is okay, but it's too hard to get past side 1, because all the songs sound the same. I really tried to like this. In fact for a while I pretended I did like it, because I had told all my friends how great Soundgarden was based on those two songs I heard. But well, it's time to come clean, it's not that good.

(A&M Records / P.O. Box 118 / Hollywood, CA 90078)---Robert Rangel

SPACEMEN 3-*Playing With Fire*

These guys have received a lot of press lately, so I decided to check out the hubbub. They are making waves in the neo-60's retread circles, those who would rather revert to the olden days than face the 21st century. This is a strange record--I like it and I don't. I like it because the Spacemen are adept at doing the mind-bending hippie thing, which I can appreciate though I'm not a nut for it. Now, I have criticized other 60's clone bands for being mere copycats, so let me clarify: Spacemen 3 are ALSO copycats. They are NOT incorporating the old into something new. They are doing music that is whole and pulsing straight out of the paisley 60's underground. But they do it very well, and they deserve credit for it. Now, I don't like this record because after a while, this mellow, minimalist stuff gets damned boring. I also

don't like the way they're pushing this album--as "colour, space, sensuality... from a place so high... speaking to the deeper mind... outside the scope of familiar tongues." I like that last especially. Of COURSE it's "outside the familiar," the sixties are twenty years dead! Call it what you want, it's anachronistic, and I don't see how the Spacemen can build a lasting career on it. It'll be interesting to watch them try.

(Bomp Records / P.O. Box 7112 / Burbank, CA 91510)---Richard

SPIDERBABY-*Spiderbaby, 4 song e.p.*

These guys are awesome live, and this record (recorded with their old drummer) only hints at it. "Twisted" is excellent and "Pilsner Song" is good, but the other 2 ("When I" and "About Her") sound a little bit too college-radioish (possibly the production). They don't really sound like anybody else, live the energy level is 200x this, and when the fuck are they gonna record "Looking Up Your Dress?" P.S. They also have a great song, "Wake up" on the "Tantrum" compilation, "Twisted" (sounds like the same recording) is on the "Composite Drawing" comp, and there's another new one whose name escapes me on the new Flipside comp., "L.A. Power." A mere trickle.

(Laurie Anthony / P.O. Box 2382 / Hollywood, CA 90078)---Mark

STARVATION ARMY-*Execution Style*

The good old rock n' roll here is not going to let you down, but it's also unlikely to pump you up. Starvation Army's punk-tinged rock combination has strong out front vocals and thick power guitar riffs. Some of these hooks sound familiar. They go from retro-rock, to dirgy rock, and to fast driving rock. I bet live they're great.

(Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 18106)---Thomas

STEEL POLE BATH TUB-*Lurch*

Like the 7.1 earthquake that hit the Bay area last year, "Lurch" provides a powerful assault on all that we take for granted. The lack of decent noise, power and real grunge (as opposed to the 70s throwbacks we've been deluged with) in the drought ridden music scene has been shaken by this new release from Berkeley's Steel Pole Bath Tub. Side one opens with an epic-long cruncher, "Christina," that quickly melts into some excellent industrial tape loops and feedback. "Lime-Away" closes with an equally strong attack of fuzz bass layered by an ebbing guitar that wavers from soft to wild (much like Dinosaur Jr.'s "You're Living All Over Me"). Side two has three equally long pieces, two originals, "Hey You" and the "River," and yet another cover of "Paranoid." I hope this closes the book on that infamous song flaming out of Satan's anus, because it's definitely the loudest and most obnoxious version I've heard yet. The record comes with a lyric comic book to guide you visually through the album. They successfully pull off the idea with a mix of underground art and black

humor about themselves. All in all, this is a mega kind of album that leaves me completely satisfied, giving me one of the better noise fixes of the month.

(Boner Records, PO Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 9470-0081)---Ant

STRIPMINERS-*Divorce Yourself*

Here's a raw band that rubs like a rug burn on the antiseptic arm of conventional alternative music. They play unpretentious primal howls from the gut, with funky bass, textured guitar and syncopated percussion. They achieve drive through forceful dynamics, not overpowering noise. Songs slide from quiet protests to exploding bursts of emotion. Punk doesn't get any better than this, and it ain't even punk!

(Comm 3 / 438 Bedford Ave. / Brooklyn, NY 11211)---Ant

A SUBTLE PLAGUE-*Inheritance*

This San Francisco based group combines several trends from the Northern California music scene. The album's art work and lyrics convey a strong political conviction, and strained vocals deliver their heartfelt protest. Musically, A Subtle Plague, although originally from Philadelphia, play with the eclectic style of S.F. by combining jazzy horns, Latin rhythm, hardcore guitar riffs and experimental structures. Unlike most bands these days, A Subtle Plague are unique. Their songs sometimes feel schizophrenic and busy, with the complicated instrumentation and constant musical shifts. But infused in the chaos are a number of catchy harmonies and anthemic stretches ("17" and "Strange Sensation"). A few of their songs sound a little dumb, especially "Killers are Loose in the City." It's lyrically contrived and jumps around too much, lacking consistency. However, given many of the other stronger pieces, this is a challenging release from a sincere group of artists.

(Hey Day / P.O. Box 410822 / San Francisco, CA 94141)---Ant

SUICIDE-*A Way Of Life*

Messrs. Rev and Vega have been at their brand of Iggy-over-Kraftwerk since about the turn of the century; their sheer longevity makes them the George Burnses of New Wave; and, really, they're not bad at what they do. Improbable though this may seem, "A Way of Life" tends to bring out their 50s influences. "Jukebox baby 96" is a high tech update of the ersatz rockabilly bopper that Vega recorded a few years ago, "Surrender" is glitzy pop with femme back-ups, and "Love so lovely" and "Domenic christ" strut along quite nicely in an electronic sort of way. It's pretentious neo-beatnikery, but somebody has to do it.

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen / Chicago, IL 60647)---Les

SURGERY-*Surgery*

Over blown rock 'n' roll, maximum volume, produced by Kramer. Need I say

more? Lots of guitar solos. Not more to say. Me Jane. You Tarzan.

(Circuit Records / P.O. Box 67 / Merrick, NY 11566)---Ant

SWA-Winter

Easily the most listenable SWA product (never quite made it all the way thru "Sex Dr.") The lyrics aren't as stupid or sexist (save the ridiculous "Headphones"), the songs are generally shorter and the long ones not as self-indulgent. I mean the words to "Wastin' My Time" and "The Man Upstairs" are actually good and "Chances Are" is pretty catchy fer chrissake. Must be the new guitar player. Kudos to the Goddess on the cover.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Mark

SWEET BABY-*It's a Girl!*

I like a lot of this record, especially the grungy but tuneful Ramones lifts like "Baby, Baby, Baby" (etc.) and "Gotta Get a Girl." Most of the songs are simple without being completely moronic, and the lyrics are neat if none too profound. "There's This Girl" is a nifty British Invasion type ditty, and "The Way She Gets Around" finally puts the diverse influences together in one place.

(Ruby Records / P.O. Box 48888 / Los Angeles, CA 90048)---Les

TAD-Salt Lick

Tad's latest came with great expectation. Their debut blew a lot of shit out, sculpting sonic landscapes with their slow, driving rhythms and delay molded feedback. After hearing Steve Albini was to produce "Salt Lick," I could hardly wait. The first apparent difference from their first album is the clarity between tracks. Whereas in the first album everything seemed to melt together, here the listener can define each track, as the bass and drums are separated more clearly in the production. Dynamically, the music is stronger, as Tad balances low volume with massive thunder clapping bursts of power. One can also hear more of bare-bone heavy metal sound (no, there are not hundreds of silly guitar solos with millions of notes played at senseless speeds). If metal bands emulated the likes of Tad, I think I would feel safer in Phoenix shopping malls. But Tad hardly "crosses over" to that realm. Rather, it would be the job of lame metal to come over to our side and find out who really rocks out, and I mean ROCK... as if it were hurled from outer space into your face at a trillion miles per hour.

(Sub Pop / 1932 1st Ave., Suite 1103 / Seattle, WA 98101)---Ant

TAMPA SMOKES II-*Compilation*

I dread regional collections -- "Ludlow Rocks," that sort of thing -- but I suppose this album's diverse enough to provide a reasonably enlightening representation of the scene in Tampa during the late 1940's or whenever it was that Ink Disease received this promo copy. Not that I regret having

waited so long to listen to it; in fact, I wish I had waited longer, since the most interesting band here is Mad For Electra, who mix arty pop with fusion and whom I don't like. Walt Bucklin's a jangly singer-songwriter whose contribution's comparatively listenable, but there just isn't all that much to distinguish popsters like The Woodies et al or psychedeliacs like Thangogh. (The Wankers, however, do at least live up to their name.) I mean, Tampa's a great place, but apparently not for rock.

(Pop Records / P.O. Box 13216 / Tampa, FL 33681)---Les

TAR-Roundhouse

Tar is a Chicago noise band in the Big Black mold, who break the silence to have some fun at the Roadhouse. Tar features several former members of Blatant Dissent who come together to rumble and pummel their instruments and your ears. The vocals have that buried Steve Albini quality. The drummer just pounds the hell out of his set. The bass player works his power tool over. The guitars explode into an apocalyptic sonic distortion sphere. This is some really dense stuff. You could probably climb right up the sound waves. There's just enough melody here to let the song structure remain intact as these guys rattle the walls and shake the earth like some new monster piece of heavy equipment. Tar is very controlled and sound less chaotic than most of this genre, but they should still appeal to all those who like extreme noise. "Cold," "Bad Box" and "Thermos" are favorites, but you get them all for the same price. Good art work as well.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Thomas

TESTAMENT-*Practice What You Preach*

I used to like Testament. Their first two albums were good, but I don't know what happened, this one is a joke. It sucks. They sound like old Testament for about ten seconds then jump into some really stupid happy riff. Song after song follows with stupid riffs, stupid melodies and a whole lot of stupid lyrics. Then they have a song called "The Ballad" and it sucks. Who is that singing? It sounds like Bob Dylan fucked Bullwinkle and they had a baby. It makes me sad, because these losers are on MTV and all kinds of magazines when there are so many good bands that haven't sold out and deserve to be successful. Now I don't deny that these guys have a right to explore whatever kind of musical avenues they want to. It's a free country, but if you're gonna play pop-metal then start a pop-metal band. Don't start out playing thrash then put out crap like this. I can't believe these jerks are making money off this drool. Give me a break.

(Atlantic)---Robert Rangel

THIRTEEN NIGHTMARES-

THE

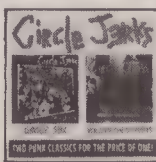
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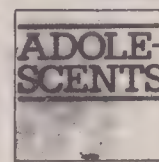
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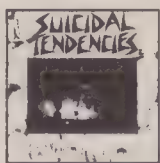
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FRONTIER

Shirtride

Based in Lincoln, Nebraska, Thirteen Nightmares prove to be energetic while retaining strong dynamics. They have a vigorous populist tone, reminiscent of American "working class" pop (i.e. Bruce), except their angle comes from the left field of alternative music. Lyrically, they're very political and honest. Al though this record tends to be rock oriented, I give these guys credit for having a lot of integrity. (Pravda)---Ant

TOKEN ENTRY-Jaybird

"Jaybird" is serious hardcore, and Token Entry are about as good as hardcore gets. Produced by Dr. Know of the Bad Brains, the band's second LP is super-tight and ultra-heavy, with blinding riffs that crunch down into pounding half and quarter-time when you least expect it. No question that this is hardcore at its most pure, but there's also more than you might expect in terms of melody and musicianship--hardcore for the 90's. "Windows," "Jaybird" and "Entities" are standout tracks, but the entire album is good. Dr. Know managed one hell of a great production job here, with thunderous guitar sound and a powerful drum sound, something that tends to get lost in thrash or speed music. I can't think of a negative thing to say--this is a must-have for all hardcore and / or punk fans. "Jaybird" delivers. (Hawker Records / 225 Lafayette St. / New

York, NY 100012)--- Richard

P.S. See Brian's review in Ink Disease #15 for a well-thought out alternative viewpoint.

TONE DOGS-Ankety Low Day

This is quite interesting, offbeat stuff. Similar to another C/Z band, Slack, who are equally unclassifiable but who exhibit neo-jazz art-house overtones. The Tone Dogs are an eclectic trio offering a strange meld of rhythmic bass, quiet strings, and eccentric beats. This music is not for everyone, but the art crowd noise-merchant types will eat it up. Famous eccentric Fred Frith is listed as contributor. I like parts of it more than others, specifically the more musical sections as opposed to the experimental stuff. Nice vocals from Amy Denio, the brains behind this outfit and the self-described "Avant Goddess of Seattle." Hmm... anyway, try this music out if you're feeling adventurous. But don't say I didn't warn you.

(C/Z Records / 1407 E. Madison, #41 / Seattle, WA 98122)--- Richard

TORA TORA-Suprise Attack

Pedestrian hard rock proving mostly that you can be from Memphis and still be crap. And, soon enough, rich to boot. (A&M Records / P.O. Box 118 / Hollywood, CA 90078)---Les

TRAGIC MULATTO-Chartreuse

Toulouse

As Tragic Mulatto gets older, their infamous theatrics give way to stronger musical sensibilities. Unlike their earlier stuff, seeing them live is not a prerequisite for "getting" their music. "Chartreuse Toulouse" is their first record that holds its own without the "gimmick" of live theatrics.

Perhaps the singer's side project as Pennsylvania Mahoney has injected a little blue blood into the music, but the addition of Fifi's slide-guitar brings out the Mississippi in their soul, with "I Don't Mind," "Man With a Tan" and "Debbie" representing the more bluesy tunes on the record. Other songs that utilize tuba and sax bring the listener into a New Orleans-styled cabaret, while "Farm," "Stinking Corps Lily," "Scabs on Lori's Arm" and "Farm" incorporate their absurdist tendencies. (Alternative Records Co. / 140 Prospect St. / Staten Island, NY 10304)---Ant

ULTRA VIVID SCENE-Staring At the Sun

Very enjoyable, this one. A modern pop record with strong hints of T.Rex and/or D.Bowie. The guy almost whispers like he's in some British band with goofy hairdos, but he's not. He's American. Great layers of guitars and other fine instruments, with much attention going to production. The

songwriting stands out most of all. (Columbia / 4AD)---Brian

ULTRA VIVID SCENE-Joy 1967-1990

A couple of dandies in the underworld come up with an entire LP of pop hits, none of which you'll probably hear on any radio. What a shame that is, and I don't mean that facetiously. The cover art and graphics on this LP are also amazing. Bright colors accentuate religious/industrial collage motifs. If such a sleeve were reduced to the size of a CD it wouldn't look a tenth as good. A fine piece of work in all respects, obviously intended for those appreciative of such beauty. Good exercise for your lazy brain, too. (Columbia / 4AD)---Brian

UNIFORM CHOICE-Screaming For Change

I once killed a kid for wearing a Uniform Choice T-shirt. What can I say? He offended my taste. (Kane Productions / 1147 E. Broadway, Ste 436 / Glendale, CA 91205)---Brian

UNREST-Kustom Karnal Blacksploitation

Here is a an old punk band that was always a little unconventional and, instead of sticking with the tried and true formula of punk, went off on their own tangent. Those bands who survived punk with their creativity intact- Fugazi, Butthole Surfers, Sonic Youth, Mike Watt and George Hurley- tend to lose old audiences but gain new listeners who are unfamiliar with their older material. The good news for Unrest is that their latest brings in the old with the new, keeping us old farts in line with our necessity to change and hear new things.

Needless to say, "Kurstom..." is a quirky album, difficult to get a handle on. A few songs draw on the older Unrest, while many slower and acoustic pieces seem to part ways. The personality of Mark Robinson, the obvious creative force behind the band, comes through strongly as enigmatic and idiosyncratic. I happen to like the unpredictability of the record. Even after a couple listens, I don't know what to expect after each song. This is a strong record, for both expressing its punk roots and exploring new directions in a confusing post-punk universe. (Caroline Records / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Ant

URGE OVERKILL-Americruiser

While a lot of bands are stuck in ■ rut somewhere between heavy metal and boring commercial pop music, Urge Overkill are busy churning out some extremely interesting music ranging from punk to straight ahead rock and roll. This record is great because it never gets boring and that's no easy

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feat. It starts out with the jumpy Ticket To L.A.," a song previously released as a single, and never lets up. It just keeps getting better and better. If you like catchy punk like the Buzzcocks, or Stiff Little Fingers then you might like this. Pick up this Chicago Trio's latest offering and latch on to some nasty grooves. I'm serious, this record is cool! (ed-The CD also includes their last record and single.) (Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Bob

VAGTAZO HALOTTKEMEK-Teach Death a Lesson

Translated from Hungarian their name means the Galloping Coroners. They are one of Hungary's top underground art bands (At least they were ■ couple of years ago when I was there). Must be ■ lot more above ground now that they've got some real fine pressed vinyl to show for themselves. The band's performances (according to the photographs included) hint at Gwar type theatrics, but more on the performance art and concept side than that horror shlock. There's something real pagan ritual-like about them. The music is pretty spacey and makes me think of those old movies where people are lost in the jungles and can hear the drums beating and the wild animals. It has ■ real distant sound. Some of the information I got mentions magical forces, which they seem to think is ■ part of their being. I

hear they're partly inspired by ancient Hungarian folk music, which must be weird stuff. Hungarians make some interesting sounds even in their classical music such as Bartok. It can be pretty scary. Most of the instrumentation is sparse, without any thick layers of sound. It's more atmospheric than that. But they ain't got nothing on the National Bulgarian Women's Choir. At times it almost sounds like some English pop, including some of the darker passages in say Siouxsie and the Banshees. Vagtazo Halohkemek are even almost industrial sounding in parts. The singer's grating vocals seem to clash with the music (From the pictures I got he the singer looks sort of like KK from the old L.A. band The Screamingers). Very different. (Available by Trade from Tamas Levy / Varju U.4 / Budapest-1181 HUNGARY)---Dick and Jane

THE VERLAINES-Hallelujah-All The Way Home

After hearing their excellent cut on the Human Music sampler, I was expecting more Jam type riffage.

Maybe the old English lettering and medieval drawings on this new record should have clued me in. So, I'm going to leave it to Ant to review.--- Thomas

THE VERLAINES-Hallelujah-All The Way Home

In the past I've been somewhat biased against the Verlaines because I really disliked their fans (you know, the arty college types). When Thomas played the record recently, I had no idea that it was the Verlaines playing this intricate and melodic music. He didn't really like it, so the record was passed on to me, and I have to admit, it's a good album. It has a medieval tone to it through the album's art work, instrumentation, and harmonic structure. Every song is like an epic composition with a great deal of pride and care going into the production and writing. It also has a subtle darkness to it. This seems to be a major work by this band, and I mean that in the sense that one describes a major work of art. (Dutch East India / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Ant

VERMIN FROM VENUS-Sex On Planet-X

Not as bad as it sounds. The Vermin play a real Ramones- influenced gritty type of punk (I think I can even make out a Ramones t-shirt in one of the band photos). They're

pretty good at what they do, and although their obsession with women, bondage and the color pink make it a little tough to take them seriously, pay attention and you'll hear some good songs. "Metal Girls "R" After Me", in particular, is a cool tune and funny to boot. I'm tempted to order one of their t-shirts, if their cover girl Vermina is on them. This is the first full-length album from the Las Vegas-based band, and I'd like to see show they progress on their next one. For now, "Sex on Planet X" is a worthy entry in the fetish-rock sweepstakes.

(Stench Records / P.O. Box 27801 / Las Vegas, NV 89102)---Richard R.

VISUAL DISCRIMINATION-In Vain

This is a fairly solid and straight forward record. The sound is powerful and competently done, with clear production, but there's not much variety in pace or style and the solos, well, I could do without. Their Agnostic Front cover is well done. The lyrics strike me as a little righteous and the gruff vocals sound more macho than angry. They're always about other people not doing what is "right." I'm sure the audience they play for digs on it, but I see few of the punk rock values and musical punch which made D.C. straight edge appealing. If you like this new straight edge genre these guys are the life blood on which the machine runs.

(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Thomas

WALDO the DOG faced BOY-Gifts of the Finest Wheat

Waldo... is what "we" (I say this with tongue planted in cheek) call a "critic's band." This usually means that there's something quirky about the group that only critics or artists can understand. Although that's partially true, I don't mean it as an elitist comment, but I don't think the masses will have much interest in Waldo..., which means of course, I really like this album. The six-member group proves to be very eclectic, going from dancable party music to ambient piano pieces to outright noise. No matter what space they go into, they achieve mastery of both music and energy. Their self-produced/released album with its spray-painted cover also adds to artistic quality of the album.

(W*I*N Records / P.O. Box 26811 / Los Angeles, CA 90026)---Ant

THE WALKABOUTS-Rag & Bone

An EP can be tease or a waste of money. In this case, we have a classic tease. Each song is so concise and epic-like, I'm left completely frustrated as the sixth track fades out. On the other hand, with a short amount of space, no time is wasted. With "Rag & Bone," the Walkabouts tease the listener with six remarkable tracks that will leave him/her panting for the next LP.

"Rag & Bone" taps into the Walkabouts' earthy sound, but reaches deeper into the shadows and dreams of mountain sages.

You can hear the echo of coal mines, the crash of mystical trains into the wall of reality. This all achieved with the maturing of their studio experience and song writing abilities, but also with the utilization of diverse instruments like the cello, violin, organ, piano, harmonica, lap steel, mandolin and trombone, creating beautifully textured sound. "Wreck of the Old #9" and "Medicine Hat" channel their mystical sensibilities, while "The Anvil Song" represents more of their live wired



edge. The closing track, "Last Ditch," powerfully reveals the Walkabouts' talent to write dramatic and soulful songs that cut at the roots of the soul. I see nothing but greatness in the crystal ball for these fine musicians.

(Sub Pop / 1932 1st Ave., Suite 1103 / Seattle, WA 98101)---Ant

WALKPROUD-Walkproud

It seems like they mean well, it's just that they're young. Well, at least they look young. Some of the songs sound too much alike with a lot of the same tempos and changes. It reminds me of early DRI or later Black Flag. Maybe they recorded this L.P. too soon. Probably an EP or a demo would have been a better starting point. Nevertheless, there are some good things about this disc. Lalo on vocals sounds good and pissed offed, which is always a plus for a hardcore band. Matt on guitar plays cool leads that remind me of Ace Frehley (imagine Ace in an H.C. band!)-that's good though. The songs are mostly fast chugging punk thrash. Out of all the so-so songs on this album they probably could have put 'em together into four or five great ones. I'm sure Walk Proud will grow into a great band if they stick to their guns. Their lyrics show a positive attitude and I am interested to hear more from these guys.

(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Bob

WEIRDOS-Condor

Among the varied tastes of the Ink Disease staffers there are few common denominators that allow us to set foot in the same county as one another. In that very select list of items, somewhere between chili-cheese fries and film noir are the Weirdos. Waiting years for this release, their first full length lp, has been an ordeal that maybe only Anne Frank can relate to. As oceans of

time flowed by and my hair-line receded it seemed as if this day would never come. But come it has! The record has gone around my turntable a mere dozen times (as of this writing), thawing the decade worth of permafrost that's been growing steadily since the release of the Action Design ep. Do I need to talk about the actual record? Fuck no, just get it! Dada punk is alive and well and living in Hollywood.

(Frontier Records / P.O. Box 22 / Sun Valley, CA 91353)---Steve

WORLD DOMINATION OR DEATH-The First Bad Taste SM Compilation

One thing that always pisses me off is bands who talk like revolutionaries, but don't back it up. Once a band makes it there's no excuse for not helping others out with some project, like a club or label, especially when they've been preaching to us from the CBS or Virgin towers as they rake in the big bucks. Then there are the Sugarcubes who never promised you the world, but delivered it to your doorstep in this here package. Once they became famous, or maybe even before, they formed their own label to put out bands from Iceland. Alone this is a slim reason for buying an album, but we have more here. Reptile is the standout, with two great pop conglomeration hits. Other bands include the Bootlegs, a rocking speed metal outfit who might be at home on a Death. Dark Angel and Exodous bill. Bless has a cool sound. They're kind of dark at times and get a little weird as well. Ham do a death dirge version of Abba's "Voulez-Voulez" and Oxtor Lss are Stray Cats type rockabilly. The Sugarcubes even play a number. "World Domination Or Death" certainly has variety and is perfect as an introduction to the Bad Taste cavalcade of Icelandic bands.

(Bad Taste Ltd / P.O. Box 651 / San Francisco, CA 94101)--- Thomas

WRECK-Cut Up

Wreck. is another case of a good band wrecked by a lousy singer. My opinion be that the right singer can make a band, while the mediocre one will break it. Too bad Steve Albini didn't sing on this one. (Aside, I commend the cover artist, great design.)

(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)--- Jane Good

STEVE WYNN-Kerosene Man

In case you haven't heard, this is the debut solo album from the former Dream Syndicate vocalist/songwriter, and it's very good. The well structured, melodic guitar sounds will appeal to old Syndicate fans as well as new fans. Wynn is an excellent songwriter, and this record is more restrained--yet more diverse--than his previous material. The songs are more pop on "Kerosene Man," and there's a lot of mainstream hit potential here. The Dream Syndicate specialized in more moody, E-minor rock ("Ghost Stories" is the finest expression of this), and the moods on Wynn's new record shift between bright pop

and mellow blues. Two of the best tracks are "The Blue Drifter" and "Under the Weather," with its flamenco-influenced chords. Syndicate fans will like "Younger" and "Something to Remember Me By," but even these two are fresh and different. This album deserves to do well for Wynn--this is well-executed rock and roll, and we can never have enough of that.

(Rhino / 2225 Colorado Ave. / Santa Monica, CA 90404)---Richard

THE YOUNG GODS-L'eau Rouge

In these days when black with a beat just ain't enough, The Young Gods bring us high drama from the land of watch movements and numbered bank accounts. Their

idiosyncratic blend of sampled slabs of guitar bombast and orchestral flourish topped with Fritz Trischler's basso profundo vocals (a new standard in world-weary anguish) combines with a newly tightened focus on content - which makes for an album that plays like a taut wire from beginning to end. If running through crooked streets propelled by desperate sexual urge sounds like something you can relate to, "L'Eau Rouge" is the Grand Guignol liquor that'll slake your thirst.

(Play It Again Sam / 1659 N. Damen / Chicago, IL 60647)---Jessica

THE YOUNG GODS-"Longue Route"

b/w "September Song" 12"

I guess Ministry's forays into hard rockingness have caught on with the sampler set. The speed metal mudwrestling with a drum machine is given a go by Switzerland's The Young Gods. The Youngsters sing in French with vocals blending Laibach, Lemmy and La Pew (Pepe, that is). Speaking of Lemmy, the song is built on a sample of what sounds a lot like Motorhead. The B-side goes in a whole other direction, sounding like schmaltzy Nick Cave singing over an outtake from "Music For Films."

(Play It Again Sam / 1659 N. Damen / Chicago, IL 60647)---Narod Drol



THE A.G.'S-"Bryan's Song" b/w "The Pogey Song" & "Don't Need Anyone"

A damn catchy single with Ramones and Descendents-like distortion filled power-pop, but the thing that makes the A.G.'s go is the Angry Samoans' type snappiness and riffs. The lyrics are straight forward concerns ("Bryan's Song"), lighthearted fun ("The Pogey Song"), and relationship woes with a little humor ("Don't Need Anyone"). However, the vocal phrasing sounds like a nicer Metal Mike. "The Pogey Song," has some of the Samoans' "Steak Knife" feel. This is well done, punchy hardcore, and I like it very much. The only thing I can't figure out is how they got Paul McCartney to appear on their back cover? Also, tell me how they made Paul look twenty years younger? (Ringing Ear Records / P.O. Box 1073 / Durham, N.H. 03824)--- Thomas

ANUS THE MENACE-Anus the Menace

This local Whittier band plays a darker brand of punk than most, with some wirey scraping guitar work. The drumming is strong and shows a good variety of beats as well as some splashing cymbals. The bass playing provides solid fuel for propulsion. Their vitriolic lyrics are also excellent. The opening cut, "I Wish I was Gay (So You Would Hate Me)," is their big commercial hit, and I give it a classic status of sorts. Another favorite is "Your Poison or Mine." While two of the other three cuts are not bad, one

stands out as the underground favorite among the hip crowd. The ground swell of support for this number is phenomenal. That song is "Papercut." This Anus the Menace song and the others will quickly drill into your head. In no time at all you'll be humming them. It's music that doesn't just fade into a bland pack of look alike bands. And the lyrics will give you something to think about. It even comes on red vinyl. So, go ahead and do it.

(FlipSide Records / P.O. Box 4084 / Whittier, CA 90607)---Thomas

AURORA-Aurora

Aurora's single is more on the furious side than their l.p., especially in the vocal department. It's high powered punk rock that's great for banging your head against the wall or just toe tapping. Aurora play the kind of punk that makes you want to raise your fist in the air and sing along.

(Empty Records / Muggenhoferstr. 39 / 8500 Nurnberg / West Germany)---Thomas

THE BAGS-"Hide and Seek" b/w "I Know"

2 tracks of pedestrian hard rock. Similar to their first album, but that at least had a couple of good tunes. The most annoying thing about this is their use of the name of one of L.A.'s finest. One shouldn't use a name that someone's already used and put on vinyl. To tha moon, Alice.

(Stanton Park Records / P.O. Box 58 / New-

tonville, MA 02160)--- Mark

BALZAC-"Frowning"

Slow gothic sounding music with really cool atmospheric vocals make these 3 tunes really get under your skin. They did mine, anyway. I like it a lot. The piano mixes with a Smiths/Morrissey-like guitar and a kind of B-52's singing for a cool sound. These guys and girls are kind of what the B-52's might sound like if they didn't have a sense of humor, but that's not a putdown. "Frowning" is a good sampler from this band, who, I guess, is from New York.

(Fish Fur Records/ 142 E. 16th St., Suite 2-G / New York, N.Y. 10003)---Bob

BASTRO DIABLO-"Shoot Me A Deer" b/w "Goiter Blazes"

Extremely heavy Big Black induced guitar monstrosity. Great stuff. Not included on Bastro Diablo Guapo album (see LP reviews).

(Homestead Records / P.O. Box 570 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570)---Ant

BHANG REVIVAL-"Never Look Back" * "Jolt" / "Running, Hiding"

These 3 girls from Chicago bang out straight ahead, in your face music that, judging from these 3 tunes, has a lot of variety. "Never look back" is a good fast paced rock-er bordering on hardcore, while "Jolt" and "Running, Hiding" have a bit of a calmer 70's

style to them. The latter being a great tune that warrants the purchase of this 7". I'd like to hear more from Bhang Revival to see if the versatility displayed over these 3 songs can hold up on a whole L.P. We'll have to wait and see on that, but so far, so good.
(3422 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL. 60657)---Bob

BIG CHIEF-*Big Chief*

This heavy weight monster contains more power than my apartment can accommodate. It comes as no surprise that this revered ensemble includes members of the legendary Necros and Laughing Hyenas. Musically they sound like the bastard offspring of Black Sabbath and Motorhead. The album sleeve, designed by one wiggled out satanic Mayan teamster is more than enough reason to include this in your collection.
(P.O. Box 7944 / Ann Arbor, MI 48107)---Steve

BUSH PIG-*Bush Pig*

More feedback howls, courtesy of Amphetamine Reptile Records. If you like their other stuff, chances are you'll like this Bush-pig sampler. As for me, it's a little too harsh, garage music with a touch of neo-tribal edge, but it's basically wall-of-noise monster-rock. It does sound a bit more progressive than the other A.R.R. stuff I've heard, like Vertigo and Surgery, but in the end it's not for me. Better production than the aforementioned bands. I have no further comments.
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Richard

CACTUS FOSSILS-4 song e.p.

Another Whittier band hits the big time with some damn good material. This has a real early punk sound which I'd compare to Rhino 39 at times. Craig's bass work is excellent and will have you snapping back and standing to attention. It's really punchy and has a good boomerang type effect. Phil, who also does the duties with Anus the Menace, provides some strong "concussion" work here. The guitar is usually fast and has a strained sound. The first two cuts are pretty damn good, but the B-side has two instant classics. Those include "The Happy Song" which is an instrumental, and "Paper or Plastic?" The latter having some very incisive and biting lyrics. I really like the "Freedom Up to My Knees" line. Excellent debut, guys: I just hope you buy their record so they can stick with it.
(Flipside Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

CARRY NATION-*Face The Nation* (1985 * 1989)

An all star cast of new straight edgers blast out some big mean hardcore on "Face The Nation." Carry Nation is powered by a former Instead member, Big Frank, and two No For An Answer players. Boston and New

York hardcore influences would be your best comparison, because of the gruff vocals and aggressive music. It's well played with enough variety to keep the tunes interesting. The lyrics range from straight edge concerns to personal betterment, but I like the good old "I hate the pigs" type number "Protect and Serve." They sound almost militant on that one. What these guys have over their counterparts are a rumbling bass, some drumming which at times touches on the tribal, and varied arrangements.
(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Thomas

CRINGER-*Zen Flesh, Zen Bones, e.p*

6 Trax of fairly straight ahead political-punk out of Chula Vista. I suppose they mean well enough, but there isn't much here lyrically or musically that hasn't been covered, better in the past. The poor recording doesn't help matters.
(Vinyl communications / P.O. Box 8623 / Chula Vista, CA 92012)---Mark

CRIMPSHINE/MUTLEY CHIX-5 song 7"

All three of Crimpshrine's tracks on the A-side of this disc are good and solid. While they tend to rely upon basic punk formulas, Crimpshrine is one band who can take the genre's conventions and always do a good job with them. Mutley Chix, on the B-side, sound a lot like a more punked-out Scrawl might. Both of their tunes are respectable grinders. Putting these two bands together was a good idea. Production is uniformly rough, but it's good enough to please. This 7" won't blaze any trails, but it's proof positive that good bands are still doing their thing, just waiting to be heard by the likes of you.
(You can get the cool Magazine and record for cheap from No Idea / P.O. Box 14636 / Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)---Richard

CRUEL-*"Candle on the Water" b/w "Tarba"*

Sub-pop type rawk out of Wisconsin. Decent, but neither flipped-out enough nor tuneful enough to invite further listenings.
(206 Glen Hollow Road / Madison, WI 53705)---Mark

DADDY HATE BOX-*"You Tell Me Nothing" b/w "Close As Death"*

Both of these songs are good and heavy rockers, a good mix of 70's power metal and funky bass. The A-side has a very Zeppelin-esque break in the middle, and the B-side sports some wicked wah-wah pedal guitar. I wouldn't lump these in with the current glut of white-funk clones; this record rings a bit more true than that. A whole album of this might get boring, but a two-songs shot, I can handle. C/Z records has a lot of good stuff these days-check 'em out.
(C/Z Records / 1407 E. Madison / Seattle, WA 98122)---Richard

DA WILLYS-*A Case of...*

Grungy NY rock dat woiks for yous. Real powaful dame on vocals...she sets me on fiah wid 'er deep voice. Dey spit in ya faces with dis stuff. Two times in da past month I been mugged. Now dis is da thoid. My face hoits. But dis band can play at my bah any time dey wants ta. Guaranteed to set ya scum into action on da dance flooah.
(Baylor Records / 48 Monitor St. / Brooklyn, NY 11222)---Brian

DEATH OF SAMANTHA-*"Rosenberg Summer" b/w "Heroes"*

Thankfully, Death of Samantha is preserving the old tradition of preceding an album with a single having a non-LP B-side. Said B-side is the old D.Bowie/B.Eno hit "Heroes." This is good stuff. Though this single doesn't really show it, these people can play the sort of rock and roll that The Saints used to play when the phenomenal Ed Kuepper helmed that band.
(Homestead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 1571-0800)---Brian

DIE KREUZEN-*"Pink Flag" b/w "Land of Treason"*

Two excellent covers of famous punk songs are served up by Mikwaukee's Die Kreuzen. Homage is paid to the great minimal punk of Wire with "Pink Flag" and the hardcore classic of the Germs, "Land of Treason." Both songs have real lyrics, something that today's bands don't seem to spend much time on. Die Kreuzen pull out some of their speedy old sound and mix it with their more textured new metal. The results are new versions which are great noise thrashers. Dan "over the edge" Kubinski's wild wailing works well, especially on "Land of Treason," where he pulls off the deed without a Darby Crash growl copy. One of the cool sounds Die Kreuzen has now is amazing bass tweaking and stretching by Keith Brammer. Listen for it. Good stuff, I say.
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

DRUMMING ON GLASS-*"Tear It Down" b/w "Trip"*

Ethereal, dreamy, melodic, velvet-like combined with pop hooks and dissident episodes (sitar and all).
(Aurora Records / P.O. Box 2596 / Jamaica Plain, MA 02130)---Ant

DRUNK WITH GUNS-*"Drug Problem" b/w "Dwi&A Beer"*

This concept record kicks off in low gear w/"D.P.," a slow boring Flipper-ish tune in which the singer bemoans his sad fate in being ripped off in a drug deal and his furor at same. "Dwi," the best thing on here, sounds like mid-period Black Flag and concerns driving drunk and crashing a car. The last song on here consists of the words "a beer" chanted repeatedly over the guitar until you too will know what it means to drink one. This is their 4th and last release as they have metamorphosised into "Bullets for

Pussy." Oh well.
(P.O. Box 124 / Yonkers, NY 10710)---Mark

THE DWARVES-*Drug Store, EP*

This is the kind of record we all expected from the Dwarves. Totally bereft of Christian morality, and damn proud of it. The noisiest, most obnoxious individuals on record. But in real life, though, these guys are just a bunch of nerdy social outcasts looking for a little love...which, by the way, they won't find within the pages of Ink Disease. We wouldn't give their types the time of day.
(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Brian

EYEBALL-*Eyeball, 4 song e.p.*

The first song on here, 6's is a really good manic off-kilter winner, but things tail off after that; the rest of the songs are a bit long and metalish. Not bad tho, and it includes an insert that reminds me of the Odd-Rod bubblegum cards that I collected when I was a wee tyke.
(1346 Haight / S.F., CA 94117)---Mark

FIDELITY JONES-*"Venus on Lovely" b/w "Destructor"*

D.C.'s Tomas Squip is quite a personality. Here he commands the Fidelity Jones ensemble through a heavy session of emotional blood letting. Passion flows forth from his every pore. Slow heavy thud bass drum, wild guitar leads, powerful lead weighted riffs, some funk bass and a variety of other musical noises (very noticeable in the guitar work) are produced with a big clean "reach out and grab you" kind of sound.
(\$3 ppd from Dischord / 3819 Beecher St. N.W. / Wash., D.C. 20007-1802)---Thomas

FINAL FEAR-*"Disillusion" b/w "Death"*

This shit was dead ten years ago.
(\$1.50 ppd. from P.O. Box 7582 / La Verne, CA 91750)

FISHWIFE-*Fishwife*

San Diego is turning out some really different bands lately. Pitchfork and Fishwife make quite a combination. Fishwife plays some alternative rock that borders on post-punk and hardcore, but even tries to throw in some more commercial rock. They really keep you off balance by changing styles in mid-song. The sound is usually kind of heavy but there's always some catchy rhythm changes, fascinating arrangements and juicy hooks. I hesitate to give any detailed musical description because their sound jumps around so much, and I'd probably lead you astray. However, what really makes Fishwife weird are the vocals by Ryan Fox. Often he sounds like that perfect clean cut San Diego boy (just like the stereotypes of L.A. people). Although there's something even dark about his voice in that persona. The clean cut guy properly pronounces the words in a calm manner and a slightly low voice, almost like a sober Dan Forklift (although I'm only guessing, be-

cause I never saw him sober.) Then out jumps Ryan's double, a raving lunatic who screams and claws his way to the microphone. His voice is high and scratchy and screechy sounding like a witch singing heavy metal. Anyway, it's pretty interesting and worth a few bucks to check out.
(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Thomas

HALO OF FLIES-*Death of a Fly*

Nerds play the music of men possessed. A streamlined modern version of the wheel. Time capsules will prove fruitful if so stock-ed.
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Brian

HOLY ROLLERS-*Origami Sessions*

All these songs are on their "As Is" l.p., which includes some even better tunes. "Origami Sessions" still gives listeners an idea of the Holy Rollers range of sounds. A glance at their variety shows sixties influences, which include the psychedelic, such as on "Eleventy" and edgy guitar like Fugazi on "Machine." Other styles include rock grunge, soaring angelic vocals, and even quirky parts. Quality varies from song to song and with each style, but often things work out quite well.
(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher Street N.W. / Washington, D.C. 20007)---Thomas

HUNGER FARM-*6 Song 7-inch*

Time was, you bought a single for some hit song, like "Love Gun" or some other cool tune, and the flipside was some throwaway song that you never even listened to. Nowadays that's all changed. The 7-inch format seems to be a viable avenue of expression. Take this Hunger Farm "single"-geez, you can't even call them "singles" anymore! This one has six songs, and this is a common thing. Makes me feel old. Anyway, I had a Hunger Farm demo at one time or other, and it didn't impress me. I don't know why, because this record is pretty good. After I figured out that I had to play it a 33 1/3 rpm (a factoid given nowhere on the sleeve or the record-so now I can't even call it "45"!) I heard some nice raunch-and-roll. It's not real fast or super heavy, it's got some melodic passages and fuzzy guitar. If I had to draw a comparison I'd say, maybe. Mission of Burma at times, sorta Government Issue-ish at others (like "Pop-Punk" on side A). On the whole, very O.K. It looks self-produced; no label or address anywhere, so I guess no one out there can ever hear this. Sorry!

(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Richard

JAPAN BASHING-Vol. 1

Great 7" EP of absurdist-core noise infliction from Japan. Public Bath do an excellent job of combining 4 original bands with sounds unheard of on this side of the Pacific Lake. The Boredoms' "Discow Moscow" invades Earth like an alien incursion with the opening cut. Then UFO of Die reconstruct

noise for their industrial tour of exotic toxins and space ship abductions. On side B, Omoide Hatoba (Harbor of Memories) knock out "Linear Motor Jet Shop" that sounds like its title, minus the extra decibels. Finally, Hamadensha performs "Future Deadlock," a hard hitting theme for the cyberspace cowboy going on one of his/her violent drug binges.

The over all quality of production and recording is excellent and far superior to most American indie releases. Who'll fly me out to Osaka to meet these folks?

(Public Bath Records / P.O. Box 2134 / Madison, WI 53701)---Ant

JAWBREAKER-*(Busy)*

This single is filled with post punk-pop-core that is already getting a reputation for its catchy melodies and heartfelt vocals. Jawbreaker has a noisy cloud of distortion surrounding the chunky melodies underneath. These guys have character and a raw unbridled sound backed up by good personal lyrics. Look for Walter Matthau on the cover. Don't ask me why he's there!?

(Shredder Records / 181 Shipley St. / S.F., CA 94107)---Thomas

THE JESUS LIZARD-*"Chrome" / "7 vs. 8"*

This be the current band of Mr. David Yow, a man capable of removing his eyeball and pulling his testicles outward some one to two feet, not to mention the former vocalist of the late Scratch Acid. "7 Vs. 8" is pure Acid-esque howl. One whiff of Dave's chords and that will be all you'll think of. "Chrome" is a medley of two old songs by Chrome. Sound good.

(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brian

JONESTOWN-*Genetics for Your Future (Skidmark) &*

JONESTOWN-*"Sugar Ship" b/w "Ec-zema" (Project A Bomb)*

These two singles by Jonestown explore the darker side of American culture with interesting art work and their brand of acid-core currently in vogue in the Midwest. "Sugar Ship" combines rhythm with some tough power chords. "Crusty Rug" (from "Genetics.") is less musical with a harder edge two guitar mayhem. Good stuff!

(Project A Bomb Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404 or Skidmark Records / 3622 Grand Ave. S. / Mpls., MN 55409)---Ant

JUST SAY NO-*"Pitbulls on Crack" b/w "Cartoon Castle" & "The Ballad of Frank Cox"*

Although the flipside is average garage band ranting, side A's "Pitbulls on Crack" is an excellent driving anthem with slow dynamics and vocal harmony. Of all the records I reviewed, "Pitbulls..." is one of the few songs that remained stuck in my head. Recording quality and/or pressing could be

improved.
(Go Ahead Records / P.O. Box 424 / Haslett,
MI 48840)---Ant

LAUGHING HYENAS-"Here We Go Again" b/w "Candy"

Big Black's legacy has forever left its metal grate imprint on the midwest's underground music. Although that is clear, the Laughing Hyenas have other influences as well, including a history of their own, and some nice touches others might just be envious of. The singer, John Brannon, is famous for his ultra hardcore band Negative Approach. Their fame came directly from his throaty vocals. John's voice was about as kick-ass, no-nonsense, and gruff as anybody on the face of the planet. Here that voice has mutated a bit to a combination of Steve Albini, Jeff Pezzati, and Dan Kubinski. John makes some screaming, growling and clawing sounds which strike me as ridiculously painful to make. He also puts a lot of heart into those vocals. On guitar we have Larissa Strickland of L-Seven fame (that is the little known midwest band, not the L.A. band L-7). Her vocals, in L-Seven, could now be compared to a band like, maybe, the Sugarcubes (although I don't see a possible connection--since the Sugarcubes had not yet hit it big in the U.S. at that time). With Laughing Hyenas Larissa plays some powerful textured guitar parts which add much feeling and melody to the band's noisy sound. Kevin Strickland plays bubbling tar bass (I'm pretty sure they're brother & sister). Kevin and drummer Jim Kimball keep the band grooving in ever tighter spirals until the music can build to a high point. This unit is very cohesive and work the melody slowly and diligently out of the noise. Really good stuff, and I gather there's more. Besides a debut l.p., "You Can't Pray A Lie," Laughing Hyenas will be releasing a new album called "Life of Crime," which will include their version of that Weirdos' classic. They've definitely got me hooked in.
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

LIBIDO BOYZ-Childhood Memories

The first song is a lot like recent Die Kruezen' wind-swept leaves sound with a bit of speed metal thrown in for good measure. The title cut alternates between choppy stop and go guitar punctuations and bursts of speed. These guitar counters provide you with the feeling of being a pacing and lurking animal. The bursts send you in for the kill. Even when playing fast crackling runs, they include some intricate patterns. Probably, Bulima Banquet wish they could sound like this. The songs on the B-side are more straight forward, all out hardcore. A little Jeff Pizzatti sound even makes it into the vocals once and awhile. I would say the lyrics seem concerned, but not great. It's a melodic careening hardcore alternative. Impressive debut.
(Red Decibel / 2541 Nicollet Ave. So. / Min-

neapolis, MN 55404)--- Thomas

LIFE'S TOUGH FOR THE STUPID- A Double 7 Inch Comp

Grunge merchants Rave Records serve up a nice colored vinyl comp, which is not too shabby at all. More Fiends' "Big Tea Party" has a classic but non-derivative punk sound, resembling 45 Grave's "Evil" in my mind. Starvation Army's "Conquistador" gets points for NOT being a bastardized cover of Procol Harum's classic. Besides that, it's pretty good, especially for being a 4 track recording. The Big Thing, whose record didn't impress me, do better here with "De Nile," which sounds pretty much like their LP but is a much smaller dose. The Reverb Motherfuckers are represented by "Ballad," a tongue-in-cheek blues/country novelty. The primary value of this comp is as an intro to the Rave Sound and at that, it succeeds. It's a limited run deal, so if you're interested, you'd better act now.
(Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106)--- Richard

LOVE AND NAPALM-Vol 1, Hyper Cool Ep

Compilation, Love and Napalm

This is a great EP in the tradition of independent 7" releases. Probably the most insane 7" on the market, the songs on this 4 song EP will present a few juxtapositions and irreverence to conventional thinking. Side A opens with Pain Teens playing a metal laced instrumental with a black preacher orating behind them. Next, Crust creep into the back door of your mind playing a mix of Austin madness and Indian dissonance. Definitely a Martian soundtrack.

Side B begins with a Chrome influenced piece by Lithium X-mas, "Jump into the Fire." Love and Napalm closes with "Grumbler" by Ed Hall, a Butthole induced psychotic bit delay feedback and garage noise.
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Ant

LUNACHICKS-"Cookie Monster" b/w "Complication"

When I saw the cookie strewn cover I had to have this. Harshly grinding the low gears hardcore is the Lunachicks' specialty which is high-lighted on this single (their faster stuff was more apparent on their first e.p.). Black Flag's late period slow metal crunch seems to be the best comparison, although the music, and especially the vocals, have bits that remind me of L-7, Redscare, Big Black, Legal Weapon, and even Dan "Detox" Forklift's "Wo Wohs." The complimentary production allows both songs to have a nice thick raw sound. "Cookie Monster" is more of a novelty (but who doesn't dig the cookie monster) and "Complication" is basic, but damn catchy grunge, until it dies at the end with some bad solos. Once again the Lunachicks give you the bonus of a full colour fold-out poster sleeve of them posing in the finest 70's regalia around. Another in

a long line of collectors items, but this is one worth having.
(Blast First / 262 Mott St. / New York, NY 10012)---Thomas

MAELSTROM-Peace! includes "Megamorphosis" b/w "Motivation" and "Who Are You?"

Metallica has nothing to worry about from this group of thrashers. Maelstrom seem ready to try their hand at the world of aggressive thrash metal. They do an okay job, but their riffs and changes are a little cliched and dated. One good thing about them is the singer who is a strong and forceful frontman. I like this type of vocals, but unfortunately it's not enough to make me like this single a lot. I guess with some work on songwriting they could develop into a cool band, but right now they just kind of blend into the crowd.
(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Bob

P.S. The version of Void's "Who Are You?" is done fairly well, but doesn't add much to the original. Stick with the great Void send up metal destruction version. Go on, get it now. The Faith/Void split L.P. is still available on Dischord.-ed.

MAGIC RIBBONS-Volume One

This is a compilation box set of three 7" singles. It includes Unrest, Happy Flowers, King Missile (Dog Fly Religion), Sebadoh, Mystery Tramps and Spook and the Zombies. It reminds me of the folk edition of Radio Tokyo Tapes: generally low tech and ethereal. I'm happy to hear more attempts like this at saving the 7". There are only 1500 sets, so you better order quickly or else...
(Leopard Gecko Records / P.O. Box 54486 / Tacoma, WA 98445)---Ant

MALIGNUS YOUTH-Malignus Youth

Like my mind, these guys seem to have scatterbrain thoughts. It appears they don't know what to say. They'll go for some big topics, like existence, and in the same song give a grand concise phrase to sum up the way it is, only in the next line they'll add an exception that shoots the first answer to shit. These songs are also extremely long. There are about a million lines per song usually sung at a billion mph. The music has a few real slow parts, but usually hits hyper speed in no time. Once in awhile they have a powerful hardcore sound and then there's a real primitive scraping and screeching. It comes with a big old hand written lyric booklet and it's on clear vinyl.
(Youth Ink records / 125 Carl Hayden Dr. / Sierra Vista, AZ. 85635)---Thomas

THE MARSHMALLOW OVER-COAT-"Tomorrow Never Knows" b/w "Suddenly Sunday"

A 60's sound band isn't bad per se, but when it reminds me of Spanky and our gang with worse vocals, then I feel I must say nay. The cover of the Beatles song isn't too bad,

but if you've got "Revolver" you don't need this. (Get Hip Records / P.O. Box 666 / Canonsburg, PA 15317)---Mark

MECCA NORMAL-

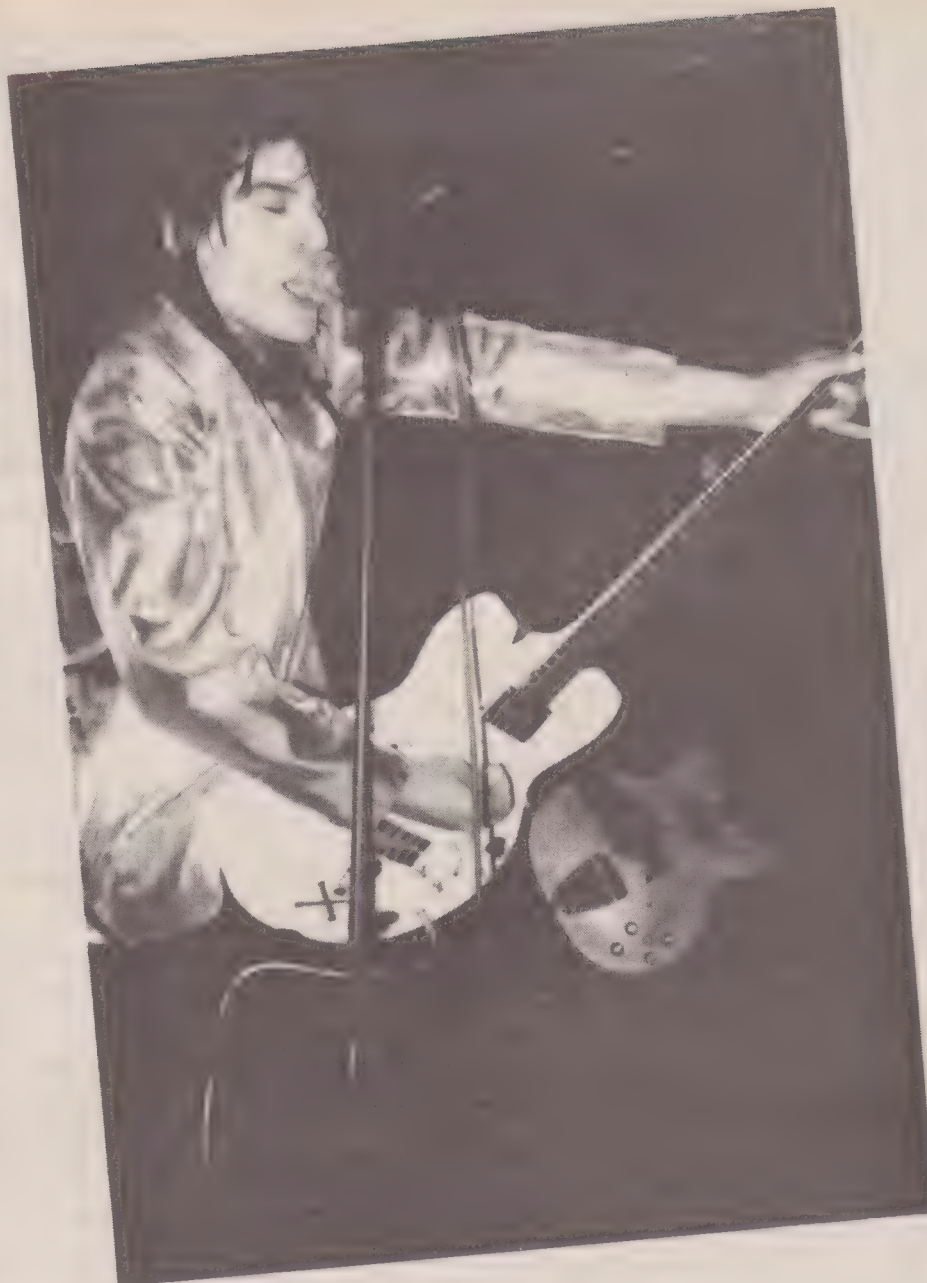
Cardboard Box House of Love

Like Beat Happening, Mecca Normal are very minimal. At least that's the case on this Highway K single. The Vancouver dynamic duo is made up of Jean Smith (who sings and plays guitar on one song) and David Lester (on guitar guitar). This 7 inch plays it low on political and feminist lyrics that come across so vehemently on their other albums; although those themes are still apparent, they're presented with subtlety in these two songs. The theme behind "He Didn't Say" is the universal idea of a communication gap between the sexes. The singing on it is incredible. Jean uses a real soft voice, then her rough voice comes out at appropriate discordant moments in the song. Both tunes are somehow very catchy when, although seeming built on a shaky platform. "Forlorn" has some out of tune tinkling and mooring guitar noises combined with vocals that have a weird but fascinating buzz. Jean has an excellent vocal ability, that sounds raw, but gets across a feeling in a very strong way. The guitar noise parallels that feeling. Very cool stuff.

(Highway K / box 7154 / Olympia, WA 98507)---Jane and Dick

MONSTER MAGNET-"Lizard Johnny" b/w "Freak Shop U.S.A."

Monster freakout noise jam. Side A was uninspiring but flipside plays as a good accompaniment for late night writing frenzies.



(Circuit Records / P.O. Box 67 / Merrick, NY 11566)---Ant

MOTORCYCLE BOY-"Feel It" b/w "One Punch"

The sound of these Hollywood favorites is very much derived from Iggy & the Stooges, and the whole Motown metal trip with a little punk and New York Dolls' action just to keep them honest. Their sound has character and punch that says these are their roots rather than retro reminiscing. The hard rocking power pop metal on this Flipside single is done with biting distortion which sells me. Wah Wah and all these guys rip up the street. Don't let their name and glam reputation dissuade you, this Motorcycle Boy single is one you don't want to miss. And it's on opaque

colored vinyl too. (FlipSide Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

MOTOR MORONS-Conspicuous Consumption, 5 Songs e.p.

Industrial, pop and a tiny bit of hardcore are mixed up here to obtain a very offbeat and unique sound. There's no band I can think of that does anything quite like this. The Motor Morons are extremely minimal and slightly industrial sounding, with grinders as the main instruments (Whatever the heck those are? Maybe they're something like Coffee grinders.) They make kind of a steady buzz and gurgle sound. The female vocals sound very clean and pop oriented, and are sung with same tone throughout. The Motor Morons' main theme is cars. Strange stuff. Like Motorcycle Boy this single is part of the Flipside jukebox series and comes in cool colored vinyl. Also of note for fans of wacked out comic

art (stuff with bulging eyes, highly detailed motor parts, naked women (with the wings of flies), pool balls, skulls and of course cars) Craig W. Stinchcomb's cover drawings may be of interest.

(FlipSide Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)

MOVING TARGETS....Away From Me

If my rave review of the Moving Targets "Brave Noise" LP failed to win you over, may I recommend this 7-incher, which is just as good and requires a lesser commitment. "Away From Me" is the type of melodic power-pop that these guys do best. It is a perfect sampler track for the Targets sound. The B-side has a raunchier version of the best cut from the LP-namely, "Falling," which

predates the album version but sounds about the same. "Selfish" is the fastest, punkiest thing I've heard from this band. While solid, it is not truly representative of their material, and I would recommend it only because it's here with the other two songs. This single is cool. Buy it. What else can I say?

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Richard

MUDHEAD-*"The Jumbo Sound of..."* (includes "Eleutheromania" and "Charlie's Golden Ticket")

The A-side a'this baby comes outfitted with ukelele, good drumming and tensed-up free association lyrics. Good effort. The flip, while a touch monotonous, has good lyrics. I can dig it. From Kansas City, MO. (\$3.00 ppd. 4155 Warwick Blvd. / Kansas City, MO 64111)---Mark

MY EYE-*"Empty Box" b/w "So Much Going On"*

This single is squarely in the C/Z category of well produced punk/metal and that's good. The A-side is the faster track, and while not blazingly original, is O.K. all the same. The flipside shows some nice change-of-pace guitar work, melodic lines working up to power-punk and back again. What keeps me from enjoying this record more, are the Donald Duck-type vocal screechings. I thought it was a joke at first, but they're on both tracks, so I guess it's the real thing. I don't know, an album of this stuff would be mighty hard to take. But two songs, that's o.k.

(C/Z Records / 1407 E. Madison #41 / Seattle, WA. 98122)--- Richard

NO CONTROL AT THE COUNTRY CLUB-*Live e.p.*

Recorded December 23rd 1989 at the Country Club in Reseda, this features 5 songs by 4 bands. Side 1 contains Carry Nation's "Protect and Serve" which is ok and Visual Discrimination's "Money Is Freedom" which is typical and lousy.

Side 2 starts off with Instead's "Feel Their Pain" pretty good; the most intense number on here. Bad Religion are next with a medley of "I Want Something More/Modern Man" which not surprisingly is the best thing on here. Sound quality is fairly dodgy. Probably best as a souvenir for those who were there.

(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Mark

OLIVELAWN-*"4 is Greater Than 2" b/w "Whale Finger" & "Signed D.C."*

Olivelawn are another offbeat Nemesis band. They play some heavy sounding H.C. that grinds along in a Prevaricators, Cosmic Psychos and Motorcycle Boy kind of way. Most of it's pretty rocking, but then there's also a song with an Animals feel. It's slower, almost a ballad, and kind of bluesy rock. It's the sort of sixties sound that was a little

darker. There also seems to be an Australian type of sound here. You know, the stuff inspired by early punk and Motown and played down under in the outback. The singer, Mike Olson, has a deep confident voice. The guitar playing is powerful and solid. Is that the famous "O" on guitar? Some swirled teal green colored vinyl and weird cover photos round out this 45/33 offering. (Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Thomas

ORPHANS AND WIDOWS-*Voodoo*

Sounds like industrial music produced in a nonindustrial setting. Recorded in Phoenix. Could it be the Sun City Girls in drag? Inspired by Circle Ks, shopping malls, pavement, car dealerships and insanity. (Orphanage Records / P.O. Box 315 / 1702 Camelback / PHX, AZ. 85015)---Ant

PERFECT DAZE-*"Flames" b/w "Green" & "Beautiful Time"*

I like this single. It's the first I've ever heard from this band, and it consists of 3 well-done power pop tunes, very reminiscent of Moving Targets. All three are enjoyable, but there could be a problem if their other material sounds exactly the same. Hopefully we'll get an LP from these guys sometime. I for one would be eager to hear it. If their other songs show the same ability, with a little diversity mixed in, they'll have a winner. For the moment I shall definitely make this 7" a part of my music rotation.

(Way Cool Records / 131/133 Myddleton Road / London N22 4NG ENGLAND)---Richard

PITCHFORK-*Saturn Outhouse*

"Saturn Outhouse" is the best Nemesis release I've heard. Pitchfork are a San Diego band with a good mix of Rites of Spring, Firehose and Fugazi type sounds. Those are just comparisons though, because this Pitchfork is firmly planted in its own soil. There's a lot of changes in pace from slow to fast to spiraling. There's also a wide variety of styles mutating together including funk-type bass licks, and windmill smashing guitar. "Sinking" reminds me of the Chariots of Fire soundtrack, with its wheel spinning and clicking sound. Pitchfork adds piercing guitar jabs. "Thin Ice" has that frenetic Rites of Spring feel with good punchy breaks. Firehose touches include slashing guitar and punchy melodies. Fugazi-like wide expanse sounds can be heard on here as well. There's also some soft acoustic strumming parts and even something which sounds like bagpipes. A lot of Pitchfork's music is moody with straining guitar. This goes well with the lyrics which often mention drowning (I guess that's a Pitchfork theme). About the only thing that isn't well above average are the vocals which are very passable, but certainly don't bowl you over.

(Nemesis / 1940 Lakewood Blvd. / Long Beach, CA 90815)---Thomas

PLAIN WHITE TOAST-*Styles and*

Distortion, e.p.

If yer looking for a good record this ain't it, tho it does bear a slight aural resemblance to Magazine.

(St. Valentine Records / P.O. Box 770417 / Cleveland, OH 44107)---Mark

PLASTIC PATRICK AND HICKOIDS-*"Fun While It Lasted" b/w "Ragged But Right"*

Song one has a toned-down Hickoids backing a voice that sounds like it normally fronts Vegas lounge acts. The song itself isn't so hot though, and it's off to side 2 where the concept reaches its zenith with a way cool version of Webb Pierce's "Ragged and Right" that kicks the shit out of anything Nashville could do with it nowadays. Hard corn? Quite.

(Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Mark

POPDEFECT-*Without*

To each his own (goddammit). Fed up with Seattle, these guys moved to our fair city a few years ago (perhaps a mistake considering all the press Seattle gets now) and have put out this, their 7th (!) record. This is the first thing I've heard by them, so I can't discuss the evolution of the band's sound or any of that shit. Suffice to say, this is good, for lack of a better word. "pop-punk" and you could do a lot worse.

(Heart Murmur Records / P.O. Box 42602 / L.A., CA 90042)---Mark

POPDEFECT-*Without*

Rangy hardcore surf punk with stretch bass and plenty of very noisy pop is played, on "To Each His Own (goddammit)." Regular melodic vocals lean toward the pop direction. Still, the overall effect is much less poppy than some of their past releases. The bass is nice and heavy. I get a Mission of Burma type feeling here and just love it. The title cut, "Without," is more post punk flashing/tinkling guitars. It's excellent as well. Don't miss out.

(Flipside Records / P.O. Box 363/ Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

QUICKSAND-*Quicksand*

All I got to say is wow! From the opening bass riff of "Omission" I could tell that this was gonna be good, but it was better than I thought. I don't know how to describe it, but I'll try: very heavy guitar riffs over a tight bass/drum exchange reminding me at times of Jane's Addiction, but not in a derivative way. They're very original sounding. I guess, this is kind of how I wished Soundgarden would sound (See Soundgarden L.P. review). These guys sound very professional and confident. They can't easily be classified as anything. Slow hard groovy rock, metal, bluesy all might fit. I can't say enough good things about them. They groove like Zeppelin did, but with a 90's feel. Aggressive vocals kind of like Guy from Fugazi. This is a very, very promising effort. I seriously cannot wait to hear more from this band, for now,

though, get this single if it's the last thing you do!

(Revelation Records / P.O. Box 1454 / New Haven, CT 06506-1454)---Bob

RHYTHM COLLISION-*Rhythm Collision, 5 song 7" e.p.*

Punk with a melodic edge is the Rhythm Collision's basic form of transportation. From the back cover I gather they are big fans of '77 U.K. punk. This certainly shows in their music, which has signs of Clash and Stiff Little Fingers type influences. They also mix in a little Southern California type pop-punk, not the more metal pop-core that is now popular. It's a good start for this band, and with a little better production, a little tighter sound and some more punchiness they would be a band to reckon with. As is this five song e.p. would probably appeal to Morgan's happy punk tastes (see his reviews in issue #15). The lyrics are mostly personal and even show some humor, like on "Loan-shark." Not a bad start, but next time they'll need to put it up a notch or two on the intensity meter (that doesn't mean speed) if they want attention.

(28951 Marlies St. / Agoura Hills, CA 91301)---Thomas

RISE ABOVE-*"Beat It!" b/w "What It Is" / "Real Deal!"*

Belgium hardcore, American style is what you get from Rise Above. These guys and a girl play posi-core/straight edge music with the lyrics to back it up. They seem thoroughly dedicated and even sing in English. 7-Seconds and D.C. bands are some of their influences. "Beat It!" discusses scene violence. "Real Deal" is a statement of loyalty to the X's on their hands. "What It Is!" looks into unity and sings "Unity Is Bullshit," which shows to me they're not just accepting things, but thinking about them. The lyrics don't really preach the straight edge, and instead give the feeling behind their way of life. The liner notes explain the stance and supply info on health food supplies. The music is good basic hardcore, but the attitude, right down to the vegetarian stance, is what makes this band cool. I probably won't be spinning this much, but young hardcore fans would do better to listen to these guys than some of the American bands who just seem to recite the script. Good effort.

(Punk ETC / P.B. 1800 Vilvoorde / BELGIUM)---Thomas

ROYAL TRUX-*"Hero Zero" b/w "Love Is..."*

With members of Pussy Galore and Penelope Houston's band, you get quite an eclectic mix. They were once compared to Sonic Youth in *Spin*, and boy were they wrong. Royal Trux are more in league with the Happy Flowers and Captain Beefheart. Some great blues/noise deconstructions here, even a little psychedelia added for spice.

(Drag City / P.O. Box 476867 / Chicago, IL

60647)---Ant

SEKIRI-*"Doro-Doro" / "Fuck-Shiyou" b/w "Kusuri- Tengoku" / "Suima"*

All women post-punk from Japan. It's reminiscent of early California punk like the Bags and Alley Cats. Great record. Supposedly there's an LP out there. Run out and get it fast.

(Public Bath Records / P.O. Box 2134 / Madison, WI 53701)---Ant

SENSELESS THINGS-*"Girlfriend" b/w "Standing In The Rain"*

No, it's not a cover of the Husker Du song, so if that's the only reason your skimming eyes stopped here, you may now go on to the next review. This is another band I've never heard previously, and they're on the same label as Perfect Daze who I liked. Senseless Things are o.k., but they've got more of a bubble-gum sound. It's jumpy pop-core without much creativity, designed for the bitchy USC sorority girl that resides in each of us. Unfortunately, I murdered and dismembered mine a long time ago, so this single does nothing for me. Looming ahead of me now is the Senseless Things LP, which I must review next. Interested in seeing how it all comes out? Flip back to the LP section, and I will tell you...

(Way Cool Records / 131/133 Myddleton Road / London N22 4NG ENGLAND)---Richard

SKIN YARD-*"Gelatin Babies" / "Bleed"*

Sneaks up on you and clobbers you. I've never been crazy about the singer's voice but it's okay on here. Pretty primal. Was recorded in the era when some Seattle bands started phasing over from good U-Men type growl to pathetic anus rock.

(C/Z Records / 1407 E. Madison #41 / Seattle, WA. 98122)---Brian

SLAPSHOT-*"Firewalker" b/w "Chip On My Shoulder" & "Moment of Truth"*

So many bands these days try to sound gruff and mean while playing raging hardcore. Well, here's a Boston band who've been around a while and can do just that. Why settle for the third generation copy, when you can have this original work? It's fast, tight, with a powerful crunch, and has lots of cool drum rolls. Even a few bad leads and metal arrangements can't bring down these guys. "Firewalker" is a great attack on organized religions. The other two cuts are live. They really sound pissed off so watch out man.

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Thomas

SLOPPY SECONDS-*"Come Back, Traci" b/w "Leaving On A Jet Plane"*

The A, a loving tribute to Traci Lords is straight off their rad 1st L.P. Buy this for the tasteful non-album rendition of "Leaving..." (Toxic Shock / BBox 43787 / Tucson, AZ

85733)---Mark

SNAKEPIT-Wait

This truly pleasurable disc comes from the Husker Du school of swirling buzzsaw guitar blended with thoughtful and impassioned vocals. Besides giving blood and getting a huge yellow bruise on my arm as a reward for my effort, this week will be remembered in my diary as the first time I heard the most happening band Eugene, OR unleashed since the Chavo Pederast Love Circus.

(\$3.00 ppd. from Dunhill / Box 3766 / Eugene, OR 97403)---Steve

SOME VELVET SIDEWALK-*Earthbound Land*

First song sounds like tongue-in-cheek pop deconstruction. Second song is a cool cover of Patty Smith's "Land."

(Highway K / Box 7154 / Olympia, WA, 98507)---Ant

STP-Smoke'Em

NY based noise/thrash p-punk inspired by the likes of Pussy Galore, overpopulation, and too many skyscrapers. Produced by Don Fleming and Kim Gordon.

(Circuit Records / P.O. Box 67 / Merrick, NY 11566)---Ant

STRAW DOGS-Man In the High Tower

Like all of the early Boston hardcore bands, the FU's eventually lengthened their names (which usually including spelling out the full middle name and adding any title they could find like Esq. or The 3rd.) and went metal. I guess, there was too much unity in the scene. The Straw Dogs which include at least three members of that notorious band still suffer from such afflictions. The best stuff here has a GI type sound, but that's only for part of one song. The other stuff is rocking / hardcore. Singer John Sox at times sounds a bit like Misfits crooner Glen Danzig. However, the lame solos really make this drag. I'd X this Slade Anderson's lead guitar. Dump him and stick with hardcore. It doesn't really sound bad at all, but they may even be pretty damn good without the HM guitarist.

(Gadawful Records / P.O. Box 1331 / Cambridge, MA 02238)---Thomas

SUGARSHACK-Treasury of Prayers

Heavy. Heavy. Sounds like the B-2 bomber anthem. These Houston boys definitely should not have sex with any men or women in the chemical belt. There's enough chromosome damage here to last a lifetime. Play loud!

(Anomie Records / P.O. Box 35709 / Houston, TX 77235-5709)---Ant

SURGERY-Feedback Fried

This record has helped me formulate a theory on trends: when you begin to over-do the conventions of whatever trend you're riding, it's time to move on. These two tracks

are more 70's than anything in the 70's EVER was. Grungy, pounding retro-rock swathed in fuzz and feedback, and that goes for both tunes. The vocals are too harsh--imagine Tom Araya singing for Black Sabbath, and then go down about fifty levels of creativity, and you'll find this record. Feedback devotees, this record was made for you. All others, steer clear or be steamrolled. (Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Richard

TAR-"Flow Plow" b/w "Hand"

Yet, another Chicago band with a big bad old sound. Blast some grunge and retro rock off, and when it gets to a high enough speed, smack it right into some Big Black noise and more melodic Naked Raygun or Mission of Burma sounds. You're left with a pulsing beat and some twisted wreckage. And Iain Burgess sure brings out the melody in hardcore, noise and punk bands. Good stuff. (Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Thomas

THEATRE OF ICE-In The Attic

No copyright date on this record means carbon 14 dating will have to be done to estimate when it actually arrived at Ink Disease. It's a bit better than the other T.O.I. records reviewed herein, but that's not saying much.

(P.O. Box 315 / 1702 W. Camelback / Phoenix, AZ 85015)---Brian

THEATRE OF ICE-Kill Your Girlfriend

This record is a true veteran of the infamous Ink Disease record bin. One listen reveals why. Novelty songs suck. One admirable thing about this band is their independence. They put out their own records. Of course, that doesn't make them any more interesting.

(P.O. Box 315 / 1702 W. Camelback / Phoenix, AZ 85015)---Brian

THEATRE OF ICE/WARLOCK PINCERS-This is What You Get for Christmas

For over 2 years this single has eluded an Ink Disease review. But no more. These guys envision Santa as some kind of demonic murderous psychopath. In reality, this isn't true. I'd say the worst possible thing Santa could do in real life would be to put this record in your stocking.

(P.O. Box 315 / 1702 W. Camelback / Phoenix, AZ 85015)---Brian

TOADSTOOL-"Jelly Belly" b/w "Nothing But Teeth" / "Song to the Night"

The A-side here is pretty standard funk/metal groove stuff, nothing we haven't heard before. The B-side is better, with more

diversity: "Nothing But Teeth" is a grungy but melodic bit of power pop. "Song to the Night" is an acoustic folk tune, not great but a good change of pace, making this an unusually well-rounded 7-incher. I'd listen to an LP by these guys, and according to the promo sheet, they should have one out by now. Might be worth a try, depending upon which musical areas they decide to pursue. (Twin/Tone / 2541 Nicollet Ave. So. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Richard

UNSANE N.Y.C.-"This Town" b/w "Urge to Kill"

The production could be cleaner, but I like these 2 songs from Unsane (who have since dropped the NYC from their name). They represent the New York hardcore scene well. I guess I'd call them post-punk HC. Not fast repetitive riffs, but slower, well thought out songs. "Urge To Kill" is almost thrash. I like the vocals. This trio could be destined for great things. We'll wait and see. (c/o Spencer P.O. Box 1828 / New York, NY 10009)---Bob

URGE OVERKILL-UO

"Ticket to L.A." is the pop number here. Hip vocals, rock bash, warping guitar, splashing cymbals and metal all lead to a big sound. "(I'm on a) drunk" is more of a grungy noise type of number. They're dashing in their monogrammed suits. Good live band.

(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

VERTIGO-"Bad Syd" b/w "Going to Pieces"

Standard garage stuff here. The A-side never seems to get started. I think it's about Pink Floyd founder and acid casualty Syd Barrett, but I can't be sure. The B-side is better, with a Mr. T Experience-type of riff (like "Supersonic," you know, Tried-and-True Punk Riff #12). Production is suitably coarse. Not terrible for a first effort of course, I don't know if it is a first effort. I have heard worse.

(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Richard

THE WORLD'S IN SHREDS-Volume One

San Francisco's Shredder Records have a good notion here--a series of 7-inch comps spotlighting various regions at a time. San Francisco's East Bay is first. Crimpshrine starts it off with "Pick Up the Pieces," and this is the record's highpoint. Good production and a frantic punk pace help this track easily outdo the others, all of which are blah city. Special Forces do a cover of "Blitzkrieg Bop," which I don't think anyone needs, but it's there if you want it. Gail & the Fudgepackers offer up "Head In A Bag," which has a really dated B-52's sound, complete with quirky female vocals. Bo (named for Bo Diddley)

close this disc with "The Wonder of You," an Elvis tune recorded live, and so badly done that it would make the King turn over in his grave--if he were really dead, of course. Garbage-can production and out-of-tune guitars are not my favorite things. So, Crimpshrine is the standout, and whether or not that makes this record worth your money is up to you. Good idea, so-so execution. (Shredder Records / 181 Shipley St. / San Francisco, CA 94107)---Richard

THE WORLD'S IN SHREDS-Volume Four

New Jersey gets the Shredder treatment in this volume. I only heard one other comp in this series (Volume One), but the difference is immediately apparent. These Jersey bands have about ten times the balls of Volume One's East Bay bands (except maybe Crimpshrine). I'm a Californian, but I know good stuff when I hear it. For one, the production is uniformly good--it all sounds more consistent than the East Bay volume did. For another thing, these are all kick-ass punk songs, with none of Volume One's levity or novelty. All six bands here are good, all the songs are basically power-punk, geared to the aggressive young male in each of us. I won't name individual standouts, because they really are all excellent, and my general impression is that Shredder took more time to make a better compilation this go-round. Either that, or there are many more quality bands in Jersey than in Frisco. I wonder which is true? In any case, Shredder gets a hearty "Well-done" for this record. (Shredder Records / 181 Shipley St. / San Francisco, CA 94107)---Richard

THE WRETCHED ONES-Old Loud and Snotty

Bodybuilder jock punk...fifteen year old Ramones riffs with "C'mon baby you're driving me crazy" lyrics. "Drinking till we drop." "Watching TV and drinking our beer." Remember this? Well these clods make it forgettable.

(Headache Records / 47 Myrtle Ave / Midland Park, N.J. 07432)---Brian

YOUTH OF TODAY-"Disengage" "Modern Love Story" / "Envy"

Cool production, big guitar sound and loud pounding drums. Also good upfront vocals. I guess what I'm saying is I like this. These are cool songs, hardcore, punk thrash, from these dudes who I know nothing about. I'm pretty sure they've been around for a while. I don't know if they have any other L.P.'s. This is a good example of their sound though. If you like M.D.C. or Agnostic Front you'll probably gobble this up. (Revelation Records / P.O. Box 1454 / New Haven, CT 06506-1454)---Bob

P.S. They have other l.p.'s and are one of New York's premiere bands of the new HC straight edge genre...Ed.

Tapes:

GG ALLIN-Suicide Sessions

Winning balladry from a deft songster -- compromised only by recording quality so poor that I find myself unable to determine even from the context whether "Shit On My Prick" is intended as a descriptive phrase or as an imperative. "Stick A Cross Up A Nuns Cunt," however, evokes for me nostalgic memories of a sweet, simple time when bands like The Mentors, thrumming their lyres, would grace the little bistros of Hollywood with warbled serenades only slightly -- perhaps almost imperceptibly -- more poignant than those included in this delicious collection, one that I'm sure to play again and again. Thank you, Mr. Allin, for in these moments making my life as rich as yours; and I do hope you're out of County by now, reaching for your dreams once more.

(Homestead / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571-0800)--- Les

AURAL AUGASM-Sampler 7

Cultural delinquent Moose Loudon takes it upon himself to spread the word of the possessed. Mostly featuring unreleased live versions of songs by the likes of Sonic Youth, Rapeman, Nomeansno, and other worldly musicians, Moose has also unearthed poetry and banter by condemned persons such as Ted Bundy, Jim Jones, and Hugh Cornwell. Very thought-provoking stuff, this. Burnout Williams S. Burroughs fascinates with an interesting talk on the highly lucrative field of anti-drug police work. For a Canadian, Moose has done a very good job with this, and it is worthy of your attention.

(Aural Augasm / 90 Chiswick Lane / Chiswick

/ London W4 / England)---Brian

BOSSTONES-Bosstones

The music on this Taang! release is A-1 excellent. It's a hybrid of heavy, punk-type guitar and jazzy horns. There's a lot going on here, much more than your typical genre offerings. I can't help but notice a strong



resemblance to the Minutemen circa "Buzz or Howl" and "Project: Mersh," the latter in particular with its horn parts. The horns are used extensively on "Bosstones," taking a lead or strong rhythm in almost every song. All of the material herein would make for great club tunes, and I think any place would be hoppin' after the first couple of songs in a Bosstones set. Now, the downside: the garbage-disposal, Joe Cocker-type vocals are very distracting after a while. They fit for some of the songs, but overall they are too damned annoying, and they are one reason I won't be playing this as much as I might. However, everything else about this is first-rate, as we have come to expect from Taang!, and you may want to check

it out.

(Taang! Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Richard

JOE "KING" CARRASCO AND THE EL MOLINO BAND-"Tex-Mex- Rock-Roll"

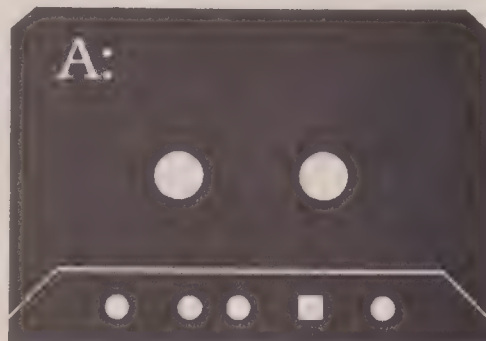
The title says it all, and this reissued classic from 1978's a blast for its shimmering horns and its punky vocals, its enchilada bar band r&b raunch.

(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 411 / New York, NY 10012)---Les

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS-The Good Son

Having completed and published his first novel, And the Ass Saw the Angel, Nick Cave is entering an epic point in his career. Like his novel, "Good Son" calls to the common folk of the earth, detailing their struggles with cruelty, banality and work. The presence of children is felt in most songs, fitting for an album recorded in Brazil where some 50% of the population is under 14. The songs, with their haunting string arrangements, are meant to sooth, like a huge melancholy anthem for those saddened by the biological necessity to become adults. Cave would be the appropriate folklorist for a society of children found on a planet in one of those Star Trek episodes, where growing up is a crime.

As an Australian, Nick Cave has a certain affinity or sensibility that ties in strongly with American culture. Since both countries were penal colonies and tributaries for criminals and religious fanatics from the



British empire, the North American music expressive of oppression- blues, gospel and country- bode well with sensitive types such as Cave, who released his tribute to American music in 1986 with "Kicking Against the Pricks." His ability to decipher and interpret songs by Muddy Waters, Hank Williams, and the Velvet Underground proved him to be more adept in understanding the principles behind the songs, not just the notes themselves. Rearranging those songs taught Cave to become an even stronger arranger of his own work, writing his chapter in a book with such great melancholy artists as Leonard Cohen and Hank Williams.

In his latest release, "Good Son," Cave, the prince of runaway children, and a master of the sad song, proves to be a more significant writer and poet than Jim Morrison. "Good Son" is a masterpiece not to be missed.

(Mute/Enigma)---Ant

CHICKEN CHEST-Action Packed

Reggae's not my favorite genre, but when it rocks like this, it's great. The arrangements are very sparse indeed, but Chicken Chest is so exuberant and his songs so goodnatured and engaging that there's nary a chance of boredom, even if the dub mixes here (amazingly, one for each of the ten vocals) aren't especially inventive. "Raggamuffin Pt. 2" is absolutely dynamic, its chanting almost indescribably rhythmic and intense. "Pick Up A Dictionary" features not only some incredible vocal pyrotechnics but also lyrics reflecting a real love of sound and language: and the slangedout catalogue in "Hafe Stan Up" is nothing short of hilarious. This ain't Bob Marley, and it certainly ain't Burning Spear, but Chicken Chest may someday be the Jamaican Chuck Berry.

(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 411 / New York, NY 10012)---Les

COSMIC PSYCHOS-Go The Hack

The Cosmic Psychos have an a straight ahead guitar attack fueled by some serious distortion. It's the kind of sound you wished your band had. Yet they don't do much with it. Alas, they spend way too much time in the same gear. The songs would probably be alright if they clocked in at about a minute, but they seem to go for something more like five minutes. Still, the repetitive pounding of lines and the same tight fierce music makes you remember songs like "Lost Cause."

(Sup Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Thomas

THE CRAMPS-"Stay Sick"

In terms of your basic cross dressing, juvenile delinquent, pill-popping, zombified, shock-a-billy there's no substitute for the Cramps. And by all estimations, this is the finest wax set forth since "Goo-Goo Muck" drilled its way into my heart many moons ago. Ivy is still the queen of reverb and Lux proves you're never too old to "Journey to the Center of the Girl" in the unending quest for "Bikini Girls With Machine Guns." Music to

Spawn by.
(Enigma)---Steve

CRASHING PLAINS-Kamikaze Gospel

Oh, is that all. Mediocrity at its best. Excellent musicians playing mellow type REM tunes. Pleasant listening without all the psuedo-intellectual crap. They seem to be a bit late for that craze but I suppose they have an appeal to 13 year old new-wave boppers. (Sticktime Records / P.O. Box 1212 / Ventura, CA 93001)---Jane Good

DON DIXON-E*E*E

I hope this talented producer doesn't quit his day job since, although he's a passable singer who writes decent lyrics in an expressive, Joe Jackson vein, he hasn't really found tunes appealing enough to win the adult, commercial audience he must be trying to target.

(Enigma Records--Get the Address form their ad. Opps no ad.)--- Les

DRAMARAMA-LIVE At The China Club

This tape features six live songs of high-intensity pop. It starts out with "Anything, Anything," one of the biggest hits from their first album, featuring crunchy guitars and crisp vocals. Next is "Last Cigarette," which is a better mix, and a great song for those who can relate to a last cigarette. The following tracks, "Some Crazy Dame" and "Spare Change," are ■ disappointment, because I heard these songs done live and I remember them to be better than what's captured here. There's also "Private World," a New York Dolls cover tune that I didn't care for, and (never having heard the original) I can't say how it stacks up to the Doll's version. The last song is a great live version of "Would You Like," a mellow acoustic song with E- bow guitar-type melodies. The vocals on this track are clean and clear. Overall, this tape doesn't do the band justice, and if you've never heard Dramarama I would recommend one of their first three studio albums. (Chameleon Records / 3355 W. El Segundo Blvd. / Hawthorne, CA 90250)---Benny S.

DRUGSTORE COWBOY-Movie Soundtrack

Very good movie, but a soundtrack for a film that takes place in 1971 isn't too appealing. I'm referring to the rancid "Put a Little Love in Your Heart," which nowadays sounds like ■ 20 year old Coca-Cola ad. I'm talking about "Little Things," by former TV star Bobby Goldsboro (research indicates that Goldsboro's syndicated show lasted ■ full 78 episodes over a span of 3 years, featuring the likes of B.J. Thomas, Johnny Mathis and the Lennon Sisters). The only two songs that pass my critical scrutiny are "Judy in Disguise" by John Fred & His Playboy Band and Desmond Dekker's "The Israelites," which

graced the closing credits.
(RCA/BMG)---Brian

THE FEELIES-Crazy Rhythms

You may have noticed that I occasionally refer to the Feelies when discussing my personal standards for folk-oriented, American rock. This is because I consider them to be at the top of the heap, a judgment I had previously based on their 1986 album "The Good Earth." Well, little did I know The Feelies are (or were) better than I ever thought, and "Crazy Rhythms" is a fantastic release. According to the press release, this album was recorded sometime in the early 80's. I think: the press sheet is annoyingly vague. I do know, via my friend Naggi, that the Feelies were around at that time, broke up, and reformed a few years later. "The Good Earth" was the first record by the new Feelies. "Crazy Rhythms" apparently never saw widespread release until now. It is a great record. Crazy rhythms, indeed: a variety of beats and tempos are peppered throughout, with many percussion instruments being employed. The songs are more moody, more "alternative" than later Feelies stuff. The hypnotic "Boy with the Perpetual Nervousness" is the single best Feelies song ever. Most of the better elements on this album were played way, way down on the "Good Earth" LP, to its detriment, I would say. "Crzy Rhythms" does feature prominent acoustic guitars and the quiet, nearly-slurred vocals that are the Feelies trademarks. A&M credits this album with influencing everything from R.E.M. to the Vulgar Boatmen, whomever they are. This music is not for the punkers among us, but if you like R.E.M.-style roots-rock, this is a record you cannot be without. I'll still refer to the Feelies when discussing some lame band like Blake Babies, only now I'll be referring to "Crazy Rhythms," a new/old standard for years to come.

(A&M Records / 1416 N. La Brea / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Richard

FORCED ENTRY-Uncertain Future

All I've got to say is that there are only three thrash bands in existence today that are worth a shit. Violence from S.F., Slayer from L.A. and Forced Entry from Seattle. These are the only bands who haven't sold out and changed their style of music (but I have yet to hear Slayer's new l.p., which I've heard is more mainstream). Right now, probably the brightest hope on the thrash horizon is Forced Entry. This trio, on their first L.P., bludgeon you with a maniacal attack of non-stop monster riffs and over the top drumming. This album never lets up, it smokes from beginning to end, speeding up to a million miles per hour then slowing down to a crushing pace all the time keeping it tight and full of cool hooks & melodies. The high points are "Unrest They Find," "Look Through Glass" and the aptly named "Bludgeon." If there was any justice in the world these guys would sell a million records and win Grammys, and all that. They probably won't, but as long as they keep up this brutal, heavy

awesome music on their next L.P. they'll have a fan in me.

(Combat Records)---Bob

GLASS EYE-*Bent By Nature*

I've been listening to the country radio we've got in L.A. and it so fucking reactionary that it's great to hear these guys who are good old boys and girls playing radical music with a country cut. This band is truly diverse and talented. In short, they kick butt. They probably won't be properly appreciated because they funk, punk, rock, and blues down with a unique style that mixes musical genres. However, they have two main patterns they follow: one is set by the female vocalist who carries out melodic slow sorrowful songs that are quite beautiful and thoughtful; the other which is carried out by the male singer whose tunes convey aggression and power that is intense and sincere. This album has that raw and spontaneous quality that so many albums lack.

(c/o Standard Deviation / 1803 South Third Street / Austin, TX 78704)---Jane Good.

GOO GOO DOLLS-*Jed'*

Scamps, I think, would explain them -- glitter-influenced but down-to-earth, very loud, and lots of fun. Unreservedly recommended.

(Death Records / 18653 Ventura Blvd., #311 / Tarzana, CA 91356)---Les

RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS-*Funhunt (Live at CBGB's & Max's 1978 and 1979)*

It's all here. Where have those days of drunken debauchery gone? This is a tape to sink your teeth into if not for the memories, maybe for a little direct transmission of energy. (You know we could all use it by now). A real shot in the arm - and the recording quality's pretty damn good too!

(Roir / 611 Broadway, Suite 725 / New York, N.Y. 10012)---Jessica

THE I-RAILS-*Nine Songs From Nowhere*

Despite song titles like "Under the Influence" and "Punk is Dead", this is pretty tame pop rock. The album cover is cool, and the production is excellent, yet the bottom line is that the music itself is a little too generic to be exciting. I think this record would fit well in MTV-land-it's "indie" and "underground" but it's safe and accessible. I thought "One Day Older" was a good song, and they're all quite capable, but I know I won't be playing this again real soon. (Primal Records / Bottom Line / 11667 Goshen Ave. / W. Los Angeles, CA 90049)---Richard

THE JOLLY BOYS-*Pop'n'mento*

I'd never heard of mento before, but from what I can tell it's a cousin of calypso and an ancestor of reggae. The Jolly Boys are a bunch of bawdy old goats from Jamaica who, apparently, have been playing this stuff

for decades. I'm thoroughly delighted to have found out about them and their charming, anachronistic party music with its cheerful simplicity, its odd instrumentation -- including bongos, banjo leads, and something called a rhumba box -- and its wry, cracked vocals.

(First Warning / 594 Broadway, Suite 1220 / New York, NY 10012)---Les

THE LAST-*Awakening*

SST delivers the goods on this record. The Last are a psychedelic Yardbirds-type of band, and "Awakening" is a good sampling of their sound. They manage to maintain an overall image without repeating themselves--each song has its own distinct riffs and vocal melodies, and together the material stands out as original and catchy. Among my favorite tracks are "No Love", "You", the haunting "Somebody New" and "Dreaming". In the current glut of 60's pop-influenced bands, the Last are a breed apart. A couple of songs seem unnecessary, because they detract from the flow of the music. The near-punk "Tired" and a lame Beatles cover could be lost, I wouldn't mind, but that doesn't change the fact this is a good psycho-pop record. Recommended listening.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Richard R.

LEAP-*White Glove Test*

Crisp but unassuming, a diverse array of styles within the tape. The instrumentals are dragged down by the monotonous vocals, but they are constantly striving to redeem, for example the beautiful violin on "Lisa." "The Pandora's Song" is the possible exception, and indeed, the "hit" of the album. Its haunting vocals and instrumentation seem uncharacteristically well-matched. It is a piece of composition and arrangement instead of a conglomeration of incompetence. The album grows on you, in fact. I'm not sure if after the aforementioned song I gave it a more honest listen, or if the material improves after that point. By the end of the album, however, it has far more a sense of synergy.

(Troy / P.O. Box 2103 / Venice, CA 90294-2103)---Jane Good

THE LILAC TIME-*Paradise Circus*

I'll probably be scoffed at by my peers. I know, but this is a pretty decent album. No, it's not punk or heavy in any way. It's major label pop, and for what it is, I think it's O.K. The Lilac Time are a British band with a real melodic mellow sound, very reminiscent of the Moody Blues at times (although even the Moodies would speed things up occasionally). As commercial top-40 stuff goes, this album is O.K. by me. Crystal clear production and strong vocal harmony work make "Paradise Circus" a capable recording. It's nice to put on the turntable while you're doing other things.

(Polygram / 825 Eighth Ave. / New York, NY 10019)---Richard

NEW YORK ROCKERS-*An Anthol-*

ogy of Anti-Hits and Rare Tracks from Manhattan's Original Rock underground

Most of these somewhat moldy "anti-hits" lack lustre. The ones that don't seem crusty I've already got, and bands like Television, the Fleshtones, and Dictators I've never cared about. This tape shows how weak the New York music scene of this era was when compared to LA or London. Plus a lot of songs here are mediocre live or demo recordings.

(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 411 / New York, NY 10012)---Brian

PLATE-*We're Name Is Plate*

I like these guys a lot. They're a quirky bunch of fellows, but besides that they write some good songs. Their sound is hard to describe--what Jethro Tull would sound like if they really were heavy metal. Plate features some excellent playing, particularly bass, and the songs range from the epic "Ahab Beckons" (easily the album's highlight) to the Watt-type spiel of "Imagine This Guy." I wouldn't call them punk, they are more 70's metal than anything else, but with a unique element all their own. Hailing from Richmond, Virginia, it may take a while before people get to know them, but they truly deserve a wider audience. Their material displays a sophistication that is very rare among groups on their level. I hope this album gets them some attention. Thumbs up.

(Plate Records / 609 Idlewood St. / Richmond, VA 23220)---Richard R.

POWERMAD-*Absolute Power*

Predictably apocalyptic metal notable for extremely fast yet precise guitar lines and a singer who, without warning and for no detectable reason, will squeal high enough to make Rob Halford sound like Paul Robeson.

(431 S. 7th St., Suite 2424 / MPLS. MN 55415)---Les

PRAIRIE OYSTER-*Different Kind of Fire*

If modern country makes you yawn, this group from Canada will have you comatose in no time at all. Some (but not much) brash guitar suggests a Pete Anderson/Dwight Yoakam influence, but the writing's formulaic and the overall approach thoroughly boring. I get annoyed with these bands who so obviously set out to "cross over" and include fake swing tunes and tepid swamp-rock simply because it's fashionable to do so.

(RCA)---Les

THE PRIMITIVES-*Pure*

As seen recently on local weather comedian Fritz Coleman's show, the woman that sings in this band is, for all intents and purposes, a midget. Not that it matters, mind you, but it may be worth noting. But I like this sanitized British pop for what it is. I guess it's fun. Really catchy with a beat you

can dance to. I give it a 76 on the American Bandstand scale.
(RCA/BMG)---Brian

RAGING SLAB

Like we need another Foreigner. Mister singer sounds like it's 1975. Maybe he's Mark Farner. A good tape to record over.
(Buy Our Records)---Brian

SKID ROPER AND THE WHIRLIN SPURS-*Trails Plowed Under*

Some of San Diego's finest team up on a very listenable album, loosely to be described as 60s-influenced country. But, in addition to the distinct West Coast echoes (The Byrds and even Love come to mind) there's plenty of variety, from thoughtful, folksy ballads like the title track to bar-band rockers and the purest Western Swing. One or two of the songs capsize in their attempts to be funny, but the tasty guitar and steel work definitely make up for such faux pas.
(Triple X Ent. / 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 284 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Les

SONIC YOUTH-*Goo*

I used to be scared to review Sonic Youth's records because I liked them so much. Like a monk writing a review of Buddha, how could one do that? My admiration for SY often gets ridiculed by Ink staffers, and I often get taken advantage of for my pop "worship" (Steve, where's my poster?). I could never kill my idols, as Thurston recommends, because I know idolization can only go so far. But star power has ways of working its magic on the unsuspecting.

Generally, when a band starts to look back and say "what a long strange trip it's been," they soon meet their demise. The Grateful Dead is one of the million or so casualties of success. But nine years, a thousand cities and small forgotten clubs later, back from a trip to the end of the galaxy, SY could easily rest on their laurels, never write a decent song ever again, and I would still be happy. When they signed with Geffen, the inevitable became real, and I was resigned to saying, "they deserve it." One of the hardest working bands (but always seemed relaxed), and an even friendlier group of unpretentious people (see interview in Ink Disease #12), SY could move to the moon, and I would have enough hours of great music to take me into the after life.

It was therefore a pleasant surprise to discover that their souls had gone to neither Sonic Heaven nor Sonic Hell, but remained thoroughly grounded in the music they built their career on. The verdict is already in for Goo: a unanimous A+ across the board from all quarters in the music world. It's very unusual that fanzine writers and Rolling Stone could agree on anything, but it took a band like SY to do it. So, instead of reviewing the album, I just wanted to say an "in appreciation" for a great record and band. I know this is the most irrelevant review in the universe, because by the time you read this, your opinion will already have been formed, and only Geffen wouldn't use this in their

press release, so who cares, except for this self-indulgent fan. If you're out there, still reading the 'zines, Kim, Thurston, Lee and Steve, thanks a lot for a great decade. I couldn't have made it without you. Ant
(Geffen)---Ant

SOUNDGARDEN-*Louder Than Love*

Despite the current reverence for anybody who's ever even been to Seattle, I myself can do without these multiple variations on "Kashmir" and "When the Levee Breaks." Although many of the tunes do indeed riff along quite well, the singer's mediocre, and the lead playing sometimes borders on the inept. And for the reputed intelligence, the purported critique as meta-metal, all I can say is that Soundgarden combine the smugness of their contemporaries with the self-importance of their precursors.
(A&M)---Les

STONE BY STONE (w/Chris D.)-*I Pass For Human*

"I Pass for Human" is the title of Chris D's latest musical offering. It's nice to know he's achieved a clear vision of his artistic presence. I'm not being bitchy either. This is a direct, emotional album. The energy level bursts out all over the place with "All I Have". I jerked my head up thinking "Flesheaters, where? where?!" Things smooth down a little afterwards, but never get out of focus. There are some definite rippers, too; guaranteed to start yer heart fibrolating. "Sister In The Flesh", "Ghost", and an unbelievable cover of the Otis Redding classic "I Got the Will", all do it well. Special mention to Chris Haskett and Ethel Meatplow for excellence in guitar penetration. This time around, the spirits are a-flyin' over the swamp and into the sky. Keep it up Mr. Desjardins -- we really do need you.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Jessica

TOKEN ENTRY-*The Weight of the World*

The term "sellout" tends to be bandied about quite freely, especially when the subject is hardcore. Once a band slows down to anything less than ultra-speed thrash, they are immediately labeled sellouts and the true HC fan will have nothing more to do with them. Despite what my ears were telling me, I determined not to dismiss Token Entry's newest out-of-hand, primarily because I liked their last offering so much. Inevitably, though, reality set in, and I must reluctantly deem this new album to be crapola. Dr. Know of the Bad Brains again delivers a superb production, albeit of the "overdone" type that is anathema to the true HC fan (Thomas breaks out in hives at the mere thought). But this release is so radically different from "Jaybird" that I can only see commercial gain as the motivator. Only two of the last lineup's members remain. New guitarist "Stretch" Acham looks like a Bad Brain himself, and does his best Living Colour licks at every opportunity. New bass

player Matt Citarella has the long-haired Faith No More look. Vocalist Tim Chunks is perhaps the biggest shock: so recently a skateboard-toting skinhead, he now sports the cutest little tuft of blond hair peeking out from under a George Michael-type hat. I honestly thought they were a different band at first. The music has shifted-nay, mutated-from hookladen speed metal to just another funk/groove thing, with the requisite near-rap vocals and staccato guitar. Garbage, all of it. I dislike that genre anyway, but when a once-talented band like Token Entry decides to forego their roots and jump on the band wagon, all one can do is sigh and go on to something else. As I think I will do now.
(225 Lafayette St., #709 / New York, NY 10012)---Richard

URIAH HEEP-*Raging Silence*

Warning: the following review is biased. Read at your own risk. In the 1970's Uriah Heep was on the the two or three greatest rock bands on the planet. Say what you will about '70's rock, some of the best and most enduring music was created in that decade. Pink Floyd, Black Sabbath, and Yes are just a few examples, and Uriah Heep fell somewhere in amongst there. At times rocking-out heavy ("Bird of Prey," "Suicidal Man") and other times hypnotically epic ("Wonderworld," "July Morning" etc.), they were absolute gods, and I very rarely call a band "gods." Anyway, they have persevered in various lineups for about 20 some odd years, and like many a band they have degenerated into a mere shadow of their former selves, opting for the typical riff-rock pop-metal that every half-ass Hollywood band does by the bucketful. They're a little better than that, and since I gave them such a big chance. I do like a couple of these songs ("Voice on My TV" and "When the War is Over," if you're interested), but I really took this album from the Ink Disease bin to spare Uriah Heep the sound trashing I know someone else would give them. I can hear Brian now: "70's dinosaurs that should have died twenty years ago." I couldn't let that happen.
(Enigma)---Richard

BEN VAUGHN-*Dressed In Black*

A virtual survey of garage band styles, Ben Vaughn's latest offering proves for me that rock 'n' roll's alive and thriving. From punchy, Sonics-style punkers like the title track to the downright stoopid "Big Drum Sound," and from the tongue-in-cheek pop of "Cashier Girl" to the Jonathan Richman-meets-The Staples Singers of "Too Sensitive for This World," the writing's magnificent and the execution flawless. The album just happens to include two of my favorite songs -- "The Man Who Has Everything" (a work of genius) and the brilliant, deranged "Growin' A Beard" (cheapo rockabilly perfection) -- both of which first appeared long ago on The Morrells' "Shake And Push" album and are more than welcome back. Ben Vaughn's a fine example of a talented songwriter whose feet are on the ground and whose head is not up his hoo-hah; this guy knows what it's all

about.
(Enigma Records)---Les


WIRE-*Man Scope*

Since Wire returned recording, they've been putting out at least one LP each year.

It seems each of these recent albums picks up where the last left off, in turn leaving off where it picked up. I enjoy each subsequent record less than the last. It's as if Wire are "playing" themselves. The "progression" that Wire were once known for seems to have

been put on hold. They never look back. They are forever stuck in the present, if you will. Do I make myself clear?
(Enigma)---Brian

Compact Discs



100 FLOWERS-*100 Years of Pulchritude*

Okay, so there was a fight over this and I won. That's right, because I'm the meanest and ugliest. Besides causing fights, this 100 Flowers release points up one fantastic thing about CD's, they allow older bands to re-release material and get the recognition they should have received in the first place. It's like finding buried treasure for a lot of people. Also it probably pisses off those who overcharge for vinyl, and that's a good enough reason to buy 'em alone. Not only do these kind of CD's give you a second chance to own the classic hits, but you can get a band's whole discography. That's what 100 Flowers do here. All the songs these legendary minimalist punk intellectuals put together as 100 Flowers are here, including rare compilation cuts, plus two previously unreleased tracks; "I Hate," and "I'm Like You." It's simple stuff which often has fast drumming, with very choppy cutting guitar, or short bursts of sustained power, or with slow oozing bass, or electronic noises or... 100 Flowers could be compared to the Minutemen, Devo, Residents, Wire and half a dozen more bands I can think of off the top of my head. Yet, since the inception of the Urinals, 100 Flowers primal punk beginnings at UCLA, John Tally-Jones, Kjeihl Johansen and Kevin Barrett have been leaders rather than imitators. Several bands have gone so far as to play Urinals songs, including the Minutemen's version of "Ack, Ack, Ack" (the transition between the two bands is fairly smooth). Since 100 Flowers broke up they've continued to be a force in the L.A. music scene with their record label, Happy Squid, and various musical projects including Radwaste and Trotsky Icepick. 100 Flowers were certainly a L.A. punk band (when punk didn't have to fit a particular mold). How much more punk can you get than a song called "Reject Yourself." Boggles the mind (and gives you a laugh). The lyrics are intelligent, erotic, irreverent, funny and just plain punk. The 100 Flowers CD gives you a reason to live another day. Now we need the equivalent Urinals CD. Come on Rhino-release it. The demand and interest are there; Urinal 7 inch ep's are going for over a hundred dollars at the record swap meets, if you can even find them.

(Rhino Records / 2225 Colorado Ave. / Santa Monica, CA 90404-3555)---Thomas

THE BLUE HEARTS-*The Blue Hearts*

The Blue Hearts are a Japanese band and this 5 song CD is their U.S. debut. They sing in Japanese, which works well, and probably is much better than if they tried to sing in English. The first cut is a real poppy Ramones type tune with good power guitar and it's called "I Wanna A Kiss." They then switch gears with the second cut which is more of a Billy Joel type commercial rock number. Next up is "No, No, No" a faster and more pissed sounding tune with some jam type bass sounds. "Dance Number" is the closest they come to hardcore speed. The second to last cut, "Linda Linda," has more of Beatlesque misery beat, although instead of falling into a ballad it retains their more upbeat poppyness. One thing I never really heard were the

Clash influences mentioned in the press articles. The music stayed upbeat and fairly tame, while the lyrics are mostly pretty innocuous (although well done). They've got good energy and pop sensibilities and I'd hope to hear more aggressiveness in their next release. I'm glad they're writing their own tunes and I hope they keep shaking the teenyboppers on Toyko's "live house" club circuit. I also like the way the mixed photos and drawings for the cover art.

(Juggler / 1101 SW Washington, Suite 134 / Portland, OR 97205)---Thomas

BOP HARVEY-*Bread & Circuses*

I wanted to write about this CD because it has the same name as an old Star Trek episode. It also has a song called "Lazarus," who I thought might be the Lazarus of Star Trek's "The Alternative Factor" episode. Sadly, none of the the above is true, and I am left with a bunch of white guys doing pseudo- Caribbean reggae stuff. Big comedown, huh? These songs sound pretty much like everything else in that genre. to this ear; resembles the Bonedaddys, whom I heard but decided not to review because I didn't much care about them. That's probably what I should have decided about this, too. (MDTA / P.O. Box 23257 / Providence, Rhode Island, 02903)---Richard

COSTES-*Lung Farts*

Like most things on this planet, this is terminally boring and unbearable. The fact that it comes in the form of a CD is also completely unrefreshing.

(\$10 from Lisa Carver: P.O. Box 1491 / Dover, NH 03820)---Brian

THE CRAMPS-*Stay Sick!*

Did anyone ever really expect the Cramps to make big changes in their sound? I should hope not. They still have that loveable rockabilly, horror, sci-fi sound. They may be a little more over the top than ever with puns and sexual innuendo, but they're basically the same band doing the same rocking numbers. This stuff makes me think of their live shows with guitar goddess Ivy in a sparkling gold dress and pumps getting down real low to do the chicken walk or one of her patented horror leads. Then, of course, I can imagine a shirtless Lux Interior singing with the mic in his mouth and then stuffing it down his leather trousers, which are way below the legal limit. Song titles like "The Creature From The Black Leather Lagoon," "Journey To the Center of a Girl," and "Bikini Girls With Machine Guns" give the people what they want. Other greats include "Shortnin' Bread," "Daisies Up Your Butterfly," and on CD you even get the Carl Perkins tune, "Her Love Rubbed Off," done in inimitable Cramps style. Just goes to prove you can see some strange things without taking any

inhalants or illegal substances.
(Enigma / 11264 Playa Court / Culver City, CA 90231-6127)--- Thomas

DIFFERENT WORLD-*Different World*

I can't get into this stuff. It's simple to describe: Peter, Paul and Mary for the vacuous New Age mindset of the 90's. If this band comes to L.A., they'll play the Wiltern, that's how bland they are. Polite, poppy music, with male/female harmony vocals floating about, this is yuppie music for unregenerate yuppies everywhere. They do a thumbs-down cover of Peter Gabriel's classic "Solsbury Hill," with the music and the arrangement almost exactly like the original, so why even bother? And in the most stupid move, the female vocalist sings this one, changing the classic line to "Hey, he said, grab your things..." etc. No one who would even think of buying this is going to come within a mile of this magazine anyway, so I feel quite content saying this is a waste of time. Unless you're a yuppie-then, hey, knock yourself out.

P.S. They did come here, and they played the Club Lingerie, not the Wiltern. So what--they're still boring.
(Welk / 1299 Ocean Ave. / Santa Monica, CA 90401)---Richard

FLOPHOUSE-*Flophouse*

This San Francisco band's something of a vehicle for songster J.C. Hopkins; the result's straight-ahead rock with a 60s folk flavor and occasional country inflections. Hopkins is at his pleasant-voiced best on ramblin' ballads like "When The Well Runs Dry" and the graceful "Gone." Once in a while, like Peter Case (one of the producers) and Bob Dylan (an apparent influence) Hopkins could use an editor to remind him he's a songwriter, not a journalist, but the musicianship here really pulls the album through. Guitarist Clem Off proves as adept at the twangy run and the steel-style slur as at the screaming psychedelic nightmare, and co-vocalist (and multi-instrumentalist) Kim Osterwalder contributes plenty of tasty bass work. Given the tough, bitter "Baby Doc's Gone," the Johnny Cash-meets-The Leaves cowpunk of "Bad Blood," and the tight instrumentation behind "Long Way To Yesterday," there's some fine stuff here.
(Heyday / P.O. Box 411332 / San Francisco, CA 94141-1332)---Les

GAVIN FRIDAY and the MAN SEEZER-*Each Man Killlls The Thing He Loves*

All I'd ever known about Gavin was that he sang a couple of duets with Mark E. Smith on an old Fall album. This is similar but much more subtle and poetic. Moody like some of Peter Gabriel's stuff, Gavin and the Man dwell in some of the lower reaches of the emotional spectrum. Gavin's about as happy as Edgar Allen Poe. Witness: "...Next!...Next! And each time I'm with a woman and take her to bed, she whispers in my ear and laughs through my head...One day I'll cut my legs off, I'll burn myself alive..." He sounds like he means it. Not for your average human. More subtle than it sounds here, too.
(Island / 14 East Fourth Street / New York, NY 10012)---Brian

FUGAZI-*13 Songs*

I want to "save the L.P." as much as you do, but every once in a while someone releases something that makes me glad I bought my CD player. SST's Minutemen "Post-Mersh" volumes spring to mind, and I would add Fugazi's "13 Songs" to the short but worthwhile list. What this is, in actuality, is a compilation of the band's first two EP's, released at a great price (I got mine for \$8.98). Besides the quality of the music itself (see Ink Disease #15 for a profile of Fugazi), all the lyrics are included and the CD sound is just fantastic. All in all a worthy purchase, and if you haven't already heard them, I strongly recommend either or both of the EP's that are compiled here. And if you're considering taking the CD plunge, and you need that extra little push, this oughta help make your decision for you. Highly recommended.
(Dischord / 3819 Beecher St. N.W. / Washington, D.C. 20007)---Richard R.

HILL OF BEANS-*Hill of Beans*

Comprising only seven songs -- a veritable mini-album among

C.D.s -- this local release is nonetheless a minor masterpiece. The first track momentarily implies a foray into homegrown acoustic jazz, but what follows is more like squeeze-box chanteys and Roger Miller mouth music: string band slapstick. Maybe it's Rotondi jamming on Victor Banana tunes: maybe it's The Fugs without drugs. But it's hummable and risible (in a nice way) and it does not degenerate into Art. I don't think I can do justice to so marvelous a singalong as "Satan, Lend Me \$ Dollar;" nor am I aware of other L.A. bands with the cojones to incorporate into their first album a genuine, albeit miniature, fairy tale about a MAN, a KING, and, as it happens, a MAGIC TOE. "Twilite Time" is beautiful both melodically and lyrically: its poignance kept gritty by some yowling backwoods fiddle. As for "Afghanistan," perfectly crisp and psychotic hornpipe framing a surreal desert combat fantasy (camels and leprechauns and all like that) -- I rest my case. So, despite the brevity of their debut, David Markowitz and Steven Moramarco, a/k/a Hill of Beans, are doing it all right.

(Burlap Sack Records / 1836 S. Beverly Glen Blvd. #1 / Los Angeles, CA. (213) 281-9547)---Les

JAMIE HOOVER-*Coupons, Questions and Comments*

There's something very insidious about this kind of bland pop music, as if it were a government plot to couch subliminal commands within a homogenized pop facade. This guy Jamie Hoover could be an MTV star, the next John Cougar Mellencamp, and he's all the more evil for it. Such speculation aside, this music is really quite boring, and due to my policy of always playing the album under review while writing it, I'm falling asleep. So I had better stop now. Your average Dickies fan, I may venture to say, can safely skip this. However, Different World fans will dig on it. Beautiful yuppie women may write me, care of Ink Disease, and I will arrange a private listening.

(Tripore Records / P.O. Box 5102 / Lake Wylie, SC 29710)--- Richard

JANE'S ADDICTION-*Ritual De Lo Habitual*

This is Jane's addiction's third full l.p. and I'd have to say that they have now, more than any other band I know of, successfully expanded musically, lyrically, and artistically with each one. They're still playing the aggressive balls-out hard rock on songs like "Ain't No Right" and "Stop!" and the tribal, groove-oriented heavy blues on tunes like "Obvious" and "Been Caught Stealin'." But it's the beautifully orchestrated slower epics "Classic Girl," "Three Days" and the wonderful Egyptian-sounding groove of "Of Course" that really give "Ritual" the feeling and atmosphere of the story it's trying to tell. The songs can all stand on their own, but together you get the full effect. "A love story between 3 people," says Perry Farrell. "I'm trying to bring love back... If I can make it cool for men to show love and feeling instead of macho, then I'd be happy." Perry is definitely a strong presence in the LA music scene. He's an uncompromising artist whose ideals seem to be anti-everything in the music business. He doesn't follow the rules, and the music on this l.p. shows that he is doing something very right. If you like Jane's Addiction then you'll love this. If you don't like them yet, this is a good time to get into them. This album is gonna make them huge.
(Warner Brothers)---Bob

MOJO NIXON-*Otis*

While Weird Al Yankovic does send-ups of the top pop songs Mojo Nixon rockets all of American culture into space. Weird Al is basically just a musical imitator, although not bad at it, but Mojo has an all star backing band which even includes John Doe on bass. These guys can play rock, blues, James Brown soul, folk and even Reggae. It's the stuff that Nixon says, will "make your feet move and your butt hot & sweaty." For instance, "Star Spangled Mojo" has a George Thorogood and the Destroyers get up and rock feel. The lyrics are more biting, and cover much more ground than Weird Al, yet they're really fun when you get right down to it. It's the kind of sentiment that says, "We live in a really silly culture, filled with strange paradoxes, and despite it's faults we love it." Mojo may also have some hard hitting social critiques that are as valid as Billy Bragg, but with songs like "You Can Dress 'Em Up (But You Can't Take 'Em Out)," "Put A Sex Mo-sheen In the White House," "I Wanna Race Big-



Boo-Bah

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foot Trucks," "Destroy All Lawyers" (there's one for Flint), and "Don Henley Must Die" you'll have about as much fun as you can have on one record and live to tell about it. It's clear from his attitude that he's tired of the pretentious rock scene. When he says, "Rock and roll is about sex and anarchy and pandemonium and sweating and drooling and skipping school. It's not all this whining power ballad bullshit," you can trust him to deliver the goods. There's so many funny lines and so much well done rock music that anybody should find something to like. And to be on the safe side it says right on the back cover that it's "all supervised by top professionals," and recorded in Memphis. "Otis" is dedicated to all the Otis's out there, from Otis Redding to Otis Sistrunk. I guess, we're all really Otises at heart.

(Enigma / P.O. Box 3628 / Culver City, CA 90231-3628)---Thomas

PRIMUS-Frizzdery

Possibly the hardest speed metal / funk / thrash / trash band around. Most probably better live than on the excellently over-produced vinyl. Primus is best at what they do: creating really long jams, centered around the nasal voice of lead singer/bassist Les. Great rapido rap lead drummer accompaniment with excellent spaced-out lead guitar. It all adds up to a funkier-up situation. And don't forget to say, Primus Sucks!

(Caroline Records / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)--- Jose Ramirez

RAILROAD JERK-Railroad Jerk

I believe this is what we are currently calling "retro-rock." Railroad Jerk sounds like what I've heard about bands like Green River and Mudhoney--super fuzzy guitar, old Creedence-type American front-porch rock. If I'm right in this admittedly extreme extrapolation, then I can do without those bands, just as I can lead a contented life without Railroad Jerk. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm a big Creedence fan, and I actually like a lot of the 70's stuff, and I'm not ashamed to

admit it either. (I was listening to Blue Oyster Cult before the Minutemen covered "The Red and the Black," so there!) But generic retreads don't get my approval, and I must place Railroad Jerk in that category. These are not especially poorly-executed tracks, and they could find an audience, but it won't be me.

(Matador / 611 Broadway, Suite 712 / NYC 10012)---Richard

SLOVENLY-We Shoot The Moon

Yeah, we know this is a pretty old release by now. But the final word on any album is not in until Ink Disease has its say, so here it is. I like this stuff. It's essentially good old guitar-oriented rock and roll, which occasionally veers off into a combination pop/jazz sound. There are similarities to other SST bands: there's some really Curt Kirkwood-styled guitar on "Running for Public Office," and "Self Pity Song" is a nice bouncy tune that reminds me of Firehose in their poppier moments. The vocals are a minor problem for me, being a little too monotone, and this is exacerbated by the generally similar tempos of the songs. A nice exception is "A Year With No Head," a mellow piece that is one of the best tracks. Fans of SST that are familiar with Firehose, the Meat Puppets and their sound are the best audience for Slovenly. This is the first time I have ever heard them, and if I had taken a chance and bought this in a store, I would not be disappointed.

(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Richard

THE STRANGLERS-10

As elitist as this sounds, I'm sorry to say that the demo tapes of this LP are far better than the finished product. Every song was made longer for the album, weird effects were added, and the whole thing came off over-produced. On the other hand, this is the first Strangers' album to be almost synthesizer-free since "Rattus Norvegicus" back in 1977. The organ is back! Who would have believed that was possible? The simplest song, "Where I Live," is the best. J.J. says: "I got two big balls / A cap and a bat / And I play with them all

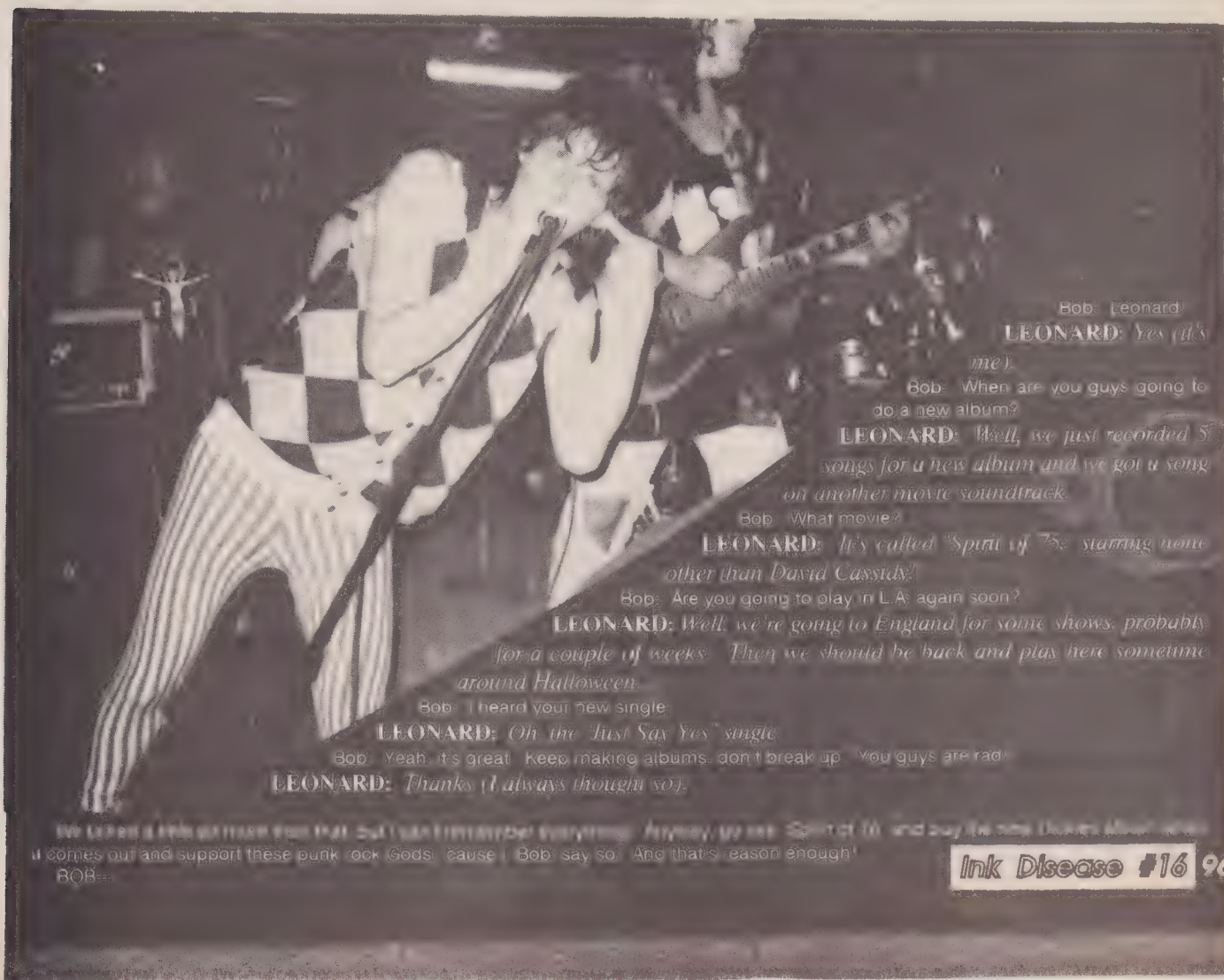
(Epic / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York, NY 10019)---Brian

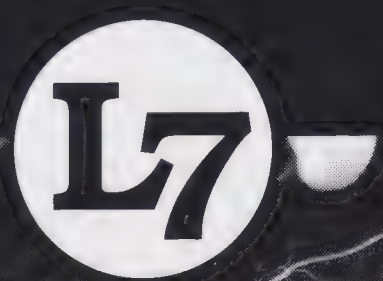
I thought this CD had a cool title, but unfortunately there are not many good ideas to go along with it. This is simple Ramones-type garage rock-no song has more than two or three chords in it. This sort of thing has to be pretty good to win me over, and it's not happening for me on "A Catholic Education." The following is an oft-used generalization, but in this case it's true: everything sounds basically the same I think Teenage Fanclub should hone their collective skills a bit more, the songs aren't exactly crap, but they're too generic and

The three projects on this CD are all pretty similar--they are electronic/disco stuff in about the same vein as the Wax Trax stuff we've heard. The handwritten promo sheets describe these weirdos as real experimental, fringe types, but they all sound pretty commercial to me. This stuff could be on any dance club's playlist, it's not very "dangerous." Vociferous Mutes (tacky name) probably are the darkest of the three, with doom- laden noise effects and sampled voices bouncing everywhere, but pretty soon the drum machines do their thing and this material becomes pretty standard. Chameleon Circus are better; they are more musical and have some really excellent vocal work. "Dementia Black" and "From Majestic to Misery," the latter with Queen-type harmony vocals, are actually pretty good songs, without too much of the cold electronic interference usually found in this genre. Quayle gets this CD headed back to the noise arena, and I don't care much for their seven songs, which I would peg as the most experimental here. For the fans of this genre it's probably o.k. At sixty-one minutes with sixteen songs, it's at least a lot of noise for your buck.

(Esync Ocular Int. / P.O. Box 38621 / Miami, FL 33238-0621)---
Richard

I saw them twice this year in the really jam-packed sweaty confines of the Coconut Teaszer, and I've come to the conclusion that they are indeed punk rock Gods (or the closest thing to it). Even though they did pretty much the exact same set both times!! But hey, that's what they're famous for. Anyway, one fateful Saturday night I ran into the one and only Leonard Graves Phillips in Hollywood and I tossed a few questions his way. The conversation went kind of like this...





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